AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

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QUEENSLAND'S
NEW-BREED COWBOYS

ON THE
SIDELINES WITH
**DR EDELSTEN**

**DAVID**
**BYRNE**
FACE TO FACE
WITH THE
TALKING HEAD

**FERRARI'S**
NEW ROAD
WARRIOR

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**
THE INS AND OUTS
OF AUSSIE JAILBIRD
**DARCY DUGAN**

**CRAIG JOHNSTON**
PLAYING WITH THE WORLD'S
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# PLAYBILL

You'd have to be a real April fool not to dip into this month's issue of Australian PLAYBOY. Why? Okay, we'll tell you why. First off, our Playboy Interview subject is Darcy Dugan, long-time Australian jailbird who's often been referred to as the Houdini of our prison system. We dispatched contributing editor **A.D. Aird** to quiz Dugan on the ins and outs of his celebrated career behind bars. Dugan may now be a free man but the old resentment and anger against the police, the courts and our prisons still rages.

Next we have Dr Geoffrey Edelsten, the Sydney millionaire medico who last year fulfilled what most of us would consider an impossible dream by purchasing his own football team. In *Swanning Around*, senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** outlines a day in the life of Edelsten, attends a Swans VFL match and ogles the doctor's glamorous wife, Leanne. The artwork is by **Nigel Buchanan**.

Ogling? Did we mention ogling? Well, there's no dearth of practice material in April Australian PLAYBOY. To start, we set photographer **Bob Watson** the enviable task of aiming his lens at Brisbane rock'n'roller Kat Livingstone. If you turn to page 39 you'll see why we've called her *Wild Kat*.

And a few pages further on we have our scrumptious Playmate Of The Month, Susanna Montag. Susanna leads something of a Jekyll and Hyde existence. By day, she works as a computer operator for a high-powered outfit where she wears glasses and very conservative clothes. By night and on weekends, Susanna steps out in very sexy, skimpy clothes and really lets her hair down.

Then we have lovely Kim Morris photographed by **Ken Marcus** and **Steve Wayda**. Kim claims she used to be an ugly duckling. "Putting it bluntly, I was a late bloomer," she says. Believe us, readers, it sure was worth the wait!

Once you've recovered from all that drooling, we suggest you check out **Robert Reid**'s *Broncbusters*, a lively read about the new breed of Aussie cowboys. These rough 'n' tumble rodeo boys may get a real kick out of their profession but very few of them end up making big bucks on the Aussie show circuit.

Soccer superstar **Craig Johnston**, however, has wound up with both satisfaction and success and in *My Life At Liverpool* he tells what it's *really* like to play for the world's most professional football club.

In our regular 20 Questions section, **David** and **Victoria Sheff** confront the thinking man's rock star, David Byrne of *Talking Heads*. And in the motoring pages, **Rob Luck** checks out the rich man's dream machine, Ferrari's Testarossa.

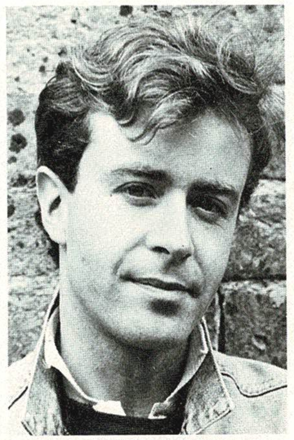
Then in the travel department, Australian PLAYBOY's travel writer, **Susan Kurosawa**, presents the world's best *Hot Spots*, those hideaway places that are perfect for playing truant from reality and acting out some very private passion.

Did we forget about sex? Never! **Robert Treborlang** writes about the best ways to avoid sex. What? Well, you know, that one time every 13 or so years when you just don't feel like it. On such an occasion, you'd better realise that a headache just isn't a good enough excuse.

And just when you thought you'd mastered all that foreplay stuff, **Susan Kurosawa**'s Women column reveals that the best way to ensure you really score in bed (and get invited back for a return bout) is to engage in *afterplay*.

Combine all that with our monthly Booze, Showbiz, Money and Sport columns, plus up-to-the-minute news and views on the Sex pages, and you have a fabulous feast of reading. As we promised, the only real April fools are the ones who miss out on this month's issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

KUROSAWA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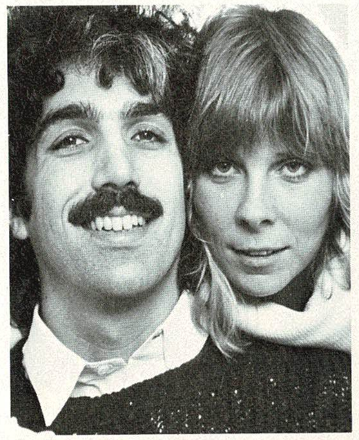
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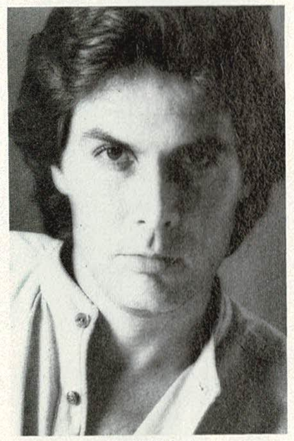
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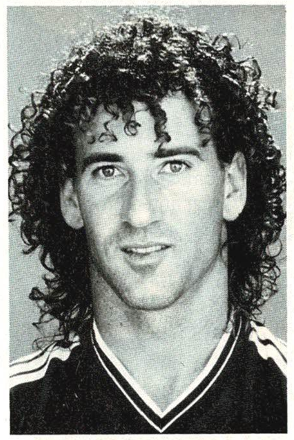
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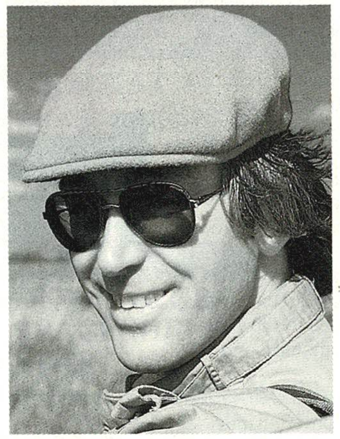
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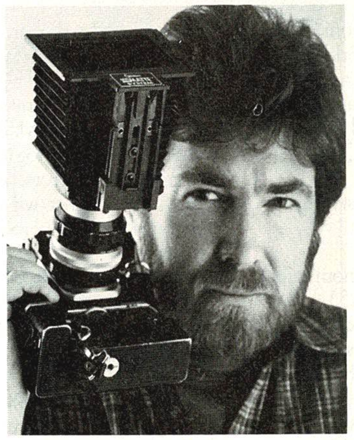
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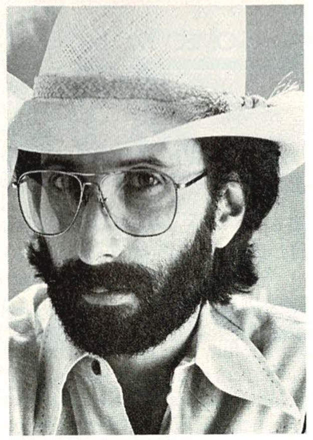
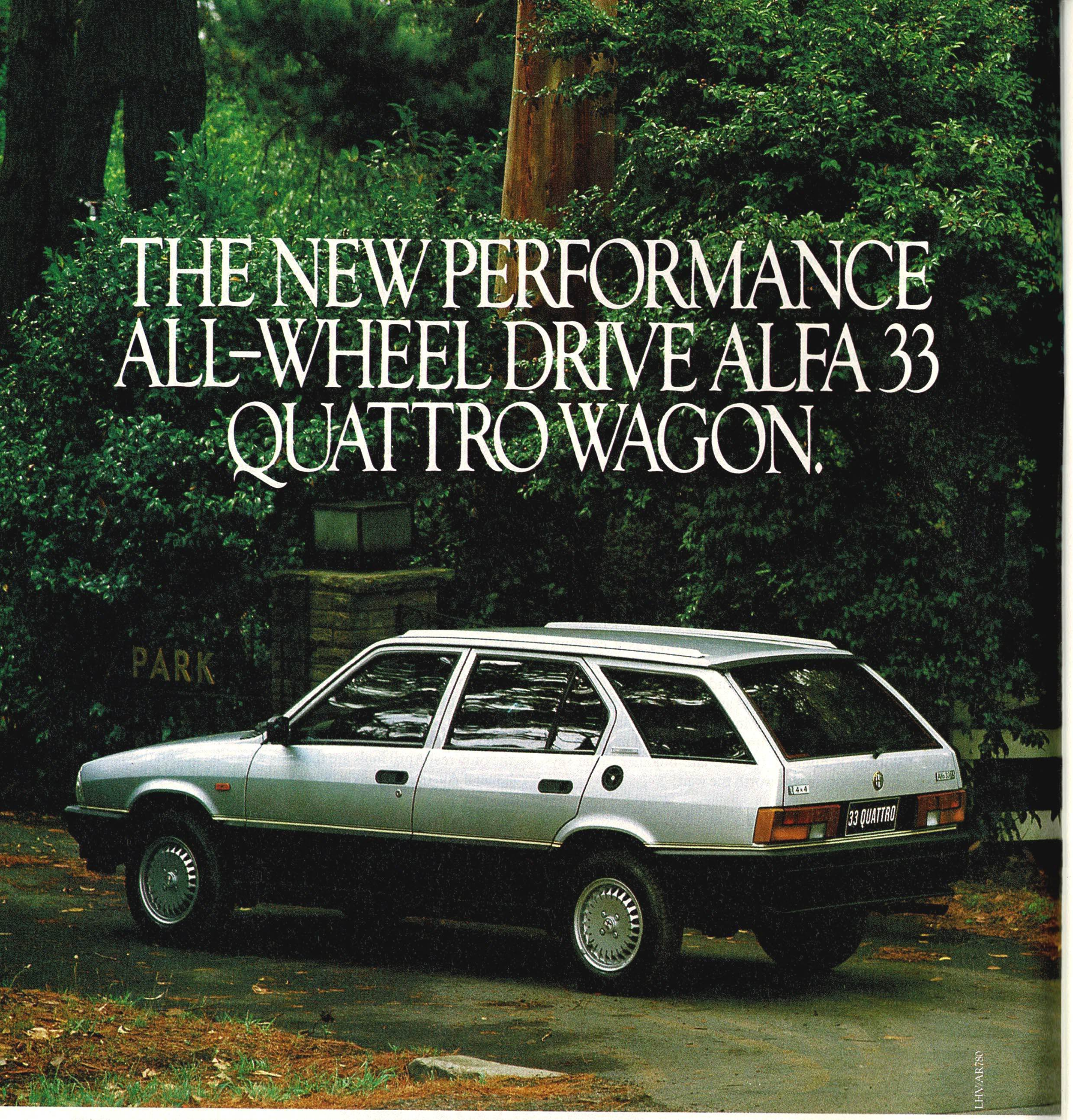

MARCUS



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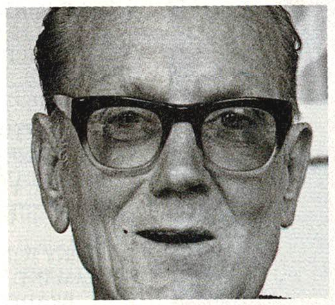

The ins and outs of legendary Australian jailbird Darcy Dugan.

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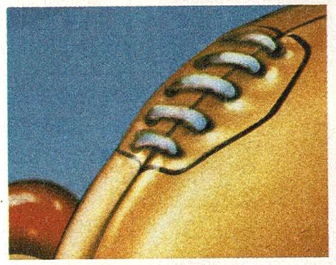

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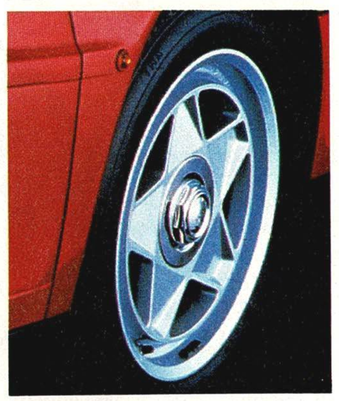

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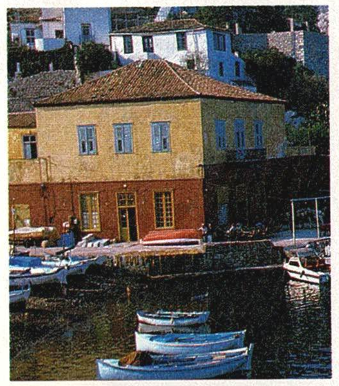

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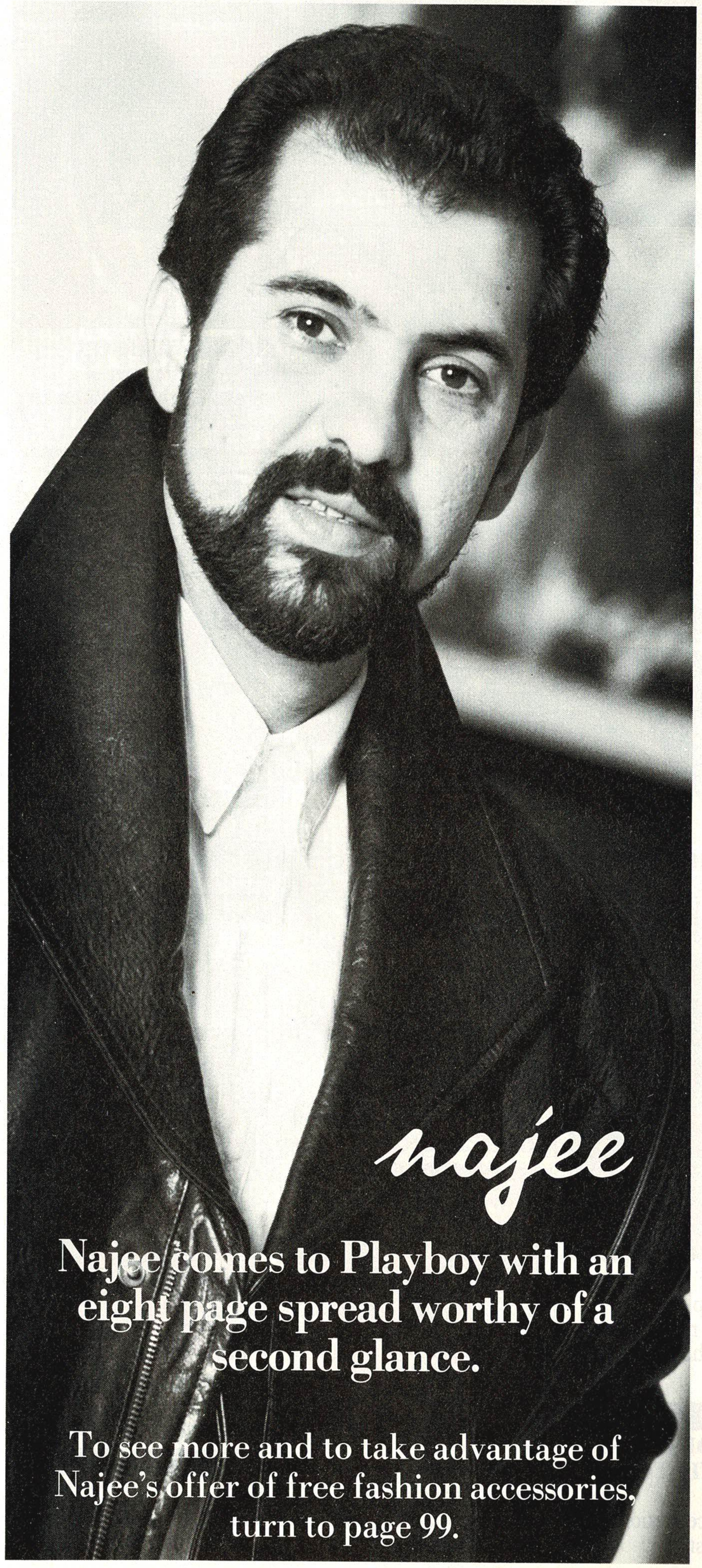
najee
Najee comes to Playboy with an eight page spread worthy of a second glance.
To see more and to take advantage of Najee's offer of free fashion accessories, turn to page 99.

AUSTRALIAN
**PLAYBOY**

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Wild Kat pictorial:
bracelets by Rox, ring by Skin Deep and leather gloves by Link. Musical Equipment by Roland Aust Pty Ltd.

# DEAR PLAYBOY

***Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.***

### CARNIVAL FEVER

I was planning to take a holiday early next year and after reading that fantastic article by Rennie Ellis in your December issue, I think I'll just have to go to Rio and check out the action.

Lucky Rennie seems to have had a ball, but then what guy wouldn't with hundreds of beautiful girls surrounding him. The pictures definitely support the claim that it is the sexiest carnival in the world as the outfits that the girls are wearing don't leave a hell of a lot to the imagination! I only hope that my trip next year is as eventful. Thanks for the info on how to get there; it certainly saves me looking through all the travel brochures.

B. Johnston,
Burnie, Tas.

### THE BIG O

I read Steve Bunk's article, *Tapping The Big O,* in the October issue with avid interest. I'd like to know what your sex advisers have to say about the effectiveness of penile push-ups. Surely if they are as good as Hartman and Fithian claim them to be, then we could be in for a quantum leap in sexual performance.

Of course the average Aussie male won't stop at 200 PC flexes per day, so I wonder if Hartman and Fithian would be answerable for all the repetitive strain injuries induced by such penile hyper-olympics or by the 37 orgasms achievable?

And thanks for the classy coverage of the grown-up version of *The Waltons* girl, Mary Ellen. What a stunner!

Robert McLean,
Adelaide, SA.

### WEST NOT THE BEST

I am sick and tired of your manic compulsion to print the insane ravings of the degenerate Westerners. I refer to the false remarks that constantly state that WA produces the best-looking women, and readers over there deserve to see more pictorials and centrefolds from the State Of Excitement.

What rubbish!

How about a fair go for Queensland? The best may not be born here but this is where they all end up living!

C.A. de Weis,
Clifton, Qld.

*We hope you checked out our The State Of The Nation piece in December. In the final analysis of Australia's best state, Queensland pipped WA by 2.5 points to come out on top — Ed.*

### ADELAIDE GIRLS

Since when has Adelaide had the best-looking women in Australia? If the gorgeous Miss February, Jakki Govan, is any indication, then perhaps I'd better move!

How about featuring Jakki on the Dear Playboy page?

L.J. Petersen,
North Caulfield, Vic.

Just a quick note from me and my mates to say how knocked out we were by Jakki Govan in February Australian PLAYBOY. Adelaide girls are the best lookers in Australia! And Jakki more than proves that point. No argument.

Steven Judd,
Norwood, SA.

*Who are we to argue? Here's Jakki — Ed.*

### DANGEROUS CURVES

November 1985 was a memorable month. I refer to the appearance of Shirley-Jane Mercier in Australian PLAYBOY. She says she's a car racing fanatic. Being on the race circuit can sure pay off. No wonder some retired drivers come back on the scene!

In my opinion, Shirley-Jane is the most stunning woman you have ever featured in your magazine. She has better curves than the world's Grand Prix circuits! And while on the subject of curves, when did Debbie Newsome appear in Australian PLAYBOY?

Brad Easdale,
Campbells Creek, Vic.

*Debbie's perfectly matched curves appeared in the very first issue of Australian PLAYBOY, February 1979. Karen Pini was also featured in our debut issue — Ed.*

### MIDNIGHT IN WASHINGTON

No doubt life in Russia must seem pretty horrendous to someone who enjoys a free and easy existence in other parts of the world, but God spare us from the blinkered vision of someone such as Ronald Reagan Jr (*Midnight in Moscow,* February 1986). How facile to pass judgement from the privileged position someone like himself occupies in the United States. People living in daily fear of muggings or violent death in the big industrial cities of the USA might not share young Ronnie's view of freedom American style, while Nicaraguans might feel themselves under just as much threat from Big Brother as the people of Afghanistan did before the Russian invasion.

An interesting statistic: in 1982 the number of people killed by handguns in Australia was four; in the USA, where the right to bear arms is so dearly cherished by the National Rifle Association, the figure was 11,522!

Ordinary life in the USA actually makes civil war in the Lebanon seem quite tolerable, while Northern Ireland would seem like a picnic.

I guess you got the breadth of your world view from Father, Ronnie. With someone like him negotiating with Gorbachev at Geneva, is it any wonder little people like us are terrified?

John Vincent,
Liverpool, NSW.

### AUSSIE BATTLER'S VICTORY

Anthony Walsh's article, *Coming The Raw Prawn,* in your November issue points out only too explicitly the all-too-familiar attitude of the higher echelon of Australian bureaucracy.

That outlook is, of course, that expediency counts more than justice.

Good on ya, Murray Koina!

Mike Mannion,
Gosnells, WA.

### TO THE POINT

This may be the shortest letter you've ever received. There is just one word to describe Miss December, Ali Lynwood. WOW!

Lew McDonald,
Cardup, WA.

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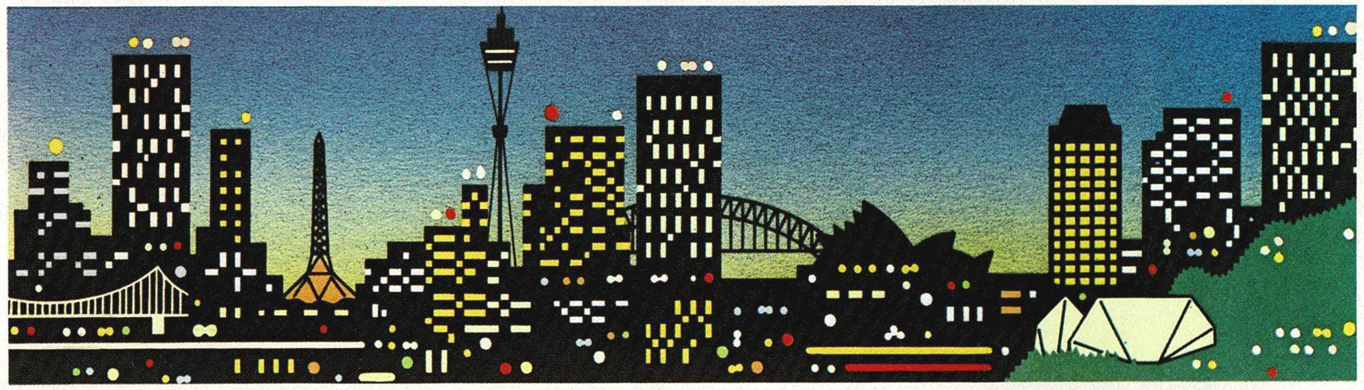
# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### CURRIED AWAY

Our spies recently told us of a couple of fellows sharing an apartment in Hong Kong. One of the blokes arrived home late one night with his latest conquest. He was feeling a bit inebriated so decided to sober up by making himself a snack in the kitchen while his new lady readied herself in the bedroom.

His flatmate's Thai girlfriend had fixed a meal that evening and there were dishes all over the table. He shoved the mess aside and picked up a jar of jam from the kitchen bench to make himself a sandwich.

Ten minutes later, his flatmate was woken by agonised screams coming from the bathroom. He rushed in to investigate and came across an amazing sight. The young lady was sitting astride the cold water tap in the bathtub moaning as the water gushed into her vagina. His mate had his head in the washbasin with cold water pouring all over his moustache.

That wasn't jam in the jar. That was red-hot Thai curry paste.

### NO BULL

Victorian police had a rather hectic time recently when they arrested a NSW judge during an agricultural show. The sorry saga commenced when a young woman parked her car in the Melbourne city area, only to have a man from outback NSW run into the back of it. Then, when the chap tried to cross the road, his trousers fell about his ankles and hindered his progress.

Police were called in, a breathalyser unit was brought out, and our hero was called upon to blow. Police asked him his occupation and when he replied he was a judge, the wallopers suddenly became a bit nervous. They carted him off to VIP accommodation until they could ascertain his full status. They examined lists and found the man was not an out-of-town Supreme Court judge, nor was he a District Court judge.

He was, it seems, a cattle judge.

### CAUGHT ON THE HOP

Northern Hungarian peasants were terrified when a band of bug-eyed creatures with pointy ears invaded their forests. The peasants in the village of Fuzerkolmos, convinced that monsters from Mars had landed, fled the forests and hid in their homes.

When the dust settled, investigators found that the monsters were, in fact, four dinky-di Aussie kangaroos who had escaped from a circus in nearby Czechoslovakia after an attendant had neglected to lock them in. Hungarian officials are now trying to work out how the little bounders slipped over the border without being detected by the ever-alert guards.

### SMILING STIFFS

Melbourne's most unusual massage parlor has pulled the welcome mat from under its clients and closed for business. The establishment was located slap-bang next to one of the city's largest and most respected funeral parlors. To the casual observer, the two businesses looked as if they were part of one operation.

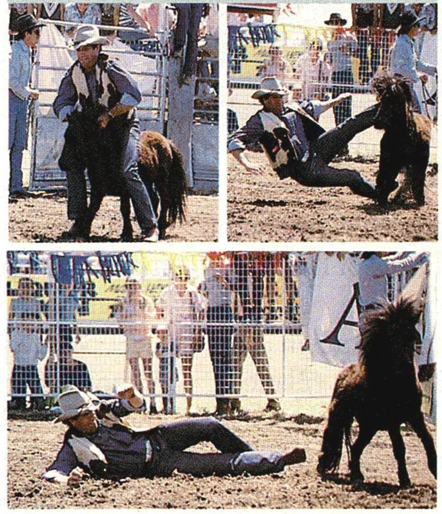
Hearses were often parked in front of the massage parlor, and randy blokes who knocked on the door of the funeral parlor at night must have thought that things were dead quiet.

This unusual juxtaposition of buildings also prompted many witty one-liners from local residents. One wag declared the parlors were darned confusing because you never knew who was coming or going. Another jokester reckoned you had to be a bit stiff to enter either establishment.

But this local curiosity is now merely history. The massage parlor was closed down at the end of last year and the building sold.

### COWDOWN

Australia's best-known urban cowboy, the irrepressible Molly Meldrum, found it takes more than a he-man hat to stay astride a mean shetland pony when he took to the ring at Queensland's Rocky Roundup. Check out our *Broncbusters* story on page 50 for the full lowdown on the new breed of Oz cowboys.



PHOTOS: DARRYL DOYLE

### LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

You've heard of the Welsh railway station with the name so long that the signboard takes up practically the whole platform. Well, it seems some people have the same problems with their names.

One Hawaiian gentleman we've heard of, for example, had 59 letters in his family name. One Valentine Kekahiolanikapukenehunamokiukakuialonoikaouiaulinikanehailu apparently got so sick of signing his name, let alone trying to book a table at any restaurant, that he decided to change it. His new monicker? Valentine Likolehau Likolehau Neuhas. We bet he's still just Val to his friends.

### JUMBO JET

Tongans enjoy an international reputation for growing to enormous sizes. This caused problems for the civil aviation authorities of the little island nation when they tried to buy a plane to open up a passenger route to Australia. Tongans simply do not fit into standard airline seats nor, more importantly, can their derrieres be placed with any degree of confidence on a normal toilet seat.

Finally, the Tongan officials gave up trying to find a plane suited to the required dimensions. Instead they bought a 20-seater Casa plane from Spain, converted it to a 15-seater and expanded the toilet facilities.

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PILOT

Authorised by Director-General of Recruiting, Dept. of Defence. AFAC 100.DPS.85

# BOOZE

**A day on the wine tasting circuit can leave you drunk, done-in and a damned sight poorer.**

Just about every state in Australia has what I term its wine-tasting run, a circuit where fans of the grape can spend one or two days sipping, judging and sometimes buying. This can be great fun as long as you don't get too smashed in the first hour or so, it doesn't cost too much and it gives you something of a wine education.

On the other hand, it can easily turn out to be a disaster.

Winemakers, especially the smaller ones, make quite a lot of money out of the tourist trade, so they energetically promote this travel-and-sip approach. And without actually saying so, they insinuate that if you roll up at their cellar door and suck a thimbleful of wine out of a rather tacky plastic "glass", you are a cut above the average dumbo who simply goes to his local liquor outlet and buys a bottle off the shelf without tasting it first.

I suppose I shouldn't be too nasty about the plastic sipping containers. A number of both large and small wine firms gave up on the real thing because a lot of the tasters stole them.

A pity.

However, as far as the average taster is concerned, a day on the wine circuit can leave him with a bootful of stuff that he didn't really want to buy in the first place and, once having lugged home, decides he doesn't really like anyway.

In other words, he's bought the stuff under pressure, especially on weekdays when the customer is usually facing the winemaker himself.

That pressure is less apparent in the large company-owned wineries where the staff are simply employees with instructions to grab bottle-lifters and to control tasting portions.

This eyeballing of the customer by the creator of the product brings about what I term an attack of Great Australian Decency. It is also why very few of us complain in restaurants. The person tasting the wine gets embarrassed. Perhaps the winemaker has opened a new bottle especially for him. Perhaps his wife and children are starving out the back.

So whether or not he likes the wretched stuff he is drinking, the shamed average Australian bloke buys at least one bottle or, if he is more than ordinarily prone to embarrassment, a dozen to get himself out of this dreadful social contretemps. I'm not poking muck at everyone else from some lofty dunghill. I do the same thing myself. And, added to that, I'm unable to take a piss in a pub without buying a drink, which leads to another piss in another pub and another drink, and so the lost weekend starts early. It's all connected to that dreadful Australian male desire *not to make a scene*.

For their part, many small winemakers play on this Australian male embarrassment and refuse to sell wine in lots of less than a dozen. That's what the Americans would call never giving a sucker an even break.

The second problem with tasting on a known circuit is sheer forgetfulness with drunkenness. Some years back when I wrote my last wine book it involved travelling to between five and 10 wineries a day for a month and a half at a stretch — starting at 9am, mind you.

As you can imagine, at the end of the day I couldn't tell the difference between port and champagne, let alone make any considered judgement about any wine whatsoever.

So even if one makes an abstemious noonday start and visits five wineries and tastes three whites and two reds at each (leaving out fortifieds entirely), this gives a total of 25 wines at the end of the day. The average person hasn't got a hope in hell of sorting that lot out.

So you're likely to end up with a sort of grab bag of cabernet sauvignon-cum-fruity muscat, a bottle of passionfruit pearl (that you can't even remember buying) and a dubious stone jug of "anniversary port". You've also probably got (for no good reason whatsoever) three or four gilded wine-tasting glasses at $2 a throw, a trick corkscrew and a tea-towel printed with a map of the wine region concerned.

At your next dinner party you attempt to make up for it by rabbitting on about the *amazing* conversation you had with this *totally interesting* winemaker who sold you this special vintage that he keeps especially for people with impeccable taste.

The wine had cost you $9. Add to that $60 for the motel, $30 for petrol and say another $30 for drunken stupidity.

That makes a total of $129.

You can buy a lot of champagne for that sort of dough.

The reason I mention all that is because some months back I ordered by mail a home-tasting dozen from the Rothbury Estate in the NSW Hunter Valley. I hold no brief for the Rothbury Estate nor for its chief touter, one Len Evans. But I thought that at $66 one could hardly lose on a mixed dozen, delivered to one's door.

No traffic snarls, no petrol costs, no motel bills and no angst on eyeballing the winemaker.

I lined up the wines and got stuck into them with enthusiastic help from my female assistant taster.

We had an exceedingly pleasant week of it. We sat down and worked out dinner menus over four nights on the basis of three bottles a night and tried to at least vaguely match the food to what we believed the wines would taste like. And we had a splendid time, hooting and jeering at some wines, being pseudo-smart about others and truthful about a few.

There was no winemaker or counter-jumper to disapprove, no one to pressure us to buy more (a reordering form, after all, can't shout at you), and there was absolutely no way that we could finish up with trick corkscrews, printed tea-towels or passionfruit pearl.

In other words, we were able to make a proper and considered judgement about each and every wine. We didn't have to speak in whispers, and we didn't have to sneak out without paying. It is an excellent way to taste.

Now as far as I know the Rothbury Estate is the only company to offer this mail order service. It's a pity every medium-to-large wine firm doesn't follow suit. One realises that the smaller wineries just can't do it; it would drive them into the ground financially.

But after all, we all know that most wine companies are discounting each other to death at the cheap end of the scale. It can do them no harm to offer a special dozen of good stuff once a year.

They probably won't, you know, but at least one firm is to be heartily commended for trying.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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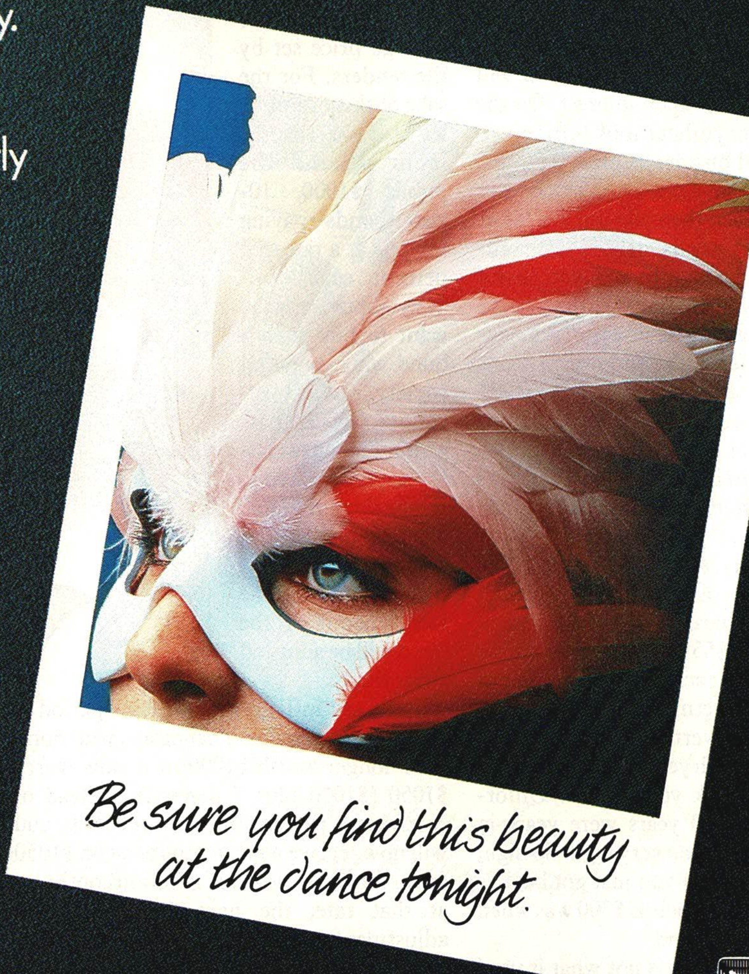
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# MONEY

**Got a bit of spare cash to invest? Capital-indexed and interest-rate bonds are worth checking out.**

When you come right down to it, there really are only two types of investments: debt and equity. When you buy shares, you are making an equity investment. You become part-owner of the company and you are entitled to share in the profits. If the profits are large, and frequent, the value of your shares will rise. If the company does poorly, your shares may only be good for wallpaper.

Debt investments are another matter entirely. When you invest in Aussie Bonds, corporate bonds, cash management trusts, Telecom loans or just put your money in a savings account, you are investing in debt. You are lending your money to a company or other institution which agrees to pay you "rent" in the form of interest for its use. If the borrower uses your money to invent a new synthetic milk that never goes sour and subsequently gets filthy rich, it won't matter to you. Since you are not a shareholder, only a creditor, all you will receive is the agreed-upon interest. On the other hand, if the synthetic milk turns out to cause cancer and business suffers, you will still get your interest (unless the borrower goes broke and even then you can sell his or her car). In other words, debt investments will not make you rich but, if you invest conservatively, you are unlikely to go broke either. That is why debt investments have always been preferred by widows, orphans and others who cannot afford to gamble.

But there is a catch — inflation. It works like this. Say you buy a government bond paying 5.5 percent interest per year. Sounds low by today's standards, but that is actually what they used to pay not all that many years ago. Anyway, say you bought a $1000 bond with a life of 20 years paying 5.5 percent. That means the government agreed to pay you $55 interest (rent) for the use of your money each year. At the end of the 20 years, it will return your $1000. Good as its word, the government paid you the required interest each year and, at the end of the 20, handed back your $1000. Unfortunately, the past 20 years were years in which inflation often ran very high. So high, in fact, that the $1000 you just got back is worth only about as much as $300 was when you first bought the bond.

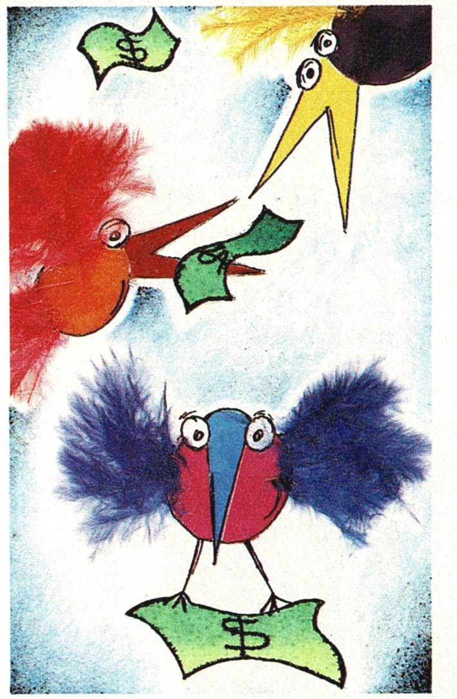
Okay, your thousand is not what it used to be but at least you got the interest all those years. Right? No, wrong. You see, there is a second catch. Not only has inflation reduced the value of your initial investment, but it forced up interest rates.

While you were collecting your lousy $55 per year, other investors were happily receiving $100, $120, $150 and, in some years, $160 or even larger amounts.

That's the trouble with investing in debt: you are prey to inflation and changes in interest rates. Debt investments are really only safe when inflation and interest rates are stable — and who can remember the last time they were?

But now the government has created a new kind of debt investment that partly overcomes some of the problems I have described called *Indexed Bonds*, and which fall into two categories — capital and interest rate.

Capital-indexed bonds work like this. The government begins by offering a large number of bonds to financial institutions such as banks, superannuation funds and insurance companies. Those institutions are invited to offer bids (tender) for the bonds. The government then offers additional bonds to the general public at about the average price set by the tenders. For the sake of this example, let's say the government offered the public $1000, 10-year bonds paying interest at a rate of 4 percent each year. Why should anyone want to buy such a bond when building society savings accounts pay 12 percent? The answer is the capital indexing. Every three months, changes in the consumer price index will be noted and the face amount of the bond will be adjusted accordingly.



Let's say inflation for the last period is running at 5 percent. That means your bond is no longer worth $1000; it is now worth $1050 ($1000 plus 5 percent). Instead of receiving 4 percent interest on $1000, you will now receive 4 percent interest on $1050 (an extra $2 per year). If inflation continues at that rate, the next 5 percent CPI adjustment will be applied to the new value of $1050, making the bond worth $1102.50 ($1050 plus 5 percent). Interest will now be paid on that amount. The process will be repeated every three months for the 10-year life of the bond, after which you will receive the entire amount (including all inflation adjustments).

Interest-indexation works similarly, but instead of changing the capital value of the bond, it is the interest rate that is inflation-adjusted. The government issues $1000 bonds, maturing in 10 years and paying 5 percent interest per year. That 5 percent, however, is only the minimum interest payable. To this amount is added an additional amount equal to the rate of inflation. Thus, an inflation rate of 10 percent means that interest will be paid at a rate of 15 percent. (The formula is actually slightly more complicated, but this is the general idea.) At the end of the 10 years, investors receive the face value of the bond ($1000).

So, which is better, capital-indexed or interest-rate bonds? It's hard to say. One uncertainty is the effect of capital gains tax. Currently, capital increases and interest are fully taxable in the year in which they are received. New legislation on capital gains calls for a tax only on "real" gains (gains greater than inflation). Since the capital appreciation of capital-indexed bonds is exactly equal to the inflation rate, you would expect there should be no tax payable on the gains realised when the bonds are redeemed. Logically, that means tax should only be payable on the yearly interest rate which is fairly low. However, rationality is not an important part of our taxation system and thus far the capital appreciation appears to be fully taxable.

If you need high income now, and can't afford to wait 10 years (or more) for the bonds to be redeemed, then you may prefer the interest rate-indexed bonds. These will pay interest equal to inflation plus 5 percent each year, but the whole amount will be taxable.

Of course, there is also the possibility that inflation may fall dramatically and stay low for the next 10 years. If that happens, neither bond will make you much money and you would be far better off to buy traditional bonds which are currently paying 13 to 14 percent interest fixed for the life of the bond. Inflation could go down but don't count on it. Indexed bonds are a far safer bet.

— SETH GREGORY

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# WOMEN

***If you want to really score big in bed with women, you'd better start practising afterplay.***

The kind of man most women invite back between their sheets for a second, even a third, bout is not necessarily the most expert lover, the bloke with the best biceps or the thickest thighs.

Nope. Scratch any sensitive female and you'll undoubtedly discover that the males who make it past round one are the ones who engage in *afterplay*.

It's confusing, I agree. You've been led by liberated women to believe that it's foreplay we want. Hours of fussing about, kissing, cuddling, busying yourselves with our G spots and organising our orgasms. Well, we want that, too. But what we want even more is the sort of man who'll *talk* to us when it's all over. A bloke who'll nibble our ears, tell us secrets, stroke our tummies, discuss music, hold our hands.

Heavens, someone who'll just stick around in bed with us for the next 30 minutes will do!

The very worst thing that can happen to any sensitive woman after a passionate interlude is to be left high and dry. Okay, maybe not dry.

But it is one of the loneliest feelings known to woman to be abandoned with the wet spot while the man of the moment vigorously scrubs his crotch in the shower or lunges into the fridge for a tinnie to accompany the footy replays.

I believe afterplay has got a lot to do with female insecurity. We women may give the impression we're madly liberated and fearlessly independent and that we crave sex as much as you do.

Deep down, however, most of us are still plagued by a timid little voice asking: Does he respect me? Will he think I'm a tart? Will he tell his mates I'm a dud screw? There's the nagging doubt that the whole damned process of going to bed with a near stranger is all a bit, well, unladylike.

We need reassurance. And such encouragement is required most after we've spent an hour or so shimmying around a bed, grunting and shuddering, perhaps even muttering the sort of four-letter words that are supposed to make us blush.

We really do need some help to make the gradual transition back from this sweaty, simmering strumpet to the fluffy femme fatale who you decided to seduce in the first place.

Most men shy away from afterplay, I suspect, because they're terrified it equates with some form of commitment.

"Did you enjoy that, darling?" she'll inquire. "I love the way you kiss," she'll twitter. "How do you feel about project homes?" she'll chirp. "My parents are dying to meet you," she'll giggle. "I love big families, don't you?"

Your fears are fairly unreasonable. There are few women in the '80s who adopt the bulldozer approach. We are just as scared of permanent relationships as you are. And we can tell a casual liaison from a potential partnership just as well as you. Most females view sex as a delicious opportunity to be close to someone, no matter how ephemeral that intimacy may be.

Our ultimate satisfaction comes not just from the physical orgasms and the sexual callisthenics. We view lovemaking as the perfect time to whisper a few secrets, share some clandestine desires and feel a wisp of security in the arms of a tender, sympathetic man.

Saccharine stuff? Stick with the Mills and Boon pulp? Okay, think about the average sexual scenario. Unless you're really adept at the spider and the fly routine, it takes place in *our* beds, on our territory. Then we feel safe. But then you also have the perfect escape route. Now imagine if the female were the predator of the species. We would saunter into your bedrooms, use your tissues for some post-coital mopping up, leave you isolated in bed and then eradicate all trace of you with a good old soap-up in your shower. Then, with scarcely a backward glance, we would wriggle out of your lives, another scalp firmly affixed to our victory belts. How would you feel? Used? Like a lump of prime meat? Right on!

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

The key to success in bed, you guys, is *afterwords*. No purgative outpourings. Just some sweet talk. Get to know a bit more about this female next to you. Ask questions. Talk about your family, your job, your ambitions. Tell her how much you admire her feet, fingernails, furniture, fashion sense, whatever. Depending on your partner, the potential of the relationship and the degree of trust and feeling, afterplay can last for minutes or hours.

Just *communicate*, dammit. There should be no sense of commitment involved in some good old-fashioned chatter.

The rules of courtship have always been elaborate, at least since we've evolved from cavemen conquests. Most of you know what the ritual entails. You realise that the prelude to sex must be slow and sensitive. You know the act itself has to involve mutual pleasure.

Do you leap up from the dinner table the moment the last morsel of food has been swallowed? Why spoil all that carefully planned groundwork by bounding out of bed the minute you've ejaculated or, worse still, by falling asleep?

Females feel exposed after sex. There's a real need to gradually return to reality, to assume our public faces, to bridge the gap between passion and privacy. Having let you explore the most intimate recesses of our bodies, we are terrified of being dismissed before we have regained our, well, dignity.

If that makes women sound hopelessly unsure of themselves, then I can only admit that the majority of us do find sex more difficult than you men. We may *like* it just as much, but whereas a sexually active male will be labelled as a bit of a lad or a real goer, an equivalent female is sure to be classified as a raving nympho, a tart, a slut.

Our reputations *mean* more to us, and your approval of us *after* sex is horribly important.

Afterplay is all about listening, easing tension, perhaps giving a friendship or a more serious liaison an opportunity to flourish. It doesn't mean she'll stake a claim for you, click on the emotional handcuffs, try to make you feel guilty or responsible. Look upon foreplay as the light entree, sex as the satisfying main course, and afterplay as the delectable, soft dessert to be slowly savored.

Just as chocolates, ice cream or fresh strawberries can be positively addictive, you may just discover that the sweet coming-down time after sex can be very palatable indeed.

So if your sexual encounters are usually of the gush and rush variety, then may I suggest you check out this afterplay stuff? Please. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

# MEN

## When a man wants to avoid sex, a headache is just not good enough. How about a bullet in the liver?

Have you ever had a friend with a backache? And he comes to tell you he's really crook and has to sleep on hard surfaces? Then you go to his place and he's got a few planks of wood set up in a corner, on bricks, away from the double bed.

And he's holding the hand of his girlfriend, wife, woman, de facto, whoever, and she wears this pained, long-suffering expression as he explains for the 13th time that week, most likely, what exactly is up with his coccyx.

"My coccyx is buggered," he says.

He pronounces it "cock-six". For a laugh.

"The specialist's amazed I can walk at all."

And he's about to bring out the X-rays, but you'd be safe to put a stop to the farce right there. Because there's nothing wrong with his back. He's just sick of screwing his girlfriend, wife, woman, de facto, whoever. And this is the best possible scheme he can devise.

Poor bugger.

We all know about the poor woman who's been dreading it all day. "He's going to come home and demand his piece and trample my femininity, my inherent sensitivity, underfoot." After many consultations with mother, or a girlfriend, or marriage (divorce?) counsellor, she is made to realise that there *are* ways of getting out of *it*.

But he, silly sod, who is he to turn to?

Men aren't allowed to get headaches. A man's got to have something seriously wrong with him before he can shirk duty. And for us it can never be that time of the month.

When we want to skip nooky, when it comes to excuses, we have to bring out ridiculously big guns.

"There's a bullet in my liver."

"Oh my God, Frank! Where?"

"It's one of those Bulgarian pellets, the ones you can't see. The pain's killing me."

"I'll call for an ambulance."

"They can't help."

Men have a lot to live up to these days. Women's magazines promise their readers every earthly pleasure on record; all they have to do is spend two hours at aerobics class, another two at the beautician, eat a few sticks of celery and crispbread, and then we men will come and take over their erogenous zones.

Our answer? The old near-hernia routine of course.

"Ouch! I knew I should've let you carry those bags."

"Why?"

"My strained groin. It's started up again."

Note the use of the word "again". It's important to establish a precedent, so you'll be able to pull it out whenever you don't want to pull it out.

Or perhaps humor will do the trick.

"Can't do it, honey."

"Why not?"

"High places scare me."

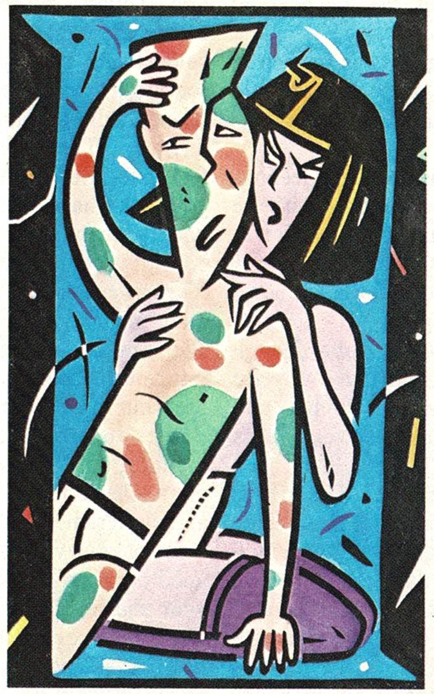
Or jet lag. It can last for weeks, scientists say. And who's to quibble with science if it means getting a good night's sleep?

"I hate travelling."

"Never mind."

"These modern planes really take it out of you."

The planes, sure, and those three exhausting days in a Manila brothel. Because a man who's just spent it all on someone else two hours earlier has got to have an excuse.



Unfaithful women need baths, unfaithful men, excuses.

If he is earnest or naive, he'll most likely go to a great deal of trouble to slip on some stairs, or tumble at tennis, or fall off a donkey. And he'll genuinely put himself through a lot of pain rather than say at bedtime: "Guess what? I am not going to be able to get it up for you, sweetheart."

"But why, Frank? Why?"

"How should I know? It's only my dick. What do you expect me to do?"

If he's been brought up in the puritan ethic, he'll find other ways of thrashing himself. Like living for the workplace. Those people (executives but you get the odd pleb too) can't be scraped out of the workshop or office. Seven, eight, nine o'clock they're still there, shuffling things, hunched over, feeling sorry for themselves. Why don't you quit the monkeying around, boys? Why won't you face up to the fact that most corporate empires are built *by* men and *on* men who don't want to go home to their girlfriends, wives, women, de factos, whoever, and screw?

She holds up three fingers.

"What's that for?"

"That's how long it's been, Jack."

He tries to remember. Three days? Three months? Three years?

"How about it? I've got a nice Beaujolais in the fridge."

"Sorry. I told the boss I'd be in real early tomorrow."

"So what?"

"Maybe on the weekend."

Come Sunday morning, she's tossing about under the sheets. He recollects a vague extracted promise. Why, why did I say that?

The folly of his ways flashes before his eyes as she edges up to him.

"Jack?"

"Mmmmmm?"

"I feel nice. Don't you feel nice?"

"Oh, come on. It's Sunday."

"So?"

"It's the only day I get to sleep in."

Of course, an excuse that *sounds* like an excuse is no good at all. The point is that it must be so genuine that no one even thinks of it as one. Like getting out the sparkling Australian white (often and popularly referred to as champagne) and making sure that it is she who drinks most of it. And crashes out.

"What happened last night, Bob?"

"You were wonderful."

"I was?"

"We must do it again soon."

Lay it on, boys, lay it on thick. Let's face it, when it comes to alibis, one can't exaggerate enough. The reason's obvious. Most women won't admit to the fact that the men are making excuses, because it reflects badly on them.

And if she's just spent an hour with the beautician, another getting her nails done, two hours at the gym and has pulled her wardrobe to pieces deciding which dress to wear, she's not about to risk everything by admitting to herself that the bastard is trying to get out of it.

And if, after so much effort on her part, he is still not turned on, then maybe something is really wrong with the relationship and what he comes up with aren't excuses at all.

— ROBERT TREBORLANG

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

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# SPORT

## *Sport is no longer a man's domain. And we can thank women for the rising standards of spectator comfort.*

And now, for the news from the dressing room, it's over to . . ." Hardly had the football match caller coughed up the name than on screen appeared a bright redhead of the feminine gender. No broken-nosed ex-champion or forgetful sports hack but a woman! A woman in the footballers' dressing room, that most holy-of-holy male domains, and at half-time at that! Struth, this is going too flamin' far . . .

Okay, okay, before you splutter yourself into a full-blown fit of masculine indignation, stop and consider whether it's really so bad that women should be *encouraged* to intrude on our sporting turf. The accepted profile of the sports fan has been masculine, aggressive, inarticulate, loud, often drunk and marginally anti-social. He puts up with splintery seats, cold pies and inhospitable weather for the weekly ordeal of watching the local heroes do their best. You're right, he's a masochist.

That archetypal sports fan was a vaguely noble creature heading the way of the dodo. Why? Because perceived moves in our entertainment values convinced sports administrators that fans had tired of the prehistoric conditions: they wanted comfort and convenience. Sport was faced with sliding attendance figures until promoters paid heed to women, that largely ignored 50 percent of the market.

But what red-blooded Aussie male wanted to expose the love of his life to the barbarism of a day at the footie or cricket? So the ground authorities upgraded their acts with improved seating, catering, toilets and access. If it took the arrival of women en masse to instigate that transition, then maybe the traditional male sports fan was being given a poor deal all along.

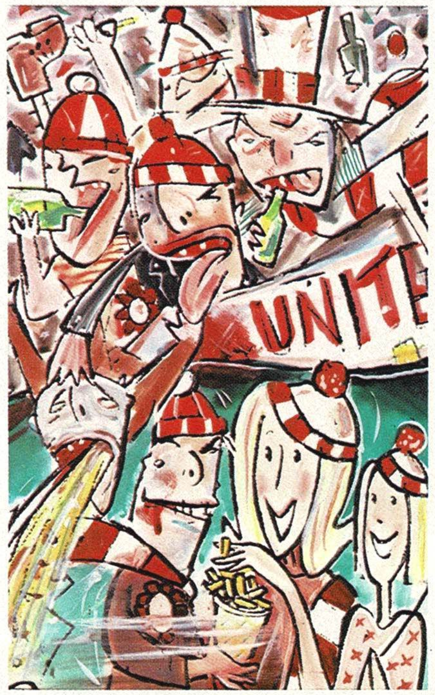
I know what you are going to say next. You've seen some female sports fans who make the mightiest male lout look like an innocent. Litte girls were supposed to be made of sugar and spice but a few of them got soured along the way. When you were playing junior football, were you ever attacked by a bunch of brolly-wielding Boadiceas who should have been barred forever? Have you ever encountered those women fans whose filthy language would put a bullock driver in the shade? Sure, they exist, but they are not typical of their sex.

If all angles are considered, the influx of female fans has meant a revolution for the common good. Take a look at your mates. They now tend to dress better for a day at the oval whereas their attire once came from the ready-for-anything end of the wardrobe and could cope with all possibilities from a soaking of beer and tomato sauce to a fight.

Today, the spectator domain is much more genteel. One time, a day at the footie might be topped off by a rumble behind the grandstand. Now you might consider a visit to a restaurant or one of the on-ground eateries as a suitable post-match activity for yourself and your girl.

Sociologists reason that those sports which have catered for the increased interest of women are experiencing less crowd problems. Put simply, men tend to behave in a more civilised manner when there are women (especially wives, girlfriends or family) present.

That very issue was being debated in soccer circles during the weeks before Sydney Olympic fans rioted last season. Ironically, Olympic was one club whose ongoing crowd problems were said to be related to the fact that the crowds were almost exclusively male. The inference is blokes are less likely to make arseholes of themselves in mixed company.



MARK TREMLETT

One wintry London Saturday evening found me trapped aboard a train with a horde of Welsh rugby supporters returning from Twickenham. They were yahooing in a good-natured way until one Taffy stole the show with a display that involved swinging naked from grab-handle to grab-handle down the length of the carriage. He'd mistakenly assumed the carriage's occupants were all male until he came swinging in full view of the lone female passenger. Apologising profusely, he dropped down and bolted for his pile of clothes. As well as proving that God gave some Welshmen great singing voices to compensate for another vital deficiency, the exercise proved the placating effect the female presence can have on masculine excess.

Modern sports-watching can be as romantic as you make it. Try limited-over cricket under the stars, with a few priming glasses of white to see you into the night. Or if you ever get to Adelaide Oval, take your lady through the champagne and strawberries and cream splendor of the marquees pitched on the Memorial Drive lawns. Now that's a civilised way to enjoy a Test match.

What womankind can do for sport is not a subject that has occurred exclusively to Australians. Oh, no. The aggro actions of British soccer and US baseball fans have triggered furious thinking on the subject. The Brussels soccer fiasco and the rioting that preceded the Detroit Tigers 1984 World Series baseball victory left authorities with the impression that a greater feminine presence might have the desired effect upon the boozy hordes.

Like most guys who were stunned to spot a female sportscaster delivering the "word from the changeroom", you might be equally surprised to learn just how well-informed your sports-lovin' girlfriend has become. And that might make life more comfortable. Instead of retreating to the keg end of the room for an all-male sports race, you can have mixed doubles with girls who know a mullygrubber from a mid-on. Next time you play partners in Trivial Pursuit, look out that she doesn't answer all the sports questions!

One of the most sensible pieces of salesmanship I've encountered involved a metropolitan radio station with an all-sport format. It was, to put it simply, a blokes' station and it was taking a hiding in the ratings. So the management hired a dee-jay whose broadcasting style, while still heavily switched to sport, recognised the existence of women. In every story he tackled, he looked for the female angle and, as a result, more and more women stopped changing the station the minute their male counterparts had stopped listening to the races or footie. The dee-jay went to number one in his time slot and the station's overall ratings improved.

The male knee-jerk response is that our sporting rituals are under unwelcome siege from the feminist lobby. Not so, but before you jump in to condemn or bar the way to those girls who enjoy their sports watching as much as you do, think of the positive benefits. Sport, from the spectator's viewpoint, is one bastion we can quite happily share with women. Their presence is making this sporting life more agreeable to us all. — A.D. AIRD

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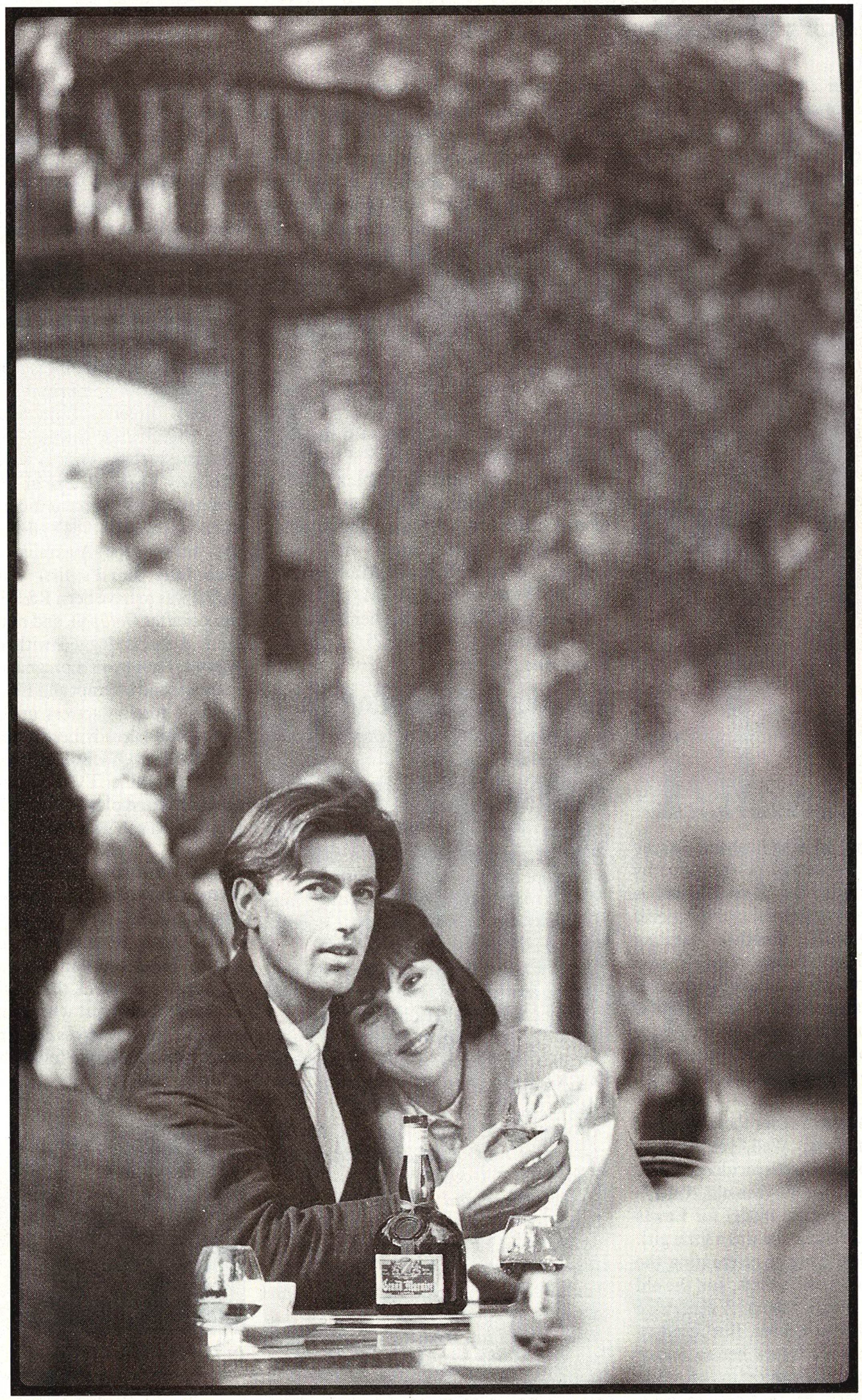

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IF PARIS WAS A DRINK, IT WOULD BE GRAND MARNIER.

# SHOWBIZ

***Jessica Lange dazzles as C&W crooner Patsy Cline, and Lewis Carroll's Alice pops up in New York.***

**ANOTHER COUNTRY:** The delectable **Jessica Lange** is back, still sporting the down-home accent that garnered her an Oscar nomination as the battling farmer's wife in *Country*. In *Sweet Dreams*, however, she plays legendary C&W singer **Patsy Cline** who died tragically in an aeroplane crash at the height of her career. Producer **Bernard Schwarz** evidently decided that having hit the jackpot with *The Coalminer's Daughter*, for which **Sissy Spacek** won an Oscar for her portrayal of the queen of country music, **Loretta Lynn**, it was worth having a crack at a biography of her friend and mentor, who figured prominently in the earlier picture. Their stories are not dissimilar, although Patsy Cline settled for a mere two children, and her adoring husband Charlie (another keenly observed performance by *The Right Stuff*'s **Ed Harris**) had a tendency to bash her around in moments of extreme frustration. Another dazzling performance from Jessica Lange, who mimes the great lady convincingly enough to make you realise why the fans went wild over her, but an odd choice of movie for British director **Karel Reisz** whose last outing was *The French Lieutenant's Woman.*

*Jessica Lange wows 'em as Patsy Cline.*

•

**ALICE IN NEW YORK:** Yet another version of *Alice In Wonderland*? Well, yes and no. *Dreamchild*, based on a true incident, is seen through the eyes of the 80-year-old, real-life Alice who had been the model for **Lewis Carroll**'s classic when she was a little girl. In the '30s, New York is celebrating the centenary of the author's birth, and the old lady has been invited along to reminisce about the long-dead genius. But recalling childhood memories forces her to realise that **Lewis Carroll**'s interest in her, while naive and harmless, was far from innocent, and she played up to it, unknowingly, for all it was worth. The aged Alice, still busily exploiting everybody around her, is another stunning performance from that grand dame of the cinema, Australia's **Coral Browne**, fresh from her television triumph opposite **Alan Bates** in *An Englishman Abroad*. **Ian** *(Alien)* **Holm** is a splendid Lewis Carroll, full of Lolita-type obsessions he can do nothing about, in the glorious childhood flashbacks, with **Jane Asher** as Alice's increasingly anxious Mama. The strangely threatening Wonderland characters, based very closely on the original drawings, were designed by **Jim Henson** of Muppets fame, but this is definitely not one for the kids!

•

**FAST TRACKS: Elton John** and fellow composer **Bernie Taupin** have lost a copyright action in London with the High Court ruling that it is "too late" to claim copyright from publisher **Dick James**. However the judge said they are entitled monies made via overseas subpublishing arrangements which could amount to $A10m. . . Former Supreme **Mary Wilson** is suing Motown and MGM/UA for in excess of $US20m for using her likeness in the videocassette *Motown 25: Yesterday, Today And Forever*.

## MOVIE SCORECARD

*capsule close-ups of current movies*

***A Chorus Line*** *Gandhi*-man Attenborough brings smash stage musical to silver screen with mixed results. 🐰🐰🐰

***Agnes Of God*** Psychologist Jane Fonda investigates The Case Of The Pregnant Nun. Doesn't get anywhere. 🐰🐰

***Explorers*** Joe Dante repeats his *Gremlins* smash with fun space spoof. Why do the kids get all the goodies? 🐰🐰🐰

***Jagged Edge*** Did Jeff Bridges hack his wife to death? Lady lawyer Glenn Close sure hopes not. Good cliffhanger. 🐰🐰🐰

***Kiss Of The Spider Woman*** Men behind bars dreaming of Sonia Braga. Played to the hilt by William Hurt and Raul Julia. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

***Plenty*** More than enough of Meryl Streep as self-destructive war hero. Relieved by Tracey Ullman. 🐰🐰

***Remo, Unarmed And Dangerous*** Spoof of Chuck Norris, karate and wishful thinking. Enjoyable hokum. 🐰🐰

***White Nights*** Russian defector crash-lands in Russia! Thrills, spills, song and dance — and propaganda. 🐰🐰

***Year Of The Dragon*** Tough cop Mickey Rourke fights Chinese gangs for control of NY streets. Gory. 🐰🐰🐰

***Young Sherlock Holmes*** Murder and mayhem at school with superb Spielbergian special effects. 🐰🐰🐰

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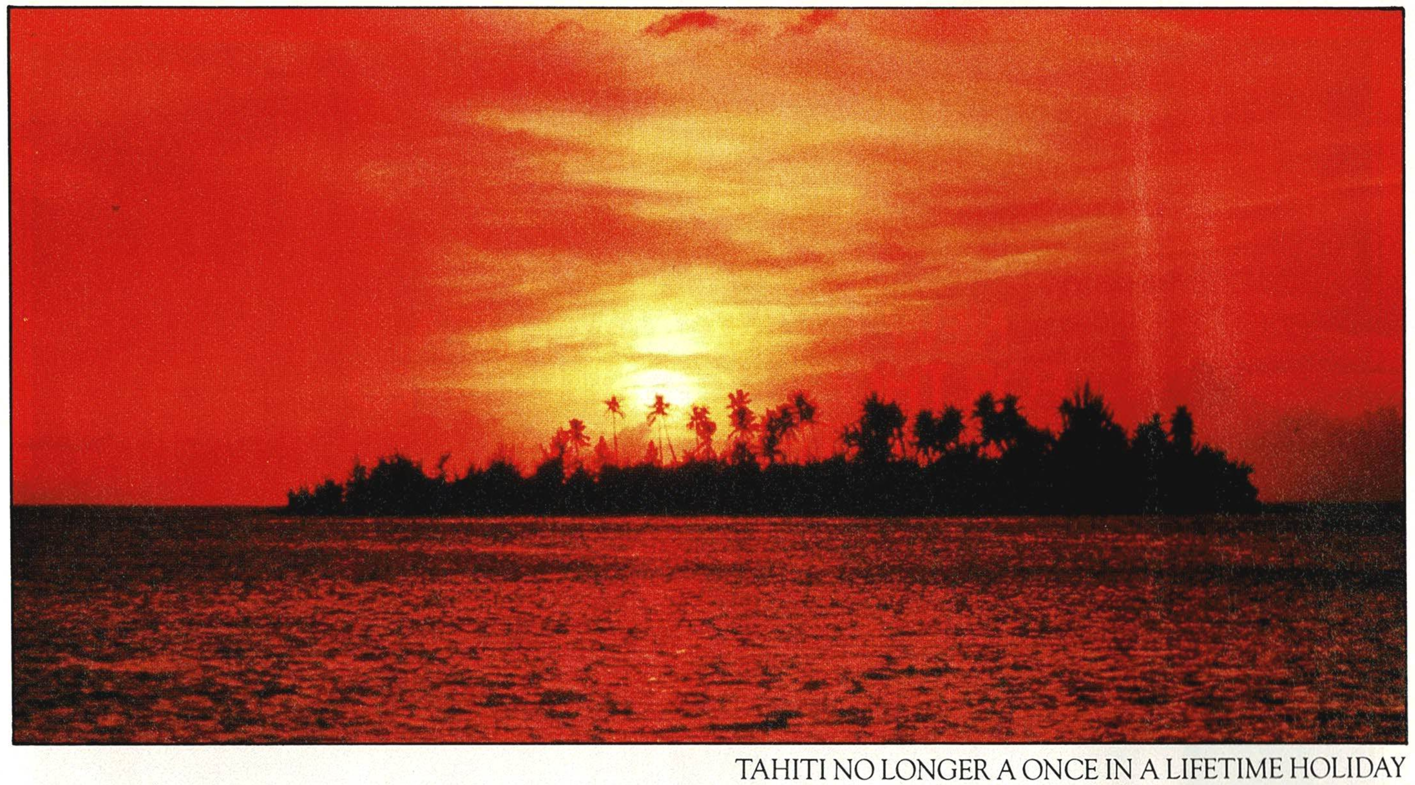
|---|---|
| 🐰🐰🐰🐰 Don't miss | 🐰🐰 Worth a look |
| 🐰🐰🐰 Good show | 🐰 Forget it |

**IDOL GOSSIP:** *View To A Kill* did tremendous business here and around the world, but **Roger Moore** has notified producer **Cubby Broccoli** he will definitely do no more Bond, after 12 years in the role. Seems we've heard that one before. . . **Prince** has a new movie on the way, *Under The Cherry Moon*, shot in the South of France a week under schedule. . . **Hugh** *(Chariots Of Fire, Greystoke)* **Hudson**'s latest, *Revolution*, stars **Al Pacino, Nastassja Kinski** and **Donald Sutherland**. . . after years of producing cheapies, Cannon Films is making a serious bid for Oscar nominations with **Robert Altman** directing **Sam Shepard**'s *Fool For Love*, with Shepard starring, and Russian director **Andrei Konchalovsky**'s *Runaway Train*. . . British Film Year has resulted in a 35 percent increase in cinema attendances after 1984's all-time low. Is this the answer for Australia?. . . Author **Gabrielle Lord**'s first novel, *Fortress*, which was to have been R&R Films' second project after *Gallipoli*, and never happened, seemed to be dogged with ill-luck when **Sigrid Thornton**'s pregnancy intervened in the second attempt and Equity refused to accept a foreign actress in the lead. Now *Fortress* has already been made (by veteran director **Arch Nicholson**) and shown — on American cable TV! Aussie-by-marriage **Rachel Ward** plays the lead, but apparently Australia can wait to see it.

•

**DISNEY FOR BIG KIDS:** *The Journey Of Natty Gann*, the latest from the Disney Studios, differs from the cartoon fare with which Disney is usually identified. Set very firmly in depression America, with a beautiful period feel, the movie is the story of an adolescent girl whose father, a union organiser, is sent across country in search of a job. She resolves to follow him by riding the rails with the hobos, accompanied by a wolf that she rescues from a dogfighting arena and helped occasionally by a young drifter. The story lends itself to some great action, and **Meredith Salinger** as Natty is definitely a girl to watch.

***In The Journey Of Natty Gann, jumping a train never comes easy.***



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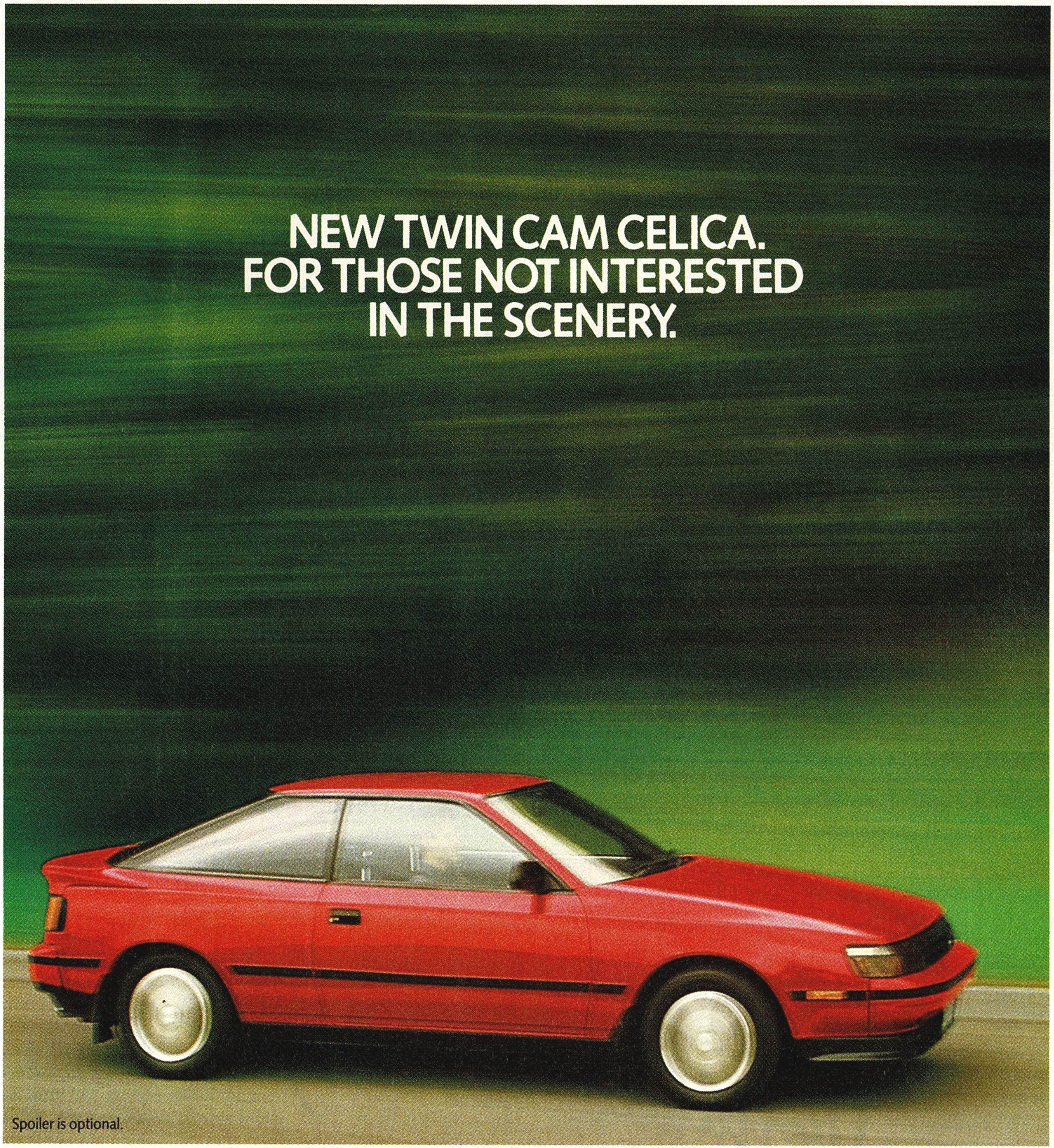

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DARCY DUGAN

*A candid conversation with Australia's prison Houdini about the ins and outs of his legendary career, going stir crazy and rampant police corruption.*

*Long before Darcy Dugan was released in November 1985 after spending 44 of his 65 years behind bars, he had taken to painting landscapes. The work was done from memory or second-hand references because this most notorious of prisoners had seen precious little of the great outdoors for most of his adult life.*

*In Dugan's protracted war with the powers of authority there was little doubting which party had won. In November 1985 the NSW prison system quietly saw fit to grant freedom to a little old man whose health had taken a severe battering courtesy of a recent stroke. Very little remained of the defiant scallywag who once ran the Sydney coppers ragged during the Depression-racked 1930s.*

*Darcy Dugan first came into the clutches of the NSW police when he was 11. He never really escaped. As much a victim of his rebellious and lawless nature as he was of police harassment, he waged a lifelong vendetta against the authorities for what he viewed as their wrongful treatment of his cases. In his time he became known as a bank robber, attempted murderer, safe-blower, thief and celebrated escapist. The police portrayed him as a desperate gunman, capable of vicious deeds. Dugan raged against this image, asserting he was not a violent man and had been more wronged than wrong. It was a struggle of wills in which the media and public never lost interest.*

*Darcy Dugan was born in the inner Sydney suburb of Newtown on August 29, 1920, one of three children of a poor family. He made his first appearance before the courts when he was 12 and after that time was never really out of trouble. In 1937 he appeared before the Children's Court and pleaded guilty to 96 counts of breaking, entering and stealing. Twice in 1946 he performed spectacular escapes from police custody to establish his reputation as the Houdini of the NSW prison system.*

*His claim that no prison could hold him and his regular criticisms of police methods doubtlessly fuelled the authorities' desire to have him locked securely away for a long time. Dugan supplied them with that opportunity on January 13, 1950 when, during a period at large, he and an accomplice, William Mears, attempted to rob the Ultimo branch of the Commonwealth Bank. Mears shot and badly wounded the manager and the pair were duly caught and convicted of attempted murder. The charge carried the death sentence but that was commuted to life imprisonment.*

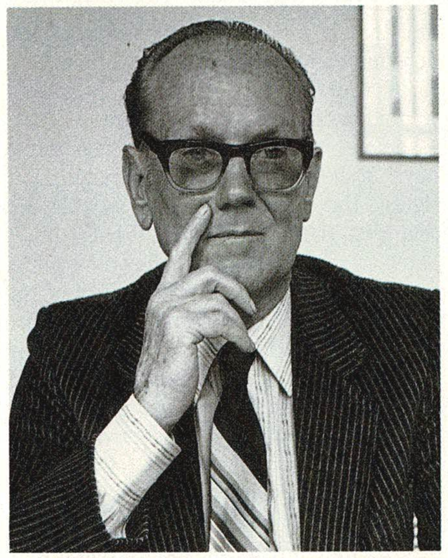
*Dugan's reputation as an escapist saw the police go to elaborate precautions during his escorts to and from court and his appearances in court were usually accompanied by vast media coverage. Up to 1958 Darcy Dugan had made 10 escape attempts, four of which had been successful. The longest period at large was six weeks but he never fulfilled his plan of disappearing overseas.*

*In September 1967, Dugan was released from Bathurst after a 17-year stretch. He was 47 and faced a five-year parole period. In May 1971, he was sentenced to 14 years after police arrested him on another armed robbery charge. In May 1980, he was out again to wed Canberra businesswoman Jan Simmonds. She was 40 and the sister of Kevin Simmonds, who was found hanged in his Grafton cell where he was doing a life sentence for the manslaughter of a warder. Darcy was 60, and although the marriage didn't last, they remain firm friends.*

*While out Dugan continued his war of words with the police, lecturing about corruption and the incidence of "verballing" to gain convictions. In November 1981, he was committed for trial on two charges relating to an attempted hold-up of a service station. Dugan claimed he was framed but, aged 61, he went back inside the system.*

*For most of his life Dugan fought to*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT


*"I was about 12 and I stole something. The police put me in the city shelter for a day or two. That didn't stop me. It only made me more stubborn."*

*"Most prisoners are morally strait-laced and look on rapists as filth. The homosexual rapist is a beast. He's a violent man who preys on the weak."*

*"The only difference between them [the police] and us is that they are the ones with the uniforms and the backing of the judiciary and politicians."*

*establish some credibility against the police and the media's habit of portraying him as a desperate and dangerous man. Many might argue that someone with his record was not worthy of society's consideration. But for Dugan there was a more important issue: namely what kind of society is prepared to tolerate corruption on a grand scale?*

*Those who sympathised with Dugan saw him as the voice of the little man, the Ned Kelly-style rebel who was steam-rollered by the system. The more cynical might say that if he'd been smarter he would have recognised the system for what it was and ridden rather than fought it. Right now, Darcy Dugan doesn't care anymore.*

*We assigned contributing editor* ***A.D. Aird*** *to turn the tape on the former creme-de-la-crim. Aird reports: "Despite his claim that he couldn't care less about law enforcement today, Dugan still finds it impossible not to flare at the memories of his encounters. He's a rebel, but still a product of that old, working-class conservatism that has all but disappeared from the Sydney criminal scene. He dresses neatly, takes pride in his appearance and he is still as sharp as ever. We'll probably never see his kind again."*

**PLAYBOY:** What have you been doing since you were released from jail?

**DUGAN:** Staying with friends at Burleigh Heads in Queensland. It's beautiful there.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think it's too close to Grafton?

**DUGAN:** No. So long as it's far enough away from the Sydney police.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a shock to see the world outside in that light after being inside for so many years?

**DUGAN:** Burleigh Heads is fine but Sydney's like Sodom and Gomorrah with homosexuals walking the streets flaunting themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** But surely that existed when you were a young man?

**DUGAN:** No, no. The parliament has made it legal. Now they can go and screw each other because the law says it's okay to be a lesbian or a poofter.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your time in jail has distanced you from the changes in society that have allowed those things to be tolerated?

**DUGAN:** I don't think that human decency should change and I can't accept that degradation is a change for the better.

**PLAYBOY:** You have been very critical of homosexuality, particularly the incidence of homosexual rape in jails.

**DUGAN:** It has disturbed me greatly. Homosexual rape is usually carried out by a small proportion of lifers. Most prisoners are morally strait-laced and look on rapists as filth. But the homosexual rapist is a beast, an animal. He is a violent man who preys on the weak. Homosexuals aren't born; they come into jail as young, weak, timid types and they are stood over. They get raped in jail, lose their self-respect and become homosexuals.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the young men of today don't stand up for themselves as they did in your day?

**DUGAN:** That's true. When I went to jail a fella tried to fuck me. I put him in hospital for five-and-a-half months. I nearly killed him. But now, most young blokes wouldn't dream of standing up for themselves. They're gutless and they have no incentive to defend themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** As an older inmate, were you approached by young men complaining of being harassed?

**DUGAN:** Yes, and I'd tell them to stick a knife in them or bash them over the head.

**PLAYBOY:** You were born in the inner Sydney suburb of Newtown in 1920. Was it a tough area in those days?

**DUGAN:** Oh, yes. It was the days of the razor gangs. They never gave the locals a bad time but they were particularly nasty to outsiders. Their greatest enemy was the police. The coppers usually came out on top, of course. The blokes in those gangs were aged about 16 through to early twenties. I was never a part of a gang and I never looked up to them. I tolerated them. In fact, I've never been part of a gang. I've always been a loner.

**PLAYBOY:** Has that been a problem for you?

**DUGAN:** No, because if you can prove that you can handle yourself, they'll leave you alone.

**PLAYBOY:** But the police haven't left you alone throughout your life, have they?

**DUGAN:** I did 18 years, was out two years and they verballed me. I got 14 years, returned to a life sentence. When I was out again, I did something that was partly my fault and I finished up inside again. Somebody contacted me and proposed an armed robbery. He wanted me to rob a garage. I told him I wasn't interested, that I'd given it away. He came to my apartment and told me it wasn't really a hold-up, it was just meant to look like a hold-up so the owner could claim the insurance. He wanted to be held up. I said that I'd think about it. All I had to do was walk in, tie up a fella who wanted to be tied up and I'd get $500. So I did it. When I walked in the CIB was waiting. They charged me with armed robbery and entering a building with intent to commit a crime. I beat the armed robbery charge but they got me on the other.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the gun?

**DUGAN:** It was a .25, a toy of a thing. I was told I'd better carry one just in case somebody walked in on me. I was convicted. The charge usually carries about nine months. I got two-and-a-half years. I had been at war with the police for years. I was outside telling the world that the police were bigger crooks than I am. I was telling people that the cops take money from gambling and prostitution and get up to other sorts of criminal activity.

**PLAYBOY:** It's hard to believe the police would have taken you that seriously after all the time you spent in jail.

**DUGAN:** They called it "bagging the police". I kept it up and I don't think they liked the repercussions my criticism was likely to cause.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe some kids are born bad?

**DUGAN:** That's rubbish. My younger brother, Tom, grew up in the same environment as I did and he never stole a tray [*old threepenny piece*] in his life. It was simply that I was a rebel. I suppose I was in my early teens when I became aware that I wasn't fitting in. I can remember my first crime — it was Christmas and I was about 11. We had no money and all my dad could afford to put in my stocking was a little tin motor car. The kid down the street got a bike and I asked him if I could please have a ride. He said: "No, get your own bike." He left it leaning against the fence so I took a ride for about an hour and a half. They called the police and when I came back the sergeant was waiting for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Before your father died he said in an interview that your behavior could have been attributed to the fact that you suffered a minor form of brain damage at birth. Is that true?

**DUGAN:** Not as far as I know. I did suffer black-outs when I was a kid. The doctor said I had a weak heart and that as I grew older I would stop having the black-outs. They stopped when I was about 12. I doubt if my health had much to do with the way I behaved.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the first time the police took you in?

**DUGAN:** I was about 12 and I stole something. The police put me in the city shelter for a day or two. That didn't stop me. It only made me more stubborn and determined to go my own way. I took £150 ($300) out of my uncle's safe because I wanted to buy a bike. I'm not proud of that — he was a decent fella. I was sent to the boys' home at Gosford for nine months. I figured that if I conformed to the rules for that long, they'd let me out. What I didn't know was that the sentence meant nothing. I was really there at the discretion of the Child Welfare Department. I didn't realise that and when the nine months were up I told them I was due to go home. They said I was mistaken and that I was really there until the department said otherwise. I told them I'd done my time and I was going. Despite the fact that they kept watch on me, I took off. They had senior boys and junior officers watching us but I knew that if they couldn't catch me in the first hundred yards, they could forget it. I could run like a deer and go all day. I escaped from Gosford five times, each time by outrunning them.

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except the happy ending.

Dorothy
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THE UNTOLD STORY

M FOR MATURE AUDIENCE

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**PLAYBOY:** Where did you run to?

**DUGAN:** I would go to Sydney and live for a while by smashing department store windows and stealing fur coats to sell to Tilly Devine's prostitutes down at Woolloomooloo. I'd be out for about five or six weeks before the coppers would catch me and take me back to Gosford.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't that illustrate the futility of your lifestyle?

**DUGAN:** No. It was all a great adventure. I slept at Central Railway Station. It was hard, cold and unglamorous but I had the concept of being involved in a great adventure. I didn't think about the future at all but lived from day to day. You must remember that this was during the early '30s when the Depression was at its worst. The pros would give me "shopping" orders to fulfil and I'd go and shoplift cosmetics and sell them to the girls for half price.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they pay you in kind?

**DUGAN:** Have you heard the expression, "Can't get a fuck in a brothel"? Well, that was me. They used to sit me on their knees and play with my dick and laugh, but they wouldn't let me fuck them. I'd offer them money but they still wouldn't do it. I guess they had their own moral code and it didn't extend to having sex with young boys.

**PLAYBOY:** What are some of your lasting memories of Gosford?

**DUGAN:** Thinking about escaping. It wasn't the sort of place you would want to stay for too long but it was nowhere near as bad as prison. I remember one of the supervisors used to interfere with the boys. What he didn't know was that while he thought he was getting away with this, his young wife was entertaining some of the senior boys.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you break the cycle of being in and out of Gosford?

**DUGAN:** When they caught me for the sixth time, the magistrate said: "You're going back to Gosford and you're going to do your time." I told him I'd be gone tomorrow because I'd been sentenced to nine months in the first place and had behaved myself but they wouldn't let me out. He tried to explain about the Child Welfare Department but I wasn't having any of that business. However, he was a good fella and said he could understand the way I felt. But because of my record there was no way he would let me go. Instead, he came up with an idea of sending me to a prison farm where I would not be under the jurisdiction of the Child Welfare Department. I started bargaining with him and asked how long I would have to spend there. He said nine months and with good behavior I might be out in six. He assured me the Child Welfare mob wouldn't grab me when I came out. "It's a deal," I said. I was about 16 and he sent me to Emu Plains. I had to go to Long Bay first where I was to be held before being sent to the Plains. The Bay was an awful place. It stank and the food was fit for pigs. You couldn't eat the meat, it was foul. I was starving and I'd pick the potato out of the stew because that was about all I could stand to eat; that and three slices of bread a day with no butter or spread to go with it.

There was a bloke who worked in the bakehouse who started giving me half loaves of fresh bread each day. I was thinking he was a terrific bloke because I was virtually surviving on that half loaf. Then, one day, he tried to fuck me. He was a big bloke and he pinned my arms while he was kissing me. Then he started pulling my trousers down. He still had me in a half bear hug but I got one hand free and latched on to his throat and took a piece out of him. He pulled one arm loose so I stuck my thumb in his eye and tried to rip his eyeball out. He was yelling and screaming and he let go and sat back on a bunk. I picked up a heavy, three-legged stool and swung it at his head. It broke his nose, smashed his teeth, broke his jaw and knocked him unconscious. I hit him again and split his head right down the side. His brains were showing. I banged him a couple more times. His mates came running in, looked at the fella and said, "You've killed him." One of them took me aside and said: "Look, you know nothing about this. Understand?" I washed and went to my cell while the other fellas picked the body up and placed it at the foot of a flight of stairs. They wanted to make it look like he had fallen down 20-odd steps. He would have had to fall down five million to do the damage he'd suffered.

Eventually, a screw came and asked if I knew anything about what happened to this fella. I claimed ignorance but I'm sure they knew what had happened because the bloke I hit was known as a "hock" — a boy-fucker — and I was his obvious victim. He didn't die but spent five-and-a-half months in hospital. They knew I did it but nothing happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you ever done anything that violent before?

**DUGAN:** Never, but I don't regret it. He had tried to humiliate me. After that, other young kids used to hang around me for protection. I'd tell the hocks to keep away from them. But then I thought, "I'm bloody stupid. These young blokes should be learning to stick up for themselves. If they don't have the guts to protect themselves, then they'll never be men." Then I went to the Plains and did my stretch to keep my bargain with that magistrate.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you see that as your chance to break the cycle of arrest and detention?

**DUGAN:** It might have been but I went inside for petty offences and was educated in the Bay and at Emu Plains by hardened criminals. I met blokes who had blown safes and I learnt a lot about crime. It was my apprenticeship.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your plans when you came out?

**DUGAN:** I was smarter. They wouldn't catch me this time, I thought. I wasn't going back.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you say to a young man in the same position today?

**DUGAN:** Some might see him as a fool. He wouldn't see himself that way. I certainly didn't. Jail has a habit of warping your values. He would be a hard man to convince. Most young people don't want to listen. I didn't, I thought I already knew it all.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do when you were released from Emu Plains?

**DUGAN:** It was 1938 and I got a job with McNiven's ice cream company, where I stayed for about a year. Then I met some jail acquaintances and started thieving again. We were into factory-breaking and blew a few safes. I was using the skills I learned inside.

**PLAYBOY:** You learned the theory inside and did the practical course outside?

**DUGAN:** That's right. That's why first-timers should be segregated from other prisoners.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you recall the first time you met William Mears?

**DUGAN:** I knew him at school. He was always a weak character. We met later.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he look up to you?

**DUGAN:** Not really. We were on equal terms. We were arrested for housebreaking and we escaped from the Bay together. The people looking after us said that for £2000 ($4000) they would put us in the hold of a ship bound for Vancouver and somebody would feed us and keep an eye on us during passage. It was our big chance to make a clean break. We wouldn't be coming back. The only problem was we didn't have the money. So we decided to rob a bank. I'd never dreamed of doing anything like that before. We lined up a bank in Ultimo and got hold of a couple of guns, which was a problem because I'd never handled a gun before. We were wearing masks when we ran into the bank. Then Mears panicked, became hysterical. He started blazing away and shot the manager in the shoulder.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he have a sub-machine-gun as some news reports suggested?

**DUGAN:** No, a .38 pistol. But it was a severe wound and the manager was near dying. They later arrested us. I asked Mears why he did it, because they already had their hands over their heads. But I already knew the answer — it was hysteria. They charged us with attempted murder and our advocate thought we would beat it because nobody would have been able to identify us. We had masks, you see. However, they produced a witness who said she could identify Mears. She was lying, but it didn't matter. We were sentenced to death under an old law that was still on the statute books. When this was commuted, Mears got 15 years and I received 18. In total I faced a stretch of 35 years. That's a pretty good stand. I was 29 years of age then.

**PLAYBOY:** Did it occur to you that if you hadn't been such a confrontationist early in life,the police might have left you alone?

**DUGAN:** They wouldn't have. You see, they were crooked. The only difference between them and us is that they are the ones with the uniforms and the backing of the judiciary and politicians.

**PLAYBOY:** At what stage did you become aware that the people who were supposed to be the upholders of the law were bent?

**DUGAN:** In my teens. The mob was paying them protection money from the abortion racket. A senior police officer was the bag man. There was a big private hospital in Double Bay and it used to be the biggest abortion clinic in Sydney. It cost 150 quid ($300) for an abortion and the place was full every day. The sheilas would go in early in the morning and come out at night. The officer, carrying an attache case, would visit every Monday morning. He wasn't there for an abortion.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you witness that?

**DUGAN:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you doing there?

**DUGAN:** On two occasions I took girls there for abortions. I saw the police officer and it gave me the idea to bring the bastard undone. I started watching the place and observed his Monday morning visits. I was thinking how I could use the information. But I was naive; it doesn't matter what you know or what evidence you might have, the police are protected by the politicians. How many times do you get an honest cop doing an effective job — like Merv Beck smashing up the casinos — and discover that he has been moved aside, where he can't act?

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't it have been smarter to recognise that corruption for what it was, ignore it and get on with your own life?

**DUGAN:** I hated the police too much to do that. I thought that if I kept talking about them I could bring them undone. They warned me that if I didn't stop they would bring me down again. And they did.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had your time again, would you take them on in the same way?

**DUGAN:** No. Now I don't care what they do. The public is weak, apathetic and not worth worrying about. I look at it now and know that the corruption problem is far worse than it was in my day. The police are the biggest importers of heroin in this country. The CIB brings it in and the Chinese distribute it. It's been going on for years. There is so much money involved that other people try to get in, but they can't unless the police let them.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about your reputation as an escapologist.

**DUGAN:** I'm notorious, but not for violent deeds. They talk about my notoriety but that reputation was earned not from violence but because that's the way the police wished to portray me to the public. The police didn't like the fact that I kept escaping from custody. Some jails might appear escape-proof but you can always make something happen that will present an opportunity to escape.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you enjoy plotting escapes?

**DUGAN:** Yes, it was a contest. My first escape was from Long Bay. Inside the jail walls was a laundry and storeroom adjoining the walls. We were locked in there during the lunch hour and I managed to get hold of a bolt from a door which I used to prise a gap in the bars. Mears and I got out on to the top of the jail wall. There was a guard in the tower just a few yards away but he was looking the other way. If he'd seen us he would have blown our heads off. It was a long way to the ground but we jumped and landed on the grass. I had five quid ($10) hidden in my pocket and we jumped a passing tram, rode it for a few stops and then grabbed a cab to Erskineville where I knew people who would help us. That's when we did the Ultimo job.

**PLAYBOY:** But you escaped yet again.

**DUGAN:** Yes, from an armored tram. I got hold of two knives and serated the cutting edges so they'd work like a saw. I discovered that the weakest part of the tram was the wooden ceiling. I carved a hole in the ceiling and missed a 150,000-volt cable by about an inch. Later on, I escaped from the back of a black maria by cutting a hole in the side. We were travelling along Cleveland Street in Sydney and I was hanging out like a sausage, being held by my toes. I hit the ground at about 40 miles an hour and bounced. The impact was terrific and I felt like I was paralysed. I'd split my overcoat clean down the back. There were some bystanders who witnessed my escape and I

FLAGSHIP
50 GRAM NET WHEN PACKED
50 GRAM NET
FLAGSHIP
Ready Rubbed
CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Flagship. Too good to rush.

remember one old sheila saying, "Good on yer, son," as I got to my feet and made off. Later on I escaped from the central police holding cells in Sydney. They had an armed guard keeping an eye on me and Mears. This was a prison warder and he was a real bastard. While he was talking to the police, we were sawing away at the bars. We had to climb up a wall and we knew if that guard spotted us he would have blasted us.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Mears help plan the escapes?

**DUGAN:** He was a follower. I'd do the work and he'd follow me out.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your longest period at large?

**DUGAN:** About six or seven weeks. We stayed in a cottage on Sydney's northern beaches.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that when police raided the place and arrested you and Mears they found evidence that two women had been living there with you?

**DUGAN:** Yes. They were a couple of friends: great girls, not impressed by our notoriety. Fortunately, they left the day before the police arrived.

We were put in by a friend, a man who is very prominent in the criminal world. I cannot name him but suffice to say he is no longer a friend.

**PLAYBOY:** In all you made about 10 escape attempts and succeeded with four.

**DUGAN:** Actually, I made about a dozen attempts. I was very unlucky on a couple of occasions. Once I made a key and got the lock off the door, but the screws walked in at the vital moment.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever really believe that one day you would escape, skip the country and kiss the NSW police and prisons goodbye?

**DUGAN:** Yes. I realised that going overseas was the only way to get out of their reach.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you do if you had your time again?

**DUGAN:** Go to school and study like mad and take the advice of Justice Herron who said something to me after I'd argued my own case before him. "If things had been different, you'd have made a good barrister," he said. I was a champion debater and I would have used that ability to become a barrister.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have been a crusading barrister, or would you have simply looked after number one?

**DUGAN:** I'd be a crusading barrister and I'd do my best to bring the police undone. They are a vile disease festering in our society. But I'm nothing and can't do a thing about the situation. Unfortunately, they are too strong for the individual. There is nothing you can do.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you make good friends in jail?

**DUGAN:** Yes, I did make friends but not really close friends. All my life I've been a loner. Even from my criminal activities I have no lasting friendships. The best acquaintances have been my female friends.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it the greatest tragedy of all that you sentenced yourself to a lifestyle that denied you the company of women?

**DUGAN:** Circumstances simply got beyond my control.

**PLAYBOY:** Do prisons have a function within our society?

**DUGAN:** I believe so. When somebody rapes or murders they must be punished. But it is the way jails are run that is wrong. First-time offenders should never be allowed near hardened criminals.

Instead, first-timers should be kept together but given strong discipline and made to face hard work. The system should be fair but so tough that no first-timer would ever want to go back inside. Discipline, not violence, is the key.

**PLAYBOY:** You've met some impressive characters in jail. What about Ray Denning, the notorious escapee? What did you think of him?

**DUGAN:** Denning shouldn't be in jail. He was verballed and there's a good chance Ray will spend the rest of his life there.

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*Men died at Grafton because of what the screws did to them. Men went insane but nothing came of it. Not one screw was charged.*

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**PLAYBOY:** We know it would be simple to reduce the risk of verballing suspects by ensuring that all statements are videotaped.

**DUGAN:** Of course. But the police don't want that and the politicians won't make it law because they don't want to upset the apple cart.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any contact with Peter Schneidas while inside?

**DUGAN:** Yes, I used to see him in Maitland. He was a boisterous young man but he was inoffensive. But the police and screws got at him and his mind snapped.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens when a prisoner goes stir crazy?

**DUGAN:** It happens to many, particularly those fellas facing long sentences. Most times it's associated with the floggings handed out by the screws. People can't live under the stress of fear for long periods. I had a great fear of being sent back to Grafton.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**DUGAN:** I did 11 years there and the thought of having to go back was too much to bear. Years ago they used to flog the prisoners on a program basis. Your turn would come around once a fortnight. Six or eight screws would come into your cell and flog you with batons. A lot of men couldn't take it. I've seen 12 or 15 strong men certified insane because of what happened to them in Grafton. They couldn't stand living under that fear of waiting for the next flogging.

**PLAYBOY:** What form would those floggings take?

**DUGAN:** The first screw would come into your cell and you'd be standing at attention, nose against the wall. Then his mate would whip his baton into your kidneys. Then he'd say, "Stand on the right part of the mat!" And then, "Where is the right part of the mat? You know where it is, there is no right part!" And then the flogging would start.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think of the screws?

**DUGAN:** I thought they were animals. Men died there because of what the screws did to them. Men died and men went insane but nothing ever came of it. There were other blokes who weren't certified but you knew their minds were affected. If anything was ever said about it, what good was the word of a prisoner against that of a screw? Screws brought to task about it simply said they were doing as they were told. The screws admitted they had flogged and bashed for years because they were told to. Not one was charged, not one dismissed. The law doesn't work when it's handling its own.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it easy for a man to lose his self-esteem in jail?

**DUGAN:** Yes, if you are not careful. If other prisoners harass you, you must be ready to take some action. Those who don't, get fucked and then they turn homosexual, claiming they were born that way. Nobody ever touched me because they knew they'd finish up in a box.

**PLAYBOY:** For most of your life you've waged war on the police, judiciary and the media. Will you ever bury the hatchet?

**DUGAN:** No, but not all the media were against me. Some were and they called me a murderer and a kidnapper. They didn't check their facts.

**PLAYBOY:** The media have depicted you as a gun-toting desperado who had no intention of going straight. Were they completely wrong?

**DUGAN:** I never carried a gun in my life.

**PLAYBOY:** I quote from one paper: "He carried a .32 Beretta. He fell in love with it. He'd take the pistol from the case and stroke the handle as one might stroke a faithful dog. . ."

**DUGAN:** Rubbish. . . romance!

**PLAYBOY:** ". . . he became obsessed with the qualities of this particular Beretta. . ." Where would they get such a story?

**DUGAN:** They invented it.

**PLAYBOY:** Who? The papers or the police?

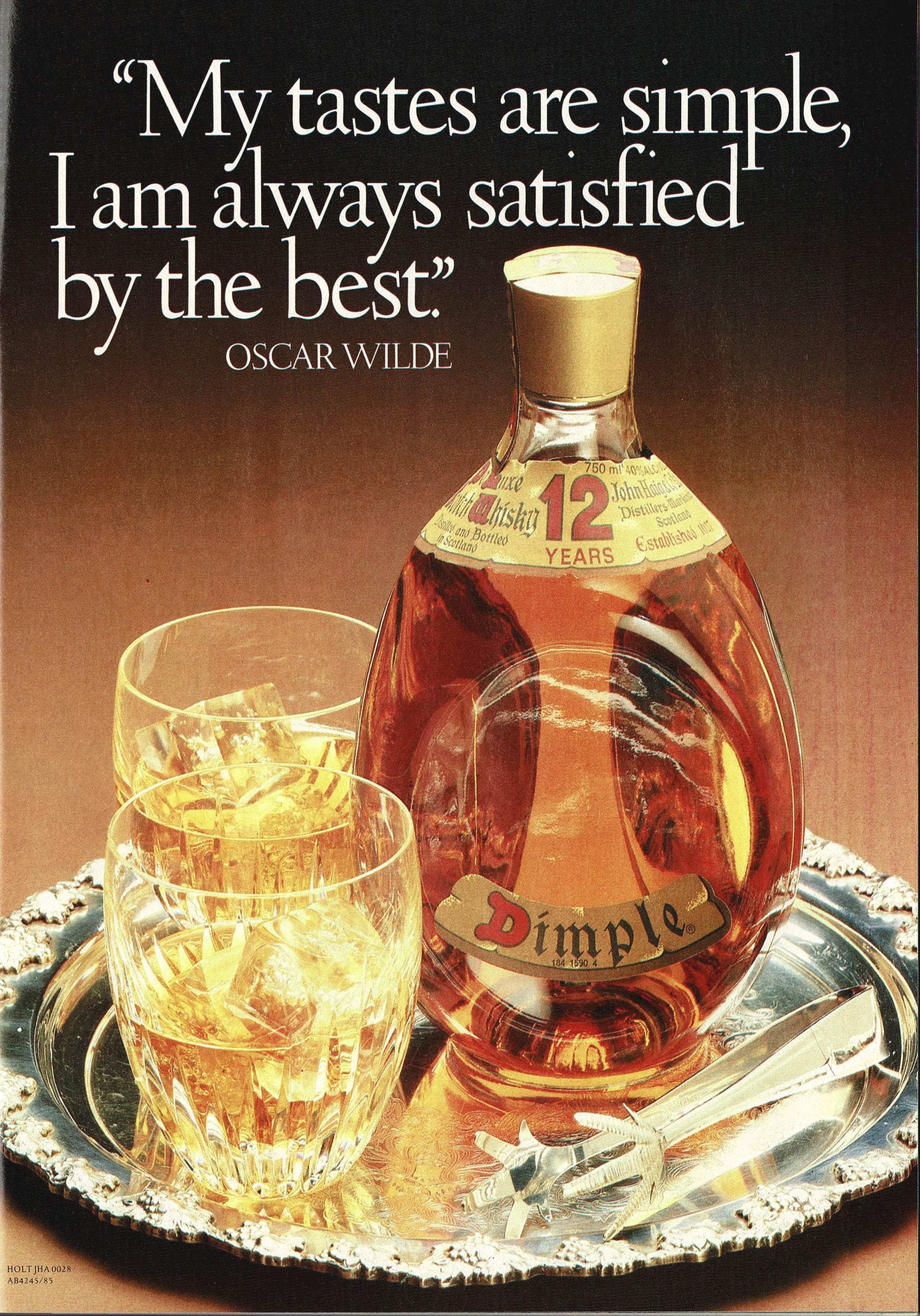
**DUGAN:** The police might have given it to the papers.

**PLAYBOY:** ". . . police ballistics reports and eyewitness accounts indicate that at four major hold-ups Dugan fired this gun."

**DUGAN:** I don't believe that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever own a Beretta?

*(continued on page 107)*


"My tastes are simple, I am always satisfied by the best."
OSCAR WILDE
750 ml 40% ALC/VOL
De Luxe Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
John Haig & Co. Ltd. Distillers Markinch Scotland Established 1627
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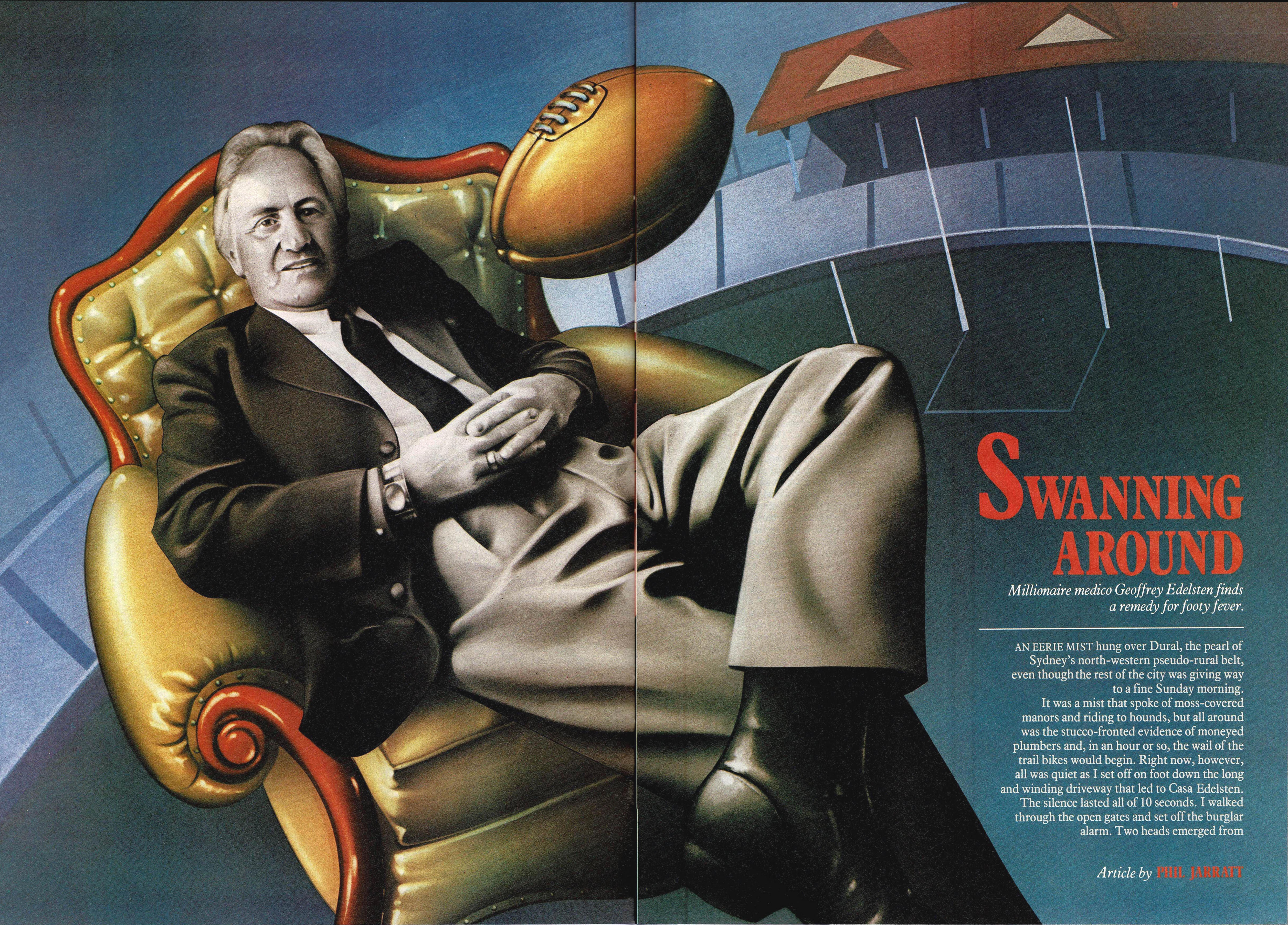


# SWANNING AROUND

*Millionaire medico Geoffrey Edelsten finds a remedy for footy fever.*

AN EERIE MIST hung over Dural, the pearl of Sydney's north-western pseudo-rural belt, even though the rest of the city was giving way to a fine Sunday morning.

It was a mist that spoke of moss-covered manors and riding to hounds, but all around was the stucco-fronted evidence of moneyed plumbers and, in an hour or so, the wail of the trail bikes would begin. Right now, however, all was quiet as I set off on foot down the long and winding driveway that led to Casa Edelsten. The silence lasted all of 10 seconds. I walked through the open gates and set off the burglar alarm. Two heads emerged from

*Article by* **PHIL JARRATT**

a stretch caravan in a far corner of the property. They were old heads and they retreated quickly, perhaps fearing that I was armed. Then from the gatehouse came the keeper of the gate, doing up his dressing-gown cord as he ran toward me, dogs at heel.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he demanded.

"I have an appointment to see Dr Edelsten," I replied.

"We'll see about that. You come with me."

I followed the man into the gatehouse and his mood suddenly softened. He apologised for the mess. It was Sunday, he explained. He would call the doctor. He returned and smiled the smile of approval.

"The doctor is expecting you. Have a nice day."

The vision splendid of Dr Geoffrey Edelsten's mansion is familiar, even though I am not a regular viewer of the soap opera *Sons And Daughters* (for which its exteriors are used). Perhaps the *deja vu* sensation is because Dr Edelsten has seldom been out of the news this past year or so, and if we have seen him once crossing the little bridge from helipad to home, we have seen him do it a dozen times.

Media coverage of Dr Edelsten has fallen into two broad categories, the theme of the first being "He is very rich" and the theme of the second being "But how did he become so?" In our society there is endless fascination with the accoutrements of wealth but there is an equal and opposite fascination with knocking from their pedestals those who attain it. Thus we have seen in recent months the salivating salute to the doctor's gold and shag-pile opulence, and we have seen the pious inquisitions in the wake of the charges made under parliamentary privilege by Senator George Georges. In one or two cases both those forms of media torture have been performed by the same on-air guy.

Nevertheless I had driven all this from my mind, as any good juror would, before I tramped down the path this misty Sunday morning to meet, for the first time I might add, the entrepreneurial Edelsten. To place this properly in perspective Edelsten was chiefly famous at the time of our meeting for having paid $6.5 million for the Sydney Swans, rather than for the allegations of over-servicing and medi-fraud.

The good doctor was in an exultant frame of mind as he greeted me at one of the many doors. The purchase of the ailing Australian rules football team had been a long, hard battle, during which he had barely had time to open a few more suburban medical centres and purchase a 51 percent shareholding in a professional basketball team. But now the battle was over, he had control of the Swans and he'd already graced the cover of a national sports magazine. Suddenly "that rich doctor with all the flash cars" was "Edelsten of the Swans".

Edelsten wore a cream shirt and a Swans club tie, a pair of beige trousers and Cuban heel boots. His wrists and fingers creaked with chunky gold, the centrepiece of which was a watch that almost defied description. It looked like a wedding cake that told the time.

"Don't they pay you enough to afford a car?" the doctor asked. I noticed that he was very pale and his skin had the malleability of a newborn child. I imagined that if I pressed it, it would stay pressed. I resisted the temptation and explained that, in fact, I had a modest car but was temporarily without a driver's licence. Looking around the doctor's fabulous fleet, however, I was glad for Australian PLAYBOY's sake that I hadn't pulled up in my Ford Laser.

There was a blue Aston Martin in the driveway and under cover around the side of the house I could see a couple of Mercs and a Porsche.

We walked for a long while under a series of arches and past alcoves and sofas of soft leather and finally into a large, messy room which was unmistakably a "den" in the American sense. There were no guns or stuffed antelopes on the walls but there was a plethora of electronic gadgetry, a pinball machine and, spread carefully around a coffee table at which we sat, copies of the issue of the national sports magazine featuring the doc on the cover.

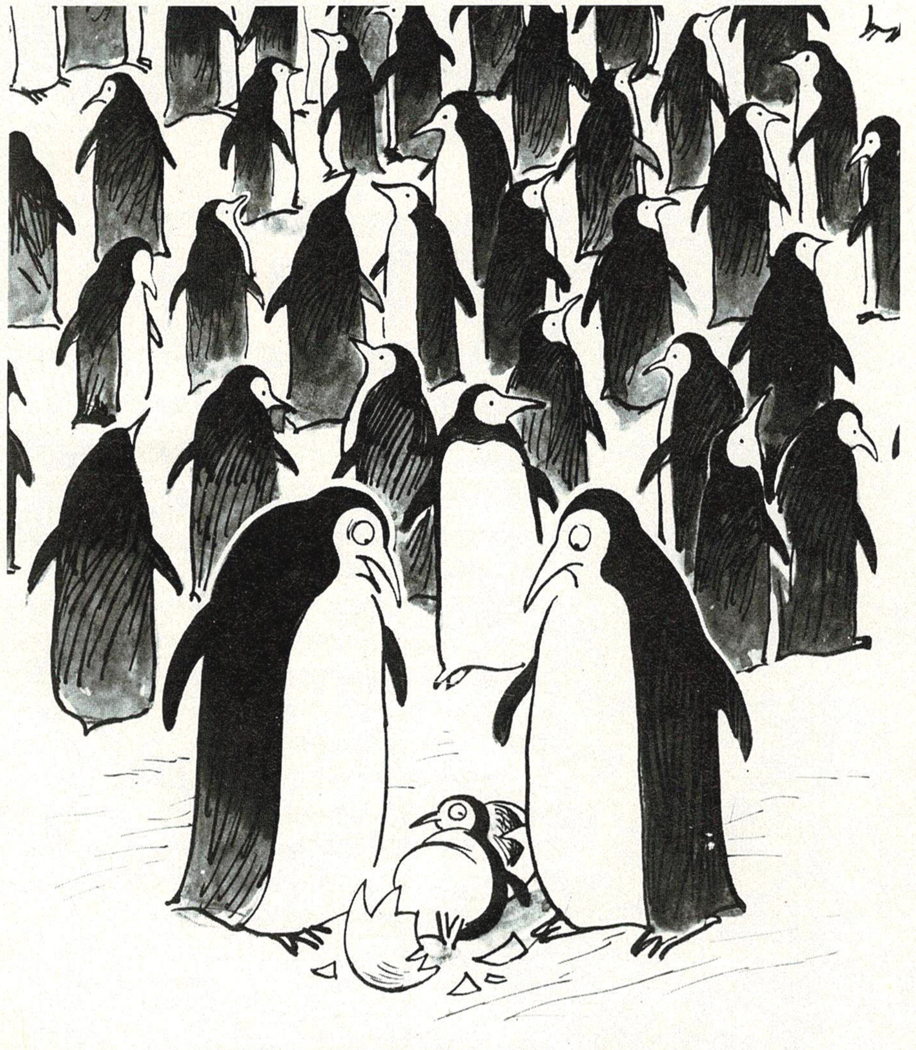
The housekeeper brought us coffee but Dr Edelsten couldn't relax. He moved from chair to chair and looked at his watch constantly. Most days he is out of bed at four and on the road by 4.30. He does his suburban rounds and is settled behind his desk in the city before 7am. On Sundays he sleeps in until perhaps 7.30, but he is not one to potter in the garden. Over breakfast he will make business calls before driving off to check on his surgeries.

"How are we travelling to the game?" I asked nervously, checking the mist level. Choppers are not my conveyance of choice, particularly in pea soup.

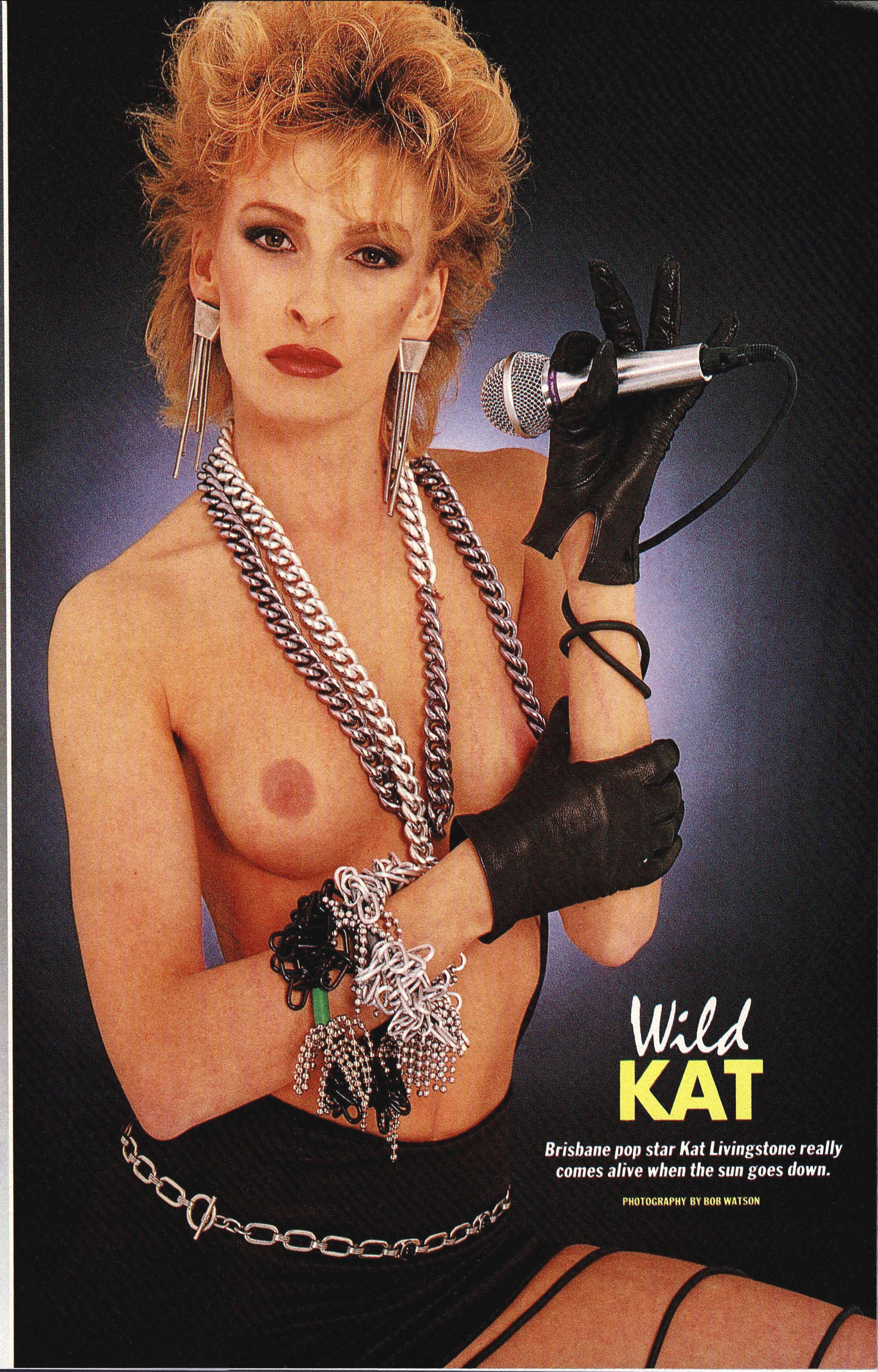
"We'll drive," Dr Edelsten said. "Unfortunately most of my cars are off the road for one reason or another, but we can take the Aston Martin." Yes, I supposed that would have to do. We chatted about sport and money and finished our coffee while we waited for Leanne.

I spotted Mrs Edelsten long before she declared herself ready for departure. She was a pretty blonde in a black silky thing with her hair piled high, and she seemed to be doing laps of the house. I would see her through one set of windows, then through the next. Whatever she was doing she was engrossed in it and her husband seemed not

*(continued on page 84)*



*"Oh damn! It's another bloody penguin!"*



# *Wild* KAT

**Brisbane pop star Kat Livingstone really comes alive when the sun goes down.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

*Putting on a show is what rock'n'roll is all about, and Kat Livingstone does just that every time she gets up on stage with Brisbane electronic-synth band The Technicians. Leather-clad, and a wild mover, she's one hell of a reason to get down and see this outfit strut their high-tech stuff.*

*"I like getting dressed up a bit, getting on my make-up, and carrying on when I'm playing. The band has a good time, and the people watching have a good time too," she says.*

*But Kat isn't the only surprising thing about The Technicians. The other is that they've persisted with their original brand of electro-pop in Brisbane, and not headed south for the more lucrative audiences of Sydney and Melbourne. Part of the reason is that they've been able to spend the past year almost in isolation, writing and arranging their own songs. As well, they've sunk all their resources into a mountain of equipment that looks more like the control centre at NASA than a rock'n'roll stage, with two live*

KEYBOARD
Roland

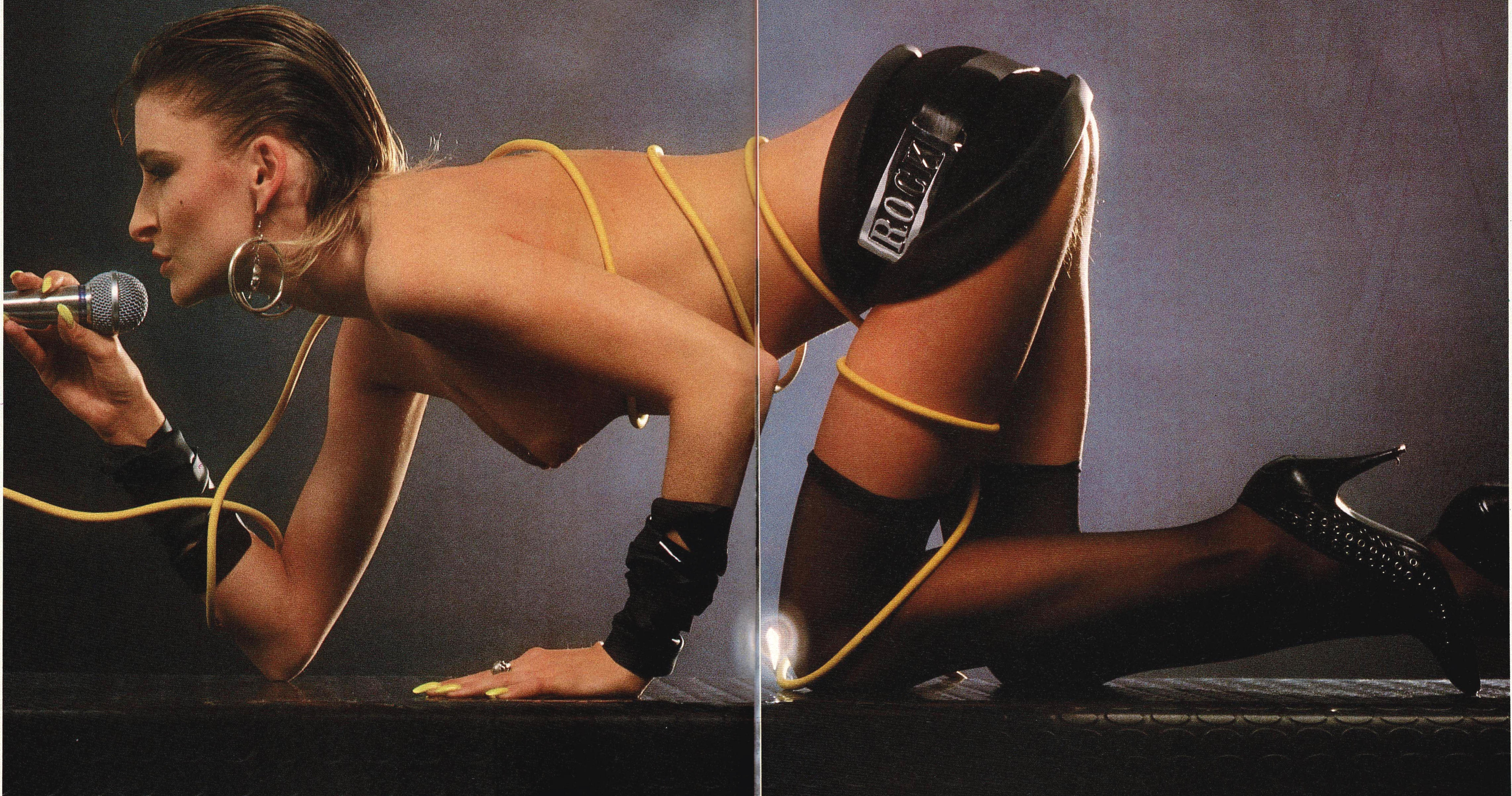
synthesiser players, one live drummer, and a sequencer that plays pre-programmed rhythms and melodies.

"We take a lot of time to set up all the equipment, and programming the instruments to the point where 'It', my sequencer, is just another member of the band," Kat says.

The isolation is soon about to end, with the band planning a national tour and the recording of the best of their songs. But even hitting the road won't change the strange back-to-front life most rock'n'roll musicians lead.

"When you're not playing, you're practising, and when you're not doing either of those, you're sleeping," says Kat. "Then you get up the next day and start practising and playing all over again."

Sounds like there's not much time for anything else except music, but Kat still finds a chance to explore her fantasies with a bit of ink and pencil sketching.



"For the moment they are really private," Kat smiles coyly. "It's a personal thing for my enjoyment. The only people who ever get to see them are friends into art and drawing."

And keeping fit? Well, all that raging on stage isn't enough, and Kat lifts weights at home every day, as well as going to the solarium to add a bit of color to her fair, Scottish skin.

Born and bred in Glasgow, but with an Aussie mum, Kat had played in a band there with The Technicians' songwriter and singer, Andy Richmond. One cold December day, after a bout of lousy weather, they packed up their synthesisers and headed for the sun.

"My first reaction on landing in Brisbane was to take off my jumper as fast as I could," Kat laughs.

One of the best things for Aussie rock'n'roll is that she didn't stop there!

AXIS
MIDI KEYBOARD
Roland

# HITCH YOUR SPACESHIP TO A STAR

*The astrologers of Figulus knew the future, but they had yet to learn about naked truth. Fiction by* **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

FROM THE BEGINNING of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man. Then, one day in the year 11,406 an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those

ILLUSTRATION BY NORM VILLANI

colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship Hopeful, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

Breakfast on the Hopeful consisted of ochre juice, parabacon, toastettes, mock omelet, papjacks, sausage (don't ask) and Hester's coffee. It was called Hester's coffee because Hester made it and Hester drank it; the others had to draw the line *somewhere*.

This morning, all hands had gathered for the pre-landing meal. At the head of the round table sat Captain Standforth himself, under the glassy eyes of nearly two score defunct birds mounted on the walls, the stuffing of which was his only true vocation. Descended from *those* Standforths, the ones who had so routinely over the past seven generations covered themselves with glory in the service of the Galactic Patrol, the captain had been compelled by both family and destiny to enlist when his turn came, just as the patrol had been compelled by family and history to take him, inadvertently and unhappily proving that sometimes neither nature *nor* nurture may create character. Taxidermy? A Standforth? Regrettably, yes.

Gathered around, scoffing down the fabrifood, were the rest of the expendable captain's expendable crew; plus his lone expendable passenger, Councilman Morton Luthguster, as plump and pompous as a pouter pigeon crossed with a blimp. The crew consisted of second-in-command Lieutenant Billy Shelby, young and idealistic but not too awfully bright; Astrogator Pam Stokes, *very* bright and very beautiful but a stranger to passion; Ensign Kybee Benson, whose encyclopaedic knowledge of human societies did not keep him from being personally antisocial; and stockily blunt Chief Engineer Hester (of the coffee) Hanshaw, proud mistress of the engine room.

The captain wiped his lips on a toastette, then ate it. "Well," he said to his murky band, "we'll be landing soon." His mild eyes gleamed with visions of this unknown new planet and the unimaginable new birds he would soon disembowel.

Councilman Luthguster, swirling a forkful of papjack in pseudoleo, said, "What is this place we're coming to, Ensign Benson? What are its characteristics?"

"No one knows for sure about this one, Councilman," the ensign told him. "The old records simply say the colonists were a group of like-minded people whose goal was a simple life, free of surprises."

"Well, *we'll* be a surprise."

◆

Jim Downey and Hank Carpenter stood gazing up into the clear green sky, where the sun — good old Ptolemy, nicknamed sun after the good old Sol from which their forebears had so long ago departed — poised midway up its morning arc. "They're late," Jim said.

"They'll get here," Hank assured him.

◆

Councilman Luthguster said, "What's the name of the place, Ensign Benson? I've noticed that the name the colonists give their settlement frequently offers a clue to their social structure."

"It's called Figulus," Ensign Benson said.

"Figulus?"

Blank looks around the table. Billy Shelby said, "Wasn't he one of the founders of ancient Rome? Figulus and Venus."

"No, Billy," said Ensign Benson.

◆

Jim frowned skyward. "You don't suppose they got the co-ordinates wrong? Landed someplace else on Figgy?" Behind them, on the knoll where they stood, the pleasant town dreamily awaited.

"They're dawdling over their breakfast, like as not," Hank replied. "In fact, there they come now, over yonder."

◆

"Publius Nigidius Figulus," Ensign Benson said. "He was the most learned Roman of his age, a writer and a statesman, died circa 45 B.C."

Billy looked sad. "Died at the circus? That's awful."

"Terrible," the ensign agreed. "Figulus was most noted for his books on religion and —"

"We're," Pam Stokes said, her ancestral slide rule moving like a live thing in her slender-fingered hands, a subtle alteration simultaneously taking place in the faint aura of engine hum all about them, "here."

Everyone jumped up to go look out the view ports at Figulus, third of 10 planets in orbit around the Sol-like star call Ptolemy. Only Ensign Benson remained at the table, draining his vial of ochre juice. "And astrology," he finished.

◆

*"People of Figulus —"*

"Hi, Senator," Jim said.

Councilman Luthguster frowned across the top of his PA-system microphone at the two locals at the foot of the extruded stairs. He was on the platform at the top. Both were middle-aged, mild-mannered, Jim with a grey cardigan and a pipe, Hank with eyeglasses and a tweed jacket. All four elbows sported leather patches. *"I am a councilman,"* he informed them.

"Ha!" said Hank. "That's a five-buck you owe me, Jim."

Jim scratched his head. "I would have sworn a plenipotentiary from Earth would be at *least* a senator."

Councilman Luthguster stared. *"I haven't told you that yet,"* he told the world through the PA system.

Just inside the ship where the others waited, Ensign Benson frowned and said, "What's going on out there?" He edged closer to the open hatch, where he could hear both sides of the conversation.

"Well, in any event," Hank was saying, while his pal Jim sadly produced a five-buck from his wallet and handed it over, "the *councilman* is not the one we have to talk to here. No, we want the man in charge."

"You mean the captain?"

Hank said, "No, no, he's just some sort of hobbyist along for the ride. We want the — what will you call him? Social scientist. Anthropologist."

"Sociologist," Jim suggested. "Ethnologist."

Ensign Benson stepped out into the light. "Social engineer," he said.

"How do you do, sir," Hank said, smiling behind his glasses, coming up the ladder with hand outstretched. "I'm Hank Carpenter, mayor of Centreville."

Back on the ground, Jim made a dammit gesture with his pipe. "I knew he'd be a Scorpio! Damn it, *that's* what we should have bet on."

*"Don't be silly, Sue, you'll always be number one on my automatic dialler."*

Ensign Benson accepted Hank's firm but friendly handclasp. "Centreville?"

"Well, sir," Hank said, "it happens that *this* is the centre of the universe. May not look like much, but that's what it is and why our forebears came here. But let's quit yakking. You and the councilman and the four inside the ship, come on to town and meet the folks."

Ensign Benson held tight to the stair rail. "Four inside?"

"Well, there's your captain," Hank said. "Tall, skinny, distracted bloke. A Pisces. And his number two, a nice young boy but not too quick upstairs — probably a Moon Child. Moony, anyway."

"Show-off," Jim said. He was still smarting over his fiver.

Hank went on, pretending not to notice. "Then there's your navigator —"

"Astrogator."

"Same thing, just tarted up. A highly motivated young person, probably female."

"Not yet," Ensign Benson muttered.

"But definitely Virgo."

"*That* I'll go along with."

"Now, your engineer," Hank went on, "a solid Taurus, but we just can't decide if it's a man or a woman."

"Nobody can," Ensign Benson said.

"I heard that," Hester said, coming out on to the platform to shake a wrench at the ensign.

"Come on, folks," Hank said, gesturing toward town. "You've had a long, hard journey; come along and relax."

The captain, the lieutenant and the astrogator joined the three other Earthlings on the platform and they all looked off toward town. A pretty little place with peaked roofs, a traditional white steeple and a sports ground alive with running, yelling children, it nestled in a setting of low hills where neat farms mingled with elm groves.

"What a nice place," Pam said, her slide rule for one instant forgotten.

"You'll learn to love it," Hank assured them, "in time."

◆

"How do you like breakfast?" Hank asked.

"Fine," said Ensign Benson, though, in fact, it was all as ashes in his mouth. Looking up, he noticed the designs painted high on the walls, just under the ceiling, 12 on each side, six along each end. Beginning at the front left, three designs incorporated rams' heads, then three involved bulls, then. . . "The zodiac," Ensign Benson said.

"You know it, then." Hank Carpenter seemed pleased.

"Astrology. Publius Nigidius Figulus wrote on astrology."

"One of the great early scholars in the science."

Ensign Benson raised *such* a sceptical brow: "Science?"

Hank offered such an indulgent chuckle: "You're from Earth, of course," he said, "where it doesn't operate as efficiently."

"Oh, really?"

"If you were to take an ordinary chemistry-lab experiment," Hank suggested, "and try it underwater, the results wouldn't please you. Would that disprove the science or reflect the surroundings?"

"So what makes this place better surroundings than Earth?"

"To begin with," Hank said, "our being at the centre of the universe means there's no distortion. Then, our year is precisely 360 days long, so we don't have to keep eternally *adjusting* things. And Ptolemy's system includes 10 planets, and our planet has two moons. That means that from here, we can observe nine planets, two moons and our sun; 12. One heavenly body per house."

"Oh, but you can't seriously —"

"As the bumblebee said to the physicist," Hank said, "'All I know is, it works.'"

◆

The extremely beautiful blonde girl to Billy's left side said, "Hi, I'm Linda. What's your sign?"

"Billy."

"Billy? No, that's your *name*. When were you born?"

*Ensign Benson was almost afraid to phrase the question, "How long do you expect us to stay?" "I'm sorry," Hank said. "You'll be here forever."*

"About three-thirty in the morning," Billy said. "Mom said *everybody's* born at three-thirty in the morning. Can that be right?"

Linda thought about that. She had beautiful violet eyes. "You were born in July," she decided and turned to talk to the person on her other side.

◆

Ensign Benson ate toast, eggs and bacon; but he did not, in fact, taste a thing. He was thinking too hard. "If astrology works," he said, "it rules out free will."

"Not at all," said Hank. "The heavens don't say *certainly* thus and so will happen, or everybody born at the same time in the same general area would be identical. Astrology deals in probabilities. For instance, the astral alignment so strongly suggested that Earth would make fresh contact with its Lost Colonies now that we pretty well discounted any other possibility, but as to the exact make-up of the crew, there were some details we couldn't be sure of."

"Still," Ensign Benson said, "you're telling me you people can read the future."

"The probabilities," Hank corrected.

◆

Ensign Benson, lost in thought, had stopped eating. "If you're done," Hank said, "we'll show you to your house now."

The ensign looked at him. "My house?"

"You and your friends. We thought you'd probably all want to live together at first until you get to know the town, make friends, find employment —"

"Wait, wait, wait a minute." Ensign Benson was almost afraid to phrase the question, "How long do you expect us to stay?"

"I'm sorry," Hank said. "You haven't read your chart, of course. You'll be here forever."

◆

Give Councilman Morton Luthguster a crowd, he'll make you a speech. "Earth can do much for the people of Figulus," he declaimed to the local citizens assembled at his table. "Technology, trade agreements. A chicken in every pot; a, a, a, a horse thingy in every stable. Peace, prosperity —"

"*And* a stable buck," said a citizen.

Councilman Luthguster paused in midflight. "Buck? A stable buck?" Visions of deer, all with symmetrical antlers, leaped in his head.

"That's our unit of currency," a citizen explained. "We have the quarter-buck, half-buck, buck, five-buck, sawbuck, all the way up to the C-buck and the grand-buck."

"And it's stable," another said.

"It's entered the language idiomatically," said a citizen who happened to be a high school principal. "Pass the buck, for instance, meaning to pay a debt."

"Buck the tide," offered another.

"That's to throw good money after bad."

The councilman stared, popeyed. "But that's all *wrong*!"

A friendly citizeness patted his hand. "You'll learn them," she assured him. "Won't take long — a strong-willed Leo like you."

◆

"If your stars tell you we're staying here," Ensign Benson said, "they're crazy."

"Look, friend," Hank said. "What if the billions and billions of human beings scattered across the Galaxies were to learn that right here, smack in the middle of it all, was a place where they could find out almost *everything* about the future? What would happen?"

"You could do a great mail-order business."

"They would come here," Hank said. "In their billions. Our town would be destroyed; our way of life would simply come to an end."

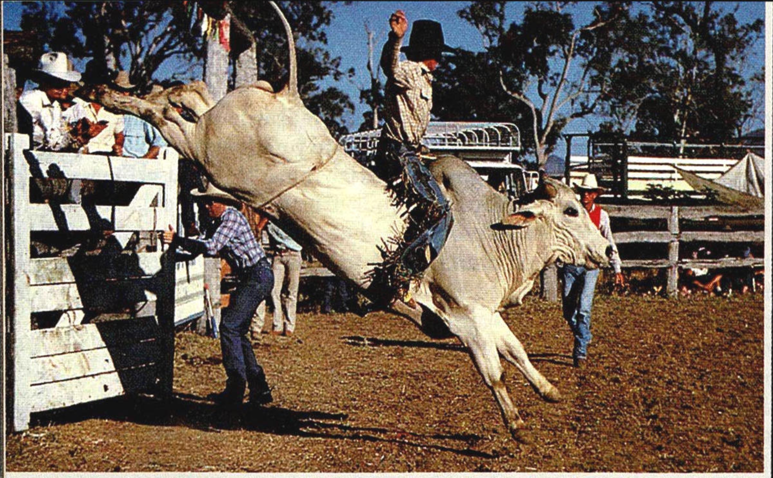
Reluctantly, Ensign Benson nodded. "It could get difficult."

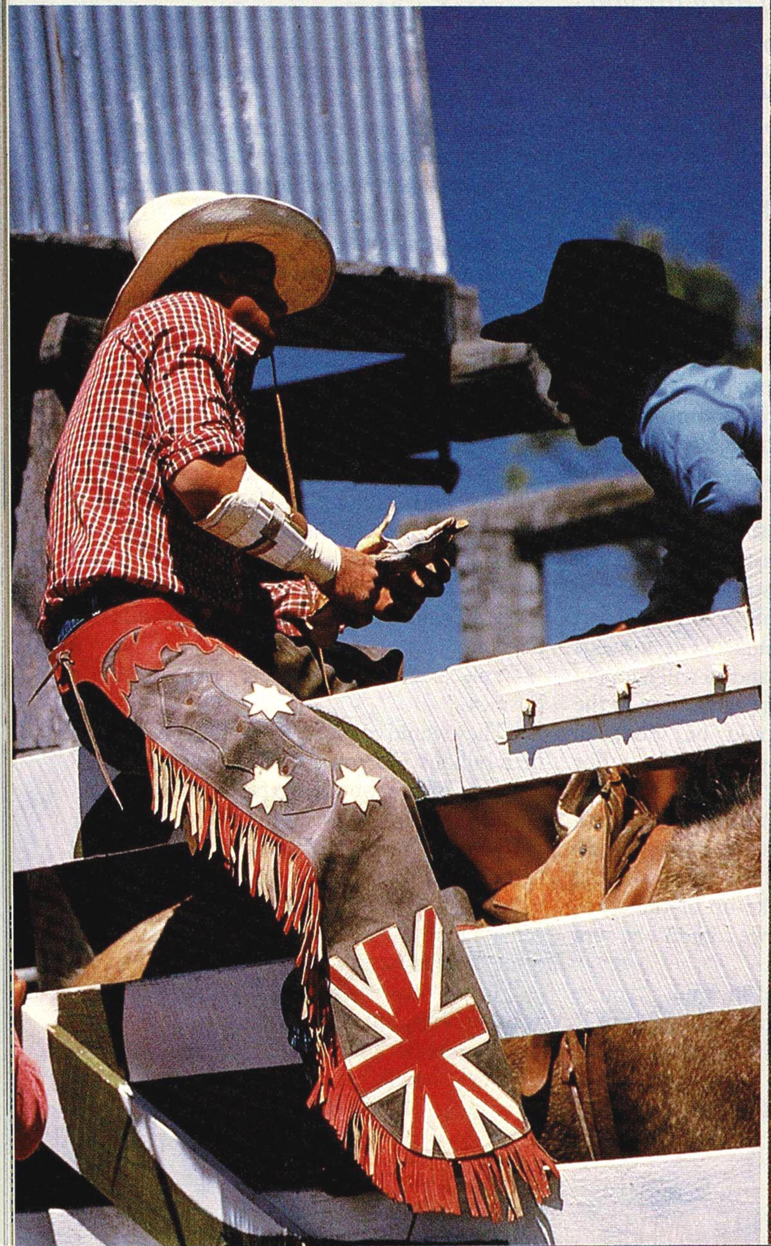
"And that's why the stars say you'll remain here and *never* expose us to the rest of the human race."

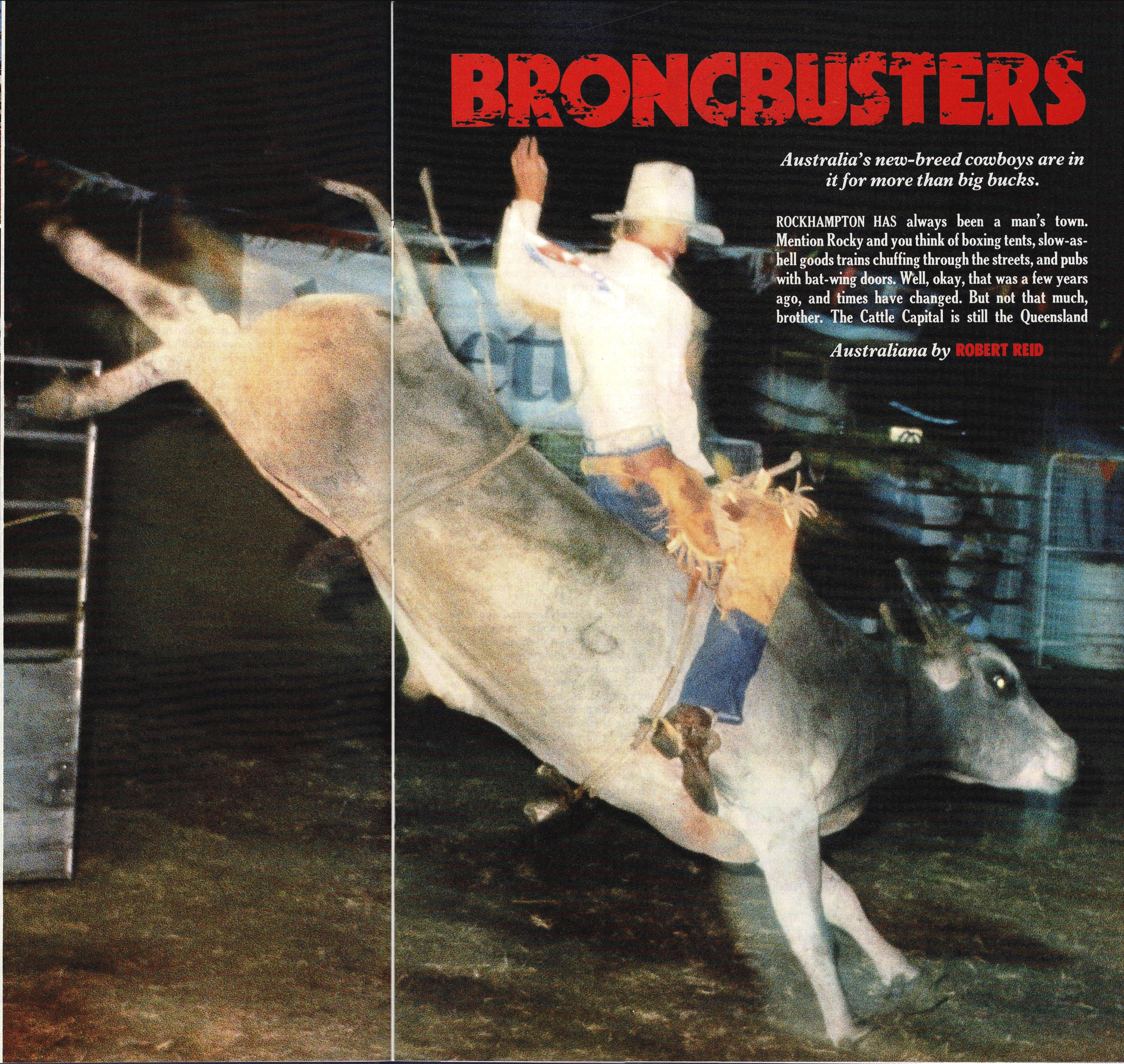
"Sorry," the ensign said. "I understand your feelings, but we have our own jobs to do. We just can't stay."

"But you will," Hank said apologetically

*(continued on page 98)*







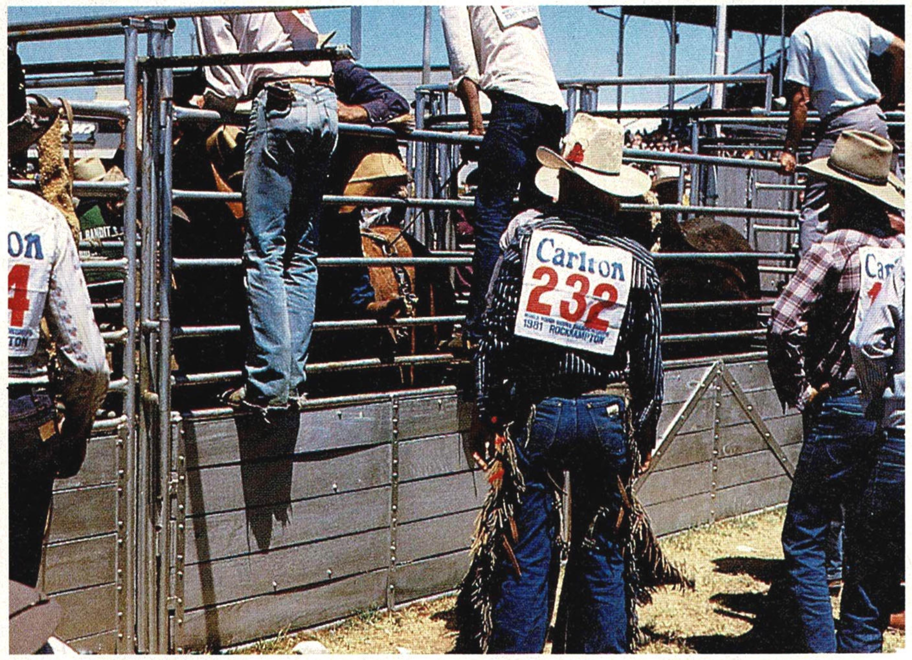
# BRONCBUSTERS

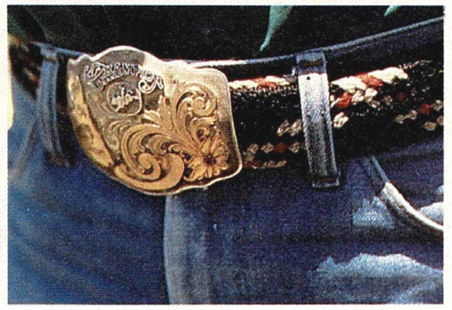
*Australia's new-breed cowboys are in it for more than big bucks.*

ROCKHAMPTON HAS always been a man's town. Mention Rocky and you think of boxing tents, slow-as-hell goods trains chuffing through the streets, and pubs with bat-wing doors. Well, okay, that was a few years ago, and times have changed. But not that much, brother. The Cattle Capital is still the Queensland

*Australiana by* **ROBERT REID**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW SOUTHAM





battler's favorite town, and if you look closely you'll still find one or two of them camped along the banks of the Fitzroy River.

But, above all, Rockhampton is a cowboy town, a place where ringers and station hands roll in for a few beers and a good time. It's also home to the Rocky Roundup, one of the biggest rodeos on the national circuit, and a stronghold of the Australian Rough Riders' Association (ARRA), which represents rodeo's band of professional cowboys.

The Rocky Roundup conjures up outback imagery of bucking broncs and rag-tag cowboys, of crazed brumbies, bar-room boasters, and dust, heat and flies. It's also razzmatazz time, when the town lifts itself out of a regular tropical lassitude, and the sport of rodeo jumps from the doldrums like a bull out of the chute. Posters, propaganda and personalities. Everywhere. *Countdown*'s Molly Meldrum, US consuls, Canadian high commissioners, even a healthy collection of minor media stars, brought together to turn this rodeo into something more than just a weekend of the hoe-downs and buck-jumping typical of any other outback centre when the cowboy circus comes to town.

Australia's top cowboys see it differently. At the showgrounds, scattered among the horse-stalls, bull-pens and stockyards, they're setting up camp, fresh off the road from the last rodeo at Dingo, a few hours' drive west of Rocky. Home to the cowboys may be a well-equipped caravan, or a loaded-down ute or station wagon. Some make do with a lift between rodeos, and a swag under the stars. It's that kind of life: tough and spartan, with no more than a few days in one place, year in, year out. They call it "going down the road".

A true cowboy never lives in a house. If he's got a girlfriend she's nearly always a cowgirl, the next best thing to a cowboy. If he's got a family they go with him. Rodeo is his profession and he goes where the crowds are waiting. There's no middle ground, no compromise. It's rodeo or nothing at all.

He laughs at the mention of job security. That's something you get for sitting on your arse behind a desk, or wrapping parcels; nothing to do with rodeo. Security to a cowboy is the next ride down the road, providing you don't bust an arm or a leg on this one. If you do, it's tough titty. You just tag along until the bones mend. Nobody insures a rodeo cowboy.

The money is there, though, if you're good enough and can keep your expenses down. The top pros can make upwards of $30,000 in a good year; more, if they tackle the lucrative North American circuit. At the other end of the scale, a merely "good" rider just scratches by, making the rounds on sheer grit and junk food. In pro rodeo, there's no such thing as a bad rider. If you can't win at least some of the time, you get a job in a garage and forget about being a cowboy.

Nobody has heard of a rich broncbuster. For most of them, there are more important things than money. Satisfaction for one. When you're up there in the chute, mister, and there's a tonne of mean bull under you, you know you're someone special, and today a big ride might write your name in the book.

●

The light and Peter Gill are the only signs of movement at sun-up Saturday morning. Cowboys are not early risers and around the Gill campfire, riders and rodeo roustabouts form a tangled mass of swags and dogs. Apart from the shuffling of rough stock, the showgrounds are quiet.

Gill is Queensland manager of Gill Bros stock contractors, one of the leading stock specialists in the country. He's been around bucking horses since he could walk, and learned to ride in the carnival atmosphere of his father's travelling tent show, eventually winning national titles in both bull and bareback bronc riding. He's a small, wiry man, brown as the earth, who talks about horses and bulls with quiet assurance and pride.

Like a lot of other rodeo people, Gill is worried about the continuing assault on the sport by Animal Liberation and other anti-rodeo groups. Rodeo is currently banned in the UK, parts of Europe and the US, and fears are held that the same thing will happen in Australia. Calf roping is already outlawed in Victoria, and this is seen as the thin end of the wedge.

Another event under attack is bucking broncs. Queensland MLA Bob Gibbs claims the flank strap used in that event

*(continued on page 114)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

# OH, SUSANNA!

***Our stunning Miss April, Susanna Montag, is nobody's fool.***

---

**Beautiful Susanna Montag claims she lives a double life. "I work as a computer operator for a very high-powered company," she explains. "In the office I wear glasses and very sensible clothes. I guess I look like everyone's vision of the prim and proper librarian." Well, Susanna, any visions we have of you don't have much to do with books!**

"But on weekends," she continues, "I really like to let my hair down. I do a lot of nude sunbathing and when I go to parties I like to wear really sexy, skimpy clothes. I guess I'm rebelling against the discipline and demands of my job. I think my boss would be a bit surprised if he knew that there's a flipside to my personality. He'll probably faint when he sees me in Australian PLAYBOY!"

As for men, Susanna says she's on the lookout for an intelligent, successful partner. "Looks don't interest me all that much and I certainly don't like those muscle-building types who preen themselves all the time!" she laughs. "I have a fairly high IQ and I like men who can match me. A sense of humor is pretty important, too. Some guys just take life far too seriously."

"I'm a bit of a flirt," she admits. "Sex is a game to me. I enjoy the chase and I guess that's why I wear really seductive clothes outside the office. I get a kick out of men looking at me. And I enjoy making love, especially on a balmy summer's afternoon when I'm feeling languid. Sex should be an unhurried thing. Four or five hours is ideal. . ."

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Susanna Von Vag

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susanna Montag

BUST: 93cm (37") WAIST: 63 cm (24") HIPS: 91cm (36")

HEIGHT: 170cm WEIGHT: 52 kg SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 30 Sept 1964

AMBITIONS: To be healthy and happy and to make the most of my life.

TURN-ONS: Sun, sea, wine, good food, my ideal man, my kingsize bed.

TURN-OFFS: Bad manners, people with no sense of humour, bills, egotism.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Adventure and spy novels, especially anything done by Frederick Forsyth.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Eddie Murphy, Lino Ventura, ZZ Top, Joe Cocker, Tina Turner, Sade.

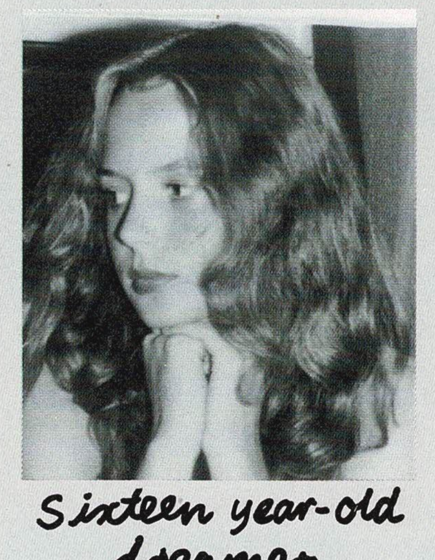
FAVORITE SPORTS: Volleyball, Jazz Ballet, Aerobics

IDEAL MAN: An intelligent and successful man who has a practical approach to life.

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you my secret fantasy it wouldn't be a secret now, would it!

Two years old. Boy or Girl?

First year at school



Sixteen year-old dreamer

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The gorgeous redhead in a very low-cut dress reclined on the psychiatrist's couch.

"Do you practise any sexual deviations?" he asked her.

"Good heavens, no," she replied. "I'm so good at all of them that I don't need to practise."

Husband and wife were asleep in the early hours of the morning. The woman was dreaming she was in a passionate embrace with another man when suddenly she saw her husband coming toward them.

"My husband!" she yelled in her sleep.

Awakened by the cry, the husband promptly leapt out of bed and hid himself in the wardrobe.

The honeymoon couple had been at a motel outside Noosa for three days and hadn't appeared for any meals.

The manageress knocked on their door on the fourth morning. When the new bride finally opened the door, the manageress asked whether or not the couple wanted some food.

"Oh, no, thanks," came the reply. "We're living on the fruits of love."

"Well, please stop tossing the skins out the window because you're choking all our chickens!"

A travelling salesman rang his wife to tell her he was cutting his trip short and would be home on Tuesday. His wife wasn't at home so he left the message with his 10-year-old son, Michael.

He got in at noon on Tuesday and was astonished to find his wife in bed with another man. Her lover quickly fled before a fight could develop and the cuckolded husband decided to ring his mother-in-law and tell her about her daughter's disgraceful behavior.

The woman's mother soon showed up and decided she'd better try to smooth things over. She spoke to her daughter who was sobbing in the bedroom and then she came out and confronted her son-in-law.

"I knew there had to be an explanation for all this," she purred. "Your stupid son, Michael, didn't give her your message!"

A middle-aged man found that he was sharing a compartment on a train journeying through Eastern Europe with a rather fat, unattractive woman. They exchanged a few words and he settled into the top bunk for the night. He was almost asleep when he was awakened by knocking sounds from the bunk below.

"What's the matter?" he grumbled.

"It's so cold," she whimpered. "Would you please get me another blanket?"

"I've got a better idea," came the reply. "Let's pretend we're married."

"Okay," she answered, "that sounds all right to me."

"Great!" he snarled. "Now you get up and find your own bloody blanket!"

*A bashful young fellow named Arden*
*Once boarded a bus with a hard-on;*
*And a lady nearby*
*Placed her hand in his fly,*
*Without even begging his pardon.*

An army major walked across the parade ground and, to his astonishment, he saw that all the new female recruits were stripped to the waist.

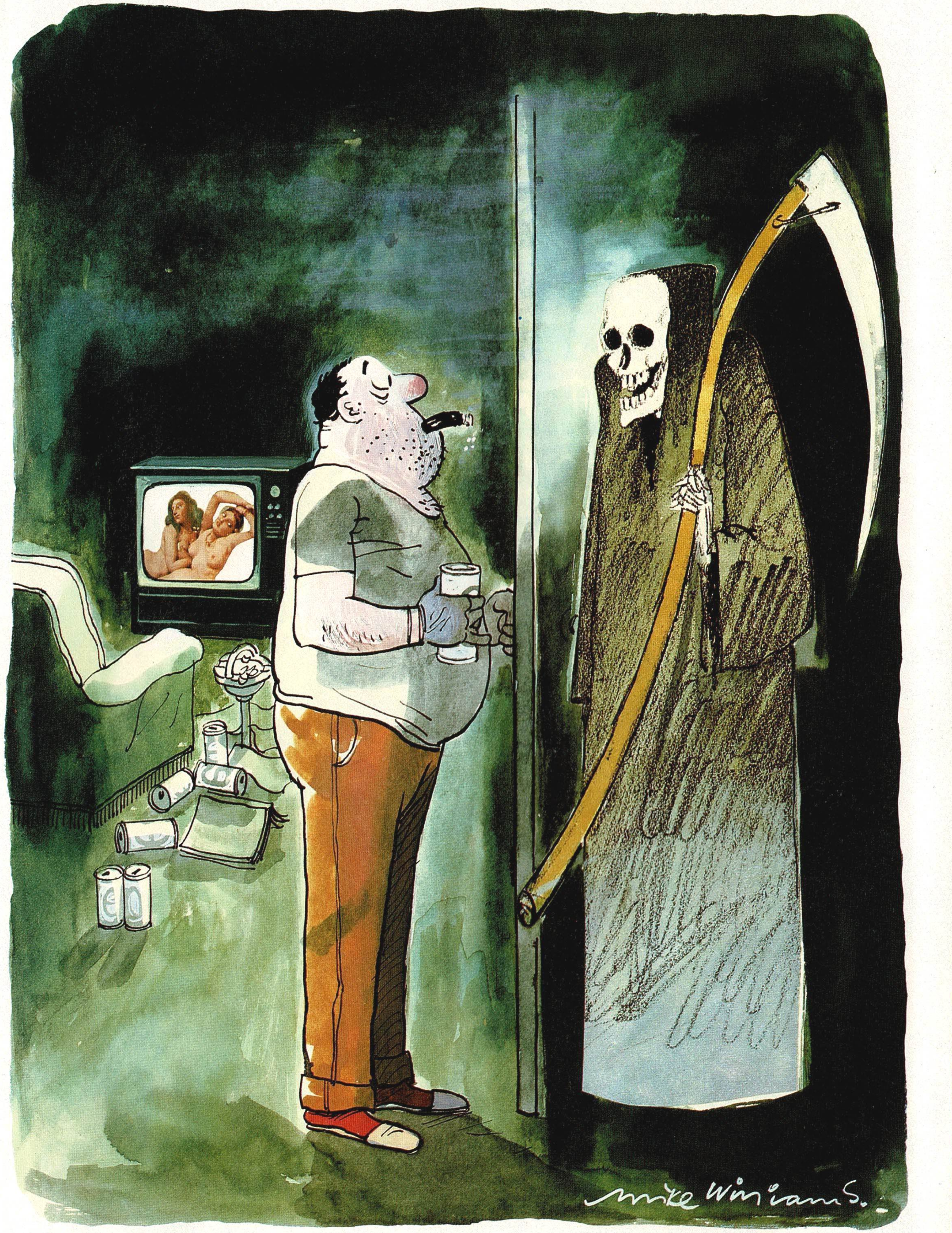
"You idiot, sergeant," he bellowed. "I told you to inspect their *kits*!"

Judy was 8½ months pregnant and anxious about the impending birth. "What position will I have to lie in to have this baby?" she asked her doctor.

"Why, the same position you were in when it was conceived," he told her.

"Jesus Christ," she yelped. "Do you mean to say I'll have to have it at the drive-in with my feet through the sunroof of the Honda?"

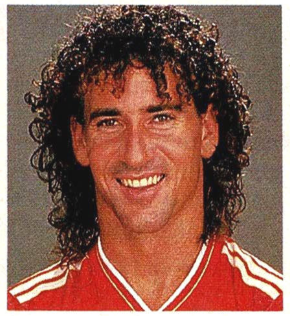
***Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.***


mike williams.

"Hi, I'm your Death O'Gram."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB THOMAS

LIVERPOOL F.C.
LIVERPOOL
LIVERPOOL FANATIC
PRIDE OF MERSEYSIDE LIVERPOOL
LIVERPOOL F.C.



# MY LIFE AT LIVERPOOL

***Full-time football turns players into champions. Aussie-bred soccer star Craig Johnston tells what it's really like at the world's most professional football club.***

**THE INSCRIPTION ABOVE** the main gates at Anfield, home ground of Liverpool Football Club (LFC), reads "You'll Never Walk Alone". Merseyside has given the world some great tunes but the lyrics of that anthem never meant more than this season as we attempt to repair the damage inflicted by the pain and remorse of the 1985 Brussels European Cup Final. Thirty-eight people died in the Heysel Stadium riot, and the blame attributed to Liverpool fans cut deep into the pride of Liverpool Football Club and its supporters who had prided themselves on having one of the best behavior records of any British club. Ninety-three years of tradition and an undisputed reign as the modern kings of English and European soccer were almost trashed by the Brussels tragedy. It left this football city with a terrible cross to bear and a difficult uphill battle to resurrect its pride. In Liverpool, pride is everything. This grim dockland city has been kicked in the teeth by record unemployment, the collapse of industry, and enough economic and social ills to break the spirit of most communities. But the people still maintain a fierce sense of pride and humor and there is no finer symbol of their attitude than Merseyside football. Liverpool Football Club and its players are the keepers of that faith and for that reason we mustn't fail to restore the spirit and good name of a club that has long stood for everything fine in sport.

The timing of the Brussels disaster might have left us wondering whether we'd feel the same sense of pride the next time we pulled on a Liverpool shirt. The European Cup Final was the last match of the 1984-85 season, leaving us with 10 long weeks to consider our futures with Liverpool. If ever there was a time for cutting and running this was it, but Liverpool players are made of stronger stuff. When pre-season started in July last year all the old faces were in attendance. No transfers, no absentees. This was no time for running away. The message was clear — the players were totally committed to putting LFC back up where it belonged. But that was to be expected. You see, the bottom line to the playing success of Liverpool is the quality of its players. And quality players must have courage and character, two factors that help you see it through when the going gets tough.

Normally we would round off our pre-season with a quick trip through Europe playing a series of friendlies against Continental clubs. But a European ban following the Brussels incident prevented us setting foot on the Continent and we were left with the less glamorous itinerary of games against lower division neighbors Crewe and Oldham. Less glamorous but nonetheless effective!

The hard fitness slog takes place at Melwood, the club's training complex in the heart of urban Liverpool. Some of our first division rivals flit off to camps in Scotland or Wales but we do our slog right in the middle of our home town. Melwood is a vast complex of playing fields surrounded by a high brick wall. It's spartan in its appointments but Liverpool has always believed that classy players counted much more than comfortable surroundings.

Melwood is the testing ground. Anfield is where we make it all happen on Saturday afternoon. Melwood has the sweat box, a wooden isolation pit where a player goes by himself to kick a ball against three walls until his touch and tenacity are up to the Liverpool standard. Back at Anfield are the hot showers, TV rooms and warm surrounds. At Melwood is the sweat and the pain. Hate Melwood, love Anfield is the Liverpool motto. Anfield's our home and it's where we turn that hard work into a celebration of football excellence.

## LIVERPOOL HONORS ROLL

**FOOTBALL LEAGUE:**

**Division one champions 1900-01, 1905-6, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1946-47, 1963-64, 1965-66, 1972-73, 1975-76, 1976-77, 1978-79, 1979-80, 1981-82, 1982-83, 1983-84 (Liverpool have a record number of 15 League Championship wins.)**

**Division one runners-up 1898-99, 1909-10, 1968-69, 1973-74, 1974-75, 1977-78, 1984-85.**

**Division two champions 1893-94, 1895-96, 1904-05, 1961-62.**

**FA CUP: Winners 1965, 1974; Runners-up 1914, 1950, 1971, 1977.**

**FOOTBALL LEAGUE CUP: Winners 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984; Runners-up 1977-78**

**EUROPEAN CUP: 1964-65, 1966-67, 1973-74, 1976-77 (winners), 1977-78 (winners), 1978-79, 1979-80, 1980-81 (winners), 1981-82, 1982-83, 1983-84 (winners), 1984-85 (runners-up).**

**EUROPEAN CUP-WINNERS CUP: 1965-66 (runners-up), 1971-72, 1974-75.**

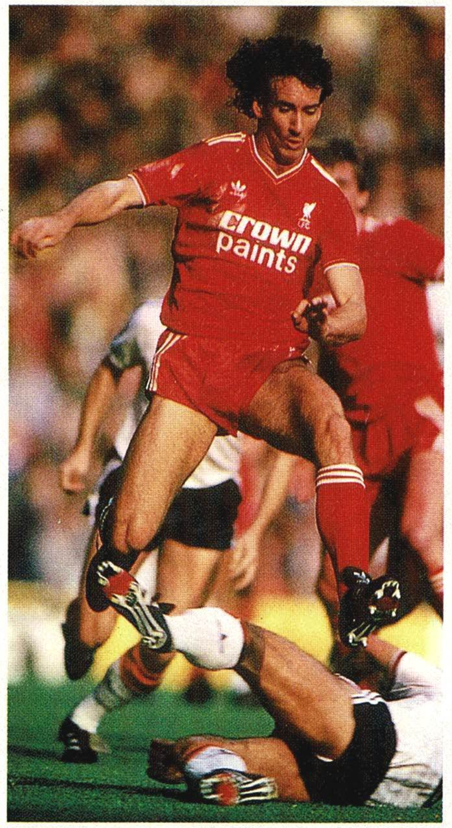
**EUROPEAN FAIRS CUP: 1967-68, 1968-69, 1969-70, 1970-71.**

**UEFA CUP: 1972-73 (winners), 1975-76 (winners).**

**SUPER CUP: 1977 (winners), 1978.**

**WORLD CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP: 1981 (runners-up)**

The Melwood brick wall is topped by a border of broken glass to discourage intruders, but should anyone spy on Liverpool, they'd be puzzled at what they discovered. The great open secret about LFC is that there *is* no secret. In fact, Liverpool's success has been based partly on a training method that must make rival coaches and managers shred their manuals.



*Liverpool's creed: stamina, courage and commitment.*

We don't train, we *play*. The Liverpool method is based on the theory that the best way to train for any sport is to actually *play* that sport. And that's how we spend most of our training sessions, playing five-a-side games, often as not defenders versus attackers.

Before you jump in with a dozen reasons as to why this system cannot work, let me tell you the history of the policy and why it has worked for Liverpool. It was started by Bill Shankly, Liverpool's legendary manager of the 1960s and early '70s, who was responsible for laying most of the foundations that established the club's modern mastery. Shanks believed nothing counted more than the 90 minutes of play that started each Saturday at three o'clock. All the training and theories meant nought if you didn't do the job right on match day. For that reason his policy was "train as you play", and the best way to eliminate the flaws, improve communication and understanding between players was to put them to the test in a training system that was a microcosm of a match. Five-a-side.

Liverpool has religiously followed the Shankly train-as-you-play doctrine, right to the finest detail, as I discovered before my very first training session with the club. It was March 1981 and I'd just landed in town as a $1.3 million recruit from Middlesbrough. There was frost on the ground when I first boarded the bus that took us from Anfield to Melwood; one of my new clubmates, pointing to my tracksuit trousers, said: "Hey, Roo, get rid of the trackie bottoms before the Boss catches you." I glanced around and noticed everybody else, including the Boss, Bob Paisley, by then in his sixties, was wearing shorts, regardless of the extreme cold.

I soon learned it was part of the Shanks doctrine. You don't play in long trousers, so you don't wear them in training. The club goes to extraordinary lengths to uphold the tradition, as those mornings when the mercury is six below freezing clearly show, when we're skating around on a frozen pitch while our bare legs turn blue from the cold. It's small comfort to our guys freezing at training while, across the way, the Everton boys, our bitter Merseyside rivals, are snug inside their heated modern complex, training on artificial turf. But while Everton might have won last season's division one championship, the long-term record shows the Anfield way is best. We don't train on artificial turf, because we don't *play* on artificial turf. Training in the cold makes you work harder to keep warm but it can have its drawbacks. One day we couldn't figure out why ace striker Ian Rush wasn't calling for the ball. The mystery was solved when we took a look at Rushie's face and noticed a fixed look of horror. His jaw muscles had locked tight with the cold!

The train-as-you-play ethic runs right throughout the Liverpool system from the apprentices up to the first team stars. But there are compensations. Liverpool pays its stars extremely well and, particularly on away trips, we are afforded the comfort and station of first-class executives. It's top-class hotels and quality meals all the way.

When playing in Europe we travel by air but for away games in England the team travels in the club coach, which is equipped with videos and a quality sound system. Cold Chisel mightn't have made any chart impact in the UK, but they certainly won some support among my team-mates.

Liverpool Football Club is a business and as chairman John Smith has said: "Our business is winning trophies." As glamorous and well-funded as this business might be, there is no risk whatsoever of the staff and players losing sight of the basic principles which have made Liverpool great. Perhaps the greatest symbol of this allegiance to the basics is the ritual of the boot room.

The least glamorous aspect of any pro club is the boot room — usually a dark, dingy space under the main stand where the tools of our trade are stored, cleaned and maintained by the young trialists. We've all cleaned boots and none of us want to return to it. The boot room is one place the players are happy to steer clear of. But at Liverpool it's probably the most important room of all, for that was where Shankly chose to meet with his coaching staff to plot the Liverpool way. Since then, Bob Paisley, Joe Fagan and now current boss Kenny Dalglish have followed the tradition of holding the strategy meetings in the boot room. From those grimy confines over a few bottles of beer shared between middle-aged men of tough, working-class origins, came the football strategy to rule England and Europe. For those who understand the Liverpool way, it's a reminder of the club's commitment to the basics and refusal to be diverted from the principles that first brought success.

Liverpool probably spends less time than most other clubs briefing its players on strategy. LFC recruits players who think for themselves and that includes being aware of the strengths and weaknesses of the opposition. However, there are games when it is important to do extra research. These are usually the tougher competition matches in Europe when we're likely to come up against players whose techniques are unfamiliar. For those occasions the club will send coaches and scouts to the Continent to assess the opposition and prepare reports. Four European Cup victories and the runners-up prize last season suggests our scouts usually get it right.

So many of Liverpool's winning ways stem from the quality of its players, that other clubs make the mistake of overlooking the obvious. Liverpool recruits the best players and manages to get the best out of them. The secret is knowing what you are looking for and, at Anfield, that ingredient is courage. In abundance. If you don't have it, then you don't get your foot in the door. That's why Liverpool has never been an all-star outfit. Sure, we've had our big names like Kevin Keegan, Ian Rush, and two of the blokes who played for Scotland in the World Cup elimination matches against Australia, Kenny Dalglish and Graeme Souness, but they were never really known as superstars before they got to Liverpool. The secret is in the system. Liverpool's pride won't accept defeat and there have been titles the club has won when the team has been virtually devoid of name players. When Liverpool scouts are assessing a player they look beyond the usual, like how fast you are, or your ability on the ball. They seek the less evident factors like where, when and how often you support the man with the ball, your reading of the game, stamina, courage and commitment.

Bill Shankly established the recruitment standards by which Liverpool has signed and retained players. I owe Shankly a debt for it was he, then in retirement, who first recommended me to Liverpool. The stories of Shanks's signings are legend. One of his first major recruits as manager in the 1960s was Scottish centre-half Ron Yeats. Shanks's showmanship had built Yeats's arrival at Anfield into quite a media event and there was a large press body on hand when he finished his first training session with the club. Shanks, like a true promoter, held the suspense until, finally, he led the press boys into the change rooms where Yeats was showering.

"There he is," announced Shankly, gesturing proudly at the steaming figure under the shower. "Isn't he a colossus? Look at him, what a giant! Go on, lads, take a walk around him."

Have you ever seen six reporters walking around, fully clothed, under a shower?

In players like Yeats and another Jock, Ian St John, Shankly established the Anfield dynasty. They were talented, adaptable and courageous, and they won the hearts of Merseyside. Like other key players to follow, they were completely obsessed with the demands of the team. The Scousers [*Liverpudlians*] met their commitment with the sort of loyalty you'd find nowhere else. When a local church noticeboard blazed the challenge: "What will you do when the Lord comes?" a local graffitist added: "Move St John to inside left!"

If Liverpool signs a player from another professional club, he arrives as a seasoned pro but launches into a second "apprenticeship" to learn the Liverpool way. Part of the process includes the methods and myths

*Where it counts: Johnston puts it in the back of the net against Aston Villa.*

of Bill Shankly. According to legend, the tiny Scot with the giant personality was a motivator, psychologist, friend and football genius. As a player he'd enjoyed a glamorous career that included FA Cup Final appearances for Preston North End. But his true greatness was seen as the architect of the modern Liverpool. When he died a few years ago there was barely a dry eye on Merseyside and that includes Everton supporters too! Such was the esteem he was held in and the honor he brought to the city.

Shankly was intensely loyal to his men and at times ruthless toward the opposition. His famous line about the stature of his club went: "There are two teams in Liverpool — Liverpool and Liverpool reserves [*the second team*]." This was as much a dig at Everton, on the other side of town, as it was a compliment to the sheer depth at Anfield.

***Liverpool's home, Anfield: you can smell the professionalism.***

Everton and Liverpool were once the same club, but a split saw Everton quit Anfield 93 years ago, and in that time there has been no greater rivalry in English football. Die-hard Liverpool supporters won't have blue (Everton's color) in their homes and that attitude is particularly strong since Everton finished one position above us in the 1984-85 championship.

Successive Liverpool managers have known that the prospect of losing to Everton is too much for Anfield pride to bear. Shankly knew it and used it as a psychological prod. One of the great Shankly myths recounts the tale of the Liverpool-Everton derby before a capacity Anfield crowd. A Liverpool supporter had climbed a television gantry for a better view. He became entangled in a TV cable and fell 10 metres before he was jerked to a halt just short of the ground by the cable looped around his neck. Shankly, on his way to the bench for the kick-off, spotted the man's plight and yelled, "For God's sake, cut that man down. He's turning *blue*!"

Pride is probably one word that means more than anything else at Liverpool. You rarely get a chance to forget just how much of an honor it is to play for the finest club in the land that gave the world the game of football. The responsibility of wearing that red shirt is awesome, not simply because of the greatness of past players nor the passion of the Liverpool supporters. Every current Liverpool player knows that in the eyes of the footballing world, the red shirt of Liverpool represents a standard above and beyond the norm. Protecting that image is a matter of intense pride for every individual in the team. No matter the score, nor the difficulty of the task, when you're playing for Liverpool you *never* quit.

Wearing one of those first team shirts means everything to me. Amid the activity of the dressing room, you pull that shirt over your head and suddenly you're aware of just what's involved. It straightens your spine, makes your heart feel twice as big and the blood run hot in your veins.

Every other player senses it too and it means that there is an unwritten code to never let your team-mates down. Our rivals know we work harder to support the man and we would rather cop a knock than see a fellow Liverpool player embarrassed by a bad pass. If you play for Liverpool you'd better be prepared to go all the way to the wire, and beyond. When we won the Milk Cup two years ago, we trailed for much of the game before getting the equaliser. It was during that match top TV commentator John Motson paid us the compliment: "Liverpool — never more dangerous than when they're behind."

Away from the game, the players lead fairly private lives. In Liverpool, where football is the religion, the first team stars are in too much demand to be seen out and about in town. Many of the players choose to do their socialising out of town where passions don't run so high.

If the fans really want to see the first team stars, then Anfield is the place to be, preferably on match day. Liverpool often draws its best crowds toward the end of the season because by then we are usually very close to winning a trophy. It's said we play our best football late in the season and I'll agree with that. Other clubs flog their players into the ground with a demanding pre-season, but the Anfield trainers know that a season as long as 42 to 60 and more matches will impose its own demands. For that reason, Liverpool often makes a slow start to the season but finishes in a rush. Take the '84-'85 season: we were 20th (third last) after eight weeks. By the halfway stage we were seventh, and at the finish in May we were second. In a normal season which includes European matches and international commitments, some Liverpool players face up to 70 games! With that sort of schedule you can't afford to run flat at the halfway stage.

It sounds like hard work and at times it is, but we win enough trophies to keep the club wealthy and that means the club can not only afford to reward us handsomely, but dive into the market to buy the sort of players who will keep Liverpool on top.

There's hardly a player in Britain who wouldn't jump at the chance to play for Liverpool. Right from the kids in the street playing their pick-up games, through to the non-league clubs and up to first division level, there is that pressure on the Liverpool star. Everybody wants his spot. I'm a midfielder, and within the club there are at least 12 players, all with excellent credentials, competing for just four midfield berths. Take a look at your local park: there might be some kids kicking a ball about and fantasising about playing for Parramatta or Collingwood. In a country as densely populated as Britain, there are millions of kids nursing the dream of becoming part of the mighty Reds. You cop that pressure from every angle and you know it is part of the club's obsession for excellence.

Long before I joined Liverpool, I was aware that there was something different about Anfield. It's a special place. Peter Sterling, the Australian rugby league halfback, is a Liverpool supporter and he reckons you can smell the professionalism around Anfield even when the place is empty. You should see it when it's full. The Kop, or Liverpool faithful, are a sea of red and the noise is unbelievable. There is nothing remotely like it in any Australian code of football.

If you think that fans have nothing to do with the success of a club, then think again. As well as the money through the gate, the Liverpool faithful give the sort of support that can lift and carry you. By the same token, I've witnessed visiting teams, particularly from the Continent, swept into awed submission by the sheer intensity of the Anfield support. The Kop got its name from a battle fought in the Boer War by a Lancashire regiment raised in Liverpool but almost entirely massacred at a place called Spion Kop. Even today, the Anfield faithful sing a hymn about one of their own, lying dying on that battlefield, and the passion and solemnity of those lyrics sung in full cry raises the hair on the back of your neck.

LIVERPOOL
RPOO
***Liverpool's faithful, a sea of red, in full cry.***

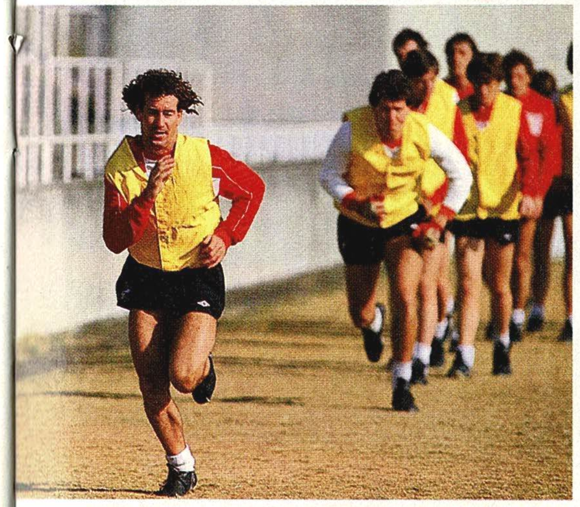
The vast majority of our supporters are beautiful people — witty, loyal and blindly passionate about the Liverpool cause. What a bloody tragedy that the good among them had to be tarred with the Brussels brush!

No club had worked harder than Liverpool to ensure the conduct and security of its fans on the Continent, but 21 successive years of playing in Europe with barely one unsavory incident was destroyed by the Brussels tragedy.

The club has, however, been fortunate in recruiting sympathetic and judicious caretakers of the Liverpool tradition. For example, take Bob Paisley who stepped down as manager three years ago. He joined Liverpool at 19 and stayed for 40-odd years. Like so many Anfield recruits, he came from the opposite side of England, the bleak industrial north-east where football is everything. Paisley was a former colliery worker and bricklayer who, after stepping gently into Shankly's shoes at the start of the 1974-75 season, not only maintained the trophy feast but became the most successful English manager of all time. On Shanks's retirement the club did consider some other names but Paisley was the only man approached. Who would understand the system better than Shanks's assistant? Paisley even added his own touches, refining Liverpool's style to accommodate the demands of playing on the Continent. In 1977 he picked up a coveted trophy that no other English club except Manchester United had previously been able to win — the European Cup.

The subject of player discipline is rarely mentioned at Anfield. The club recruits players of character and integrity, and it's up to us to decide if we want to endanger the tradition of success by being out on the town when we shouldn't or drinking the night before a game. These things soon show and everybody at Liverpool is too committed to winning to have anything, or anyone, disturb the flow. In short, discipline is a matter that polices itself.

The same applies to psychological preparation. If you have a problem, you are expected to sort it out for yourself. The club is sympathetic but the real job of the trainers and coaches is to attend to football. Liverpool players are expected to have the intellect and will to push other distractions aside and concentrate entirely on football. If you can't, then you sort it out in the reserves or at some other club.


***The law says: train as you play.***

Injury, form loss or other reasons can put you back in reserves for a spell. And nobody wants to be there. I've had my time in the seconds and believe me, it's much less glamorous than the first team. In fact, reserves is like purgatory. But as every Liverpool senior player knows, there is still a vital function to be performed.

While out of the first team last season I found myself skippering the reserves for an away game against Newcastle United. Nobody but those with a professional interest watches these games, which are played separately from the first division, but there is still tremendous importance attached. This is the last cut-off point before kids become established Liverpool stars. There is no press and even less plaudits, but that Liverpool pride says you give everything. As skipper and a senior player I was expected to set the right example. Don't give the ball away, battle for everything, support each other all the time and never quit. It came together and helped us to a satisfying victory. I knew I'd not only played well but had done the job the Liverpool way. The *right* way. You never know who might be watching the reserves and I was pleasantly surprised to notice Bob Paisley, still in retirement, among the small crowd. We shared the same seat on the bus trip back to Liverpool and two months later, when I learned that Bob had come out of retirement to assist Kenny Dalglish, I knew I stood in good stead with the club.

This season has been one of my best ever seasons and Kenny Dalglish can take credit for putting his faith in me to do the right thing by such a great club. Putting in all the right ingredients will always get the best results, and in English football that means team results. With the red shirt on your back and the Kop in full cry, every Liverpool player knows he'll never walk alone.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHE BRAHKE

# 20 QUESTIONS: DAVID BYRNE

*The thinking man's rock star talks his head off on art, being taken literally and still making sense.*

*The Talking Heads are one of the most intriguing and influential bands in music. Their sales hype, not surprisingly, calls them the best in the world. They have combined stark arrangements, feverishly pounding beats and hysterical lyrics to capture an audience that has outgrown the avant-garde fringe and surprisingly put songs from their seventh album, Little Creatures, into the hit charts. That all happened while their previous LP, the soundtrack album from the Talking Heads film, Stop Making Sense, continued to sell handsomely. The film was also a critical and commercial success, running in major Australian cinemas for more than half of last year and well into 1986. Not bad for a band that had toured here nationally way back in 1979 and then made one lightning visit to the 1984 Narara rock festival.*

*The ringleader in all the fine madness is 33-year-old David Byrne, singer, songwriter and guitarist, who, solo, has scored modern ballet and sections of an opera, has collaborated with leading producer Brian Eno on an album rooted in African rhythms, and produced bands such as B-52s.* ***Victoria*** *and* ***David Sheff*** *ate sushi and drank sake with David Byrne during their interview. Their report: "Although his clothes were weird — a white panama hat, white short-sleeved shirt buttoned nerdly to the collar and, yes, pencils sticking out of his shirt pocket — the biggest surprise about Byrne was how generally unweird he is. For someone who implores us to stop making sense, he made an awful lot of it."*

### 1.

**PLAYBOY:** You're our candidate for most unlikely rock star. Are you surprised to be doing what you're doing?

**BYRNE:** Yeah, I have to pinch myself. The most amazing part is that you can do whatever you like. That could drive you crazy. You have all these opportunities and not enough time to do them all. And there are responsibilities that come with it in all sorts of ways. If I do a video, I feel it shouldn't be too expensive, or there should be value for the money — that sort of thing. And it should express something worth while, even if I fail. But still, I can pretty much express myself any way I like. I'm exaggerating some — you can do whatever you want within what seems reasonable.

### 2.

**PLAYBOY:** The success of *Stop Making Sense* and your videos has made you known to a huge audience. Has that affected you?

**BYRNE:** The effect has been minimal. I pretty much always shave before I go out now; that's about it. Otherwise, as long as I look presentable, which is really childish, I don't mind being seen at the supermarket buying toilet paper.

### 3.

**PLAYBOY:** Explain the magic of *Stop Making Sense* — which has been acknowledged as the best rock-performance film yet.

**BYRNE:** We originally were going to use weird stage lights and stuff — it would have been controlled and perfect. But then I realised that it would lose the energy of the performance that way. In the end, we got a tasteful, or sympathetic, reporting of what was there. We went backward. Instead of using all the latest tricks and gimmicks, we opted for a really conservative approach. Really, nothing happened that didn't happen in front of your eyes. Maybe that's why it communicates to people — because it has that kind of honesty.

### 4.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is your tailor, anyway? That suit you wear in the film is a little large, isn't it?

**BYRNE:** The belt is strictly OS. I don't know what size the suit is, but the idea was that I wanted to be a big Mr Man. He really is someone else. I transform. I almost adopt a different character when I'm singing. That's performance. When I saw myself slip out of character — when this guy was stumbling around, looking for a microphone or something — I recognised myself.

### 5.

**PLAYBOY:** You're directing *True Stories*; why did you decide to go into film making?

**BYRNE:** A big part of my background is in the visual arts. And the idea of this film was to design something that would give me an outlet for that. There's a gap between the way music is being treated on the likes of *Countdown* or in *Flashdance* and the way it's done on stage in Broadway musicals. I'm trying to find that place. So the film will be a musical portrait of a town. It will be a sort of musical documentary, only more stylised. The word documentary is supposed to be box-office death.

### 6.

**PLAYBOY:** But you've had relative commercial success with concepts that were *supposed* to be box-office death. How have you succeeded where others have failed?

**BYRNE:** It's possible to do some things that are. . . a little *unusual* and still be accessible to a fairly broad public. The public is underestimated, pandered to. You don't have to pretend that people are stupid and you don't have to pretend that you are smarter than your audience. You do what interests you. That's all you can do.

### 7.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been called the "thinking man's rock star". Isn't rock'n'roll antithetical to the life of the mind?

**BYRNE:** I don't get too hung up on the words. The sounds of the words have as much meaning as their literal sense. But intelligent lyrics and rock'n'roll don't have to be antithetical. Rock'n'roll lost its innocence in the '60s. Once *Rolling Stone* appeared, it was ruined right there. But even simple rock'n'roll has that kind of intellectual awareness, or maybe just smarts. The Rolling Stones or John Fogerty — who I think of as playing basic rock'n'roll — have something else in the music.

### 8.

**PLAYBOY:** How important is it to you that your audience understand what you are trying to say?

**BYRNE:** I don't know yet. I want the meaning to be in there but not specified. I do have an idea about the meaning of my song. If enough people come back to me and think it's about something completely different from what I intended, then the song wasn't very well crafted, because nobody got it. Quite a number of people thought that in *Once in a Lifetime*, I was trying to make fun of suburban middle-class life. But I was trying to write from the point of view of these people suddenly opening their eyes and realising where they were. They were shocked by it and wanted to know how they got there. I juxtaposed that with a sense of surrender and relief, as if they were saying, "It's all right, even if it's a little absurd on the surface."

### 9.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you go about actually writing songs?

**BYRNE:** Writing songs is a process of letting your own consciousness run loose and then reining it in. You spew out a bunch of phrases and words, almost at random. Then you have to be kind of schizophrenic about it and go, "Okay, let's shape this stuff up and push it together and make a song out of it. Make a verse here. Make this rhyme with the other one." Pure emotion is sitting there like a blob and you have to whip it into shape.

### 10.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about clubs full of people dancing to your song about a *Psycho Killer*?

**BYRNE:** I like that. It's sort of sneaky. I like that idea of the body accepting something before the mind does. I'm assuming that some of the people who listen just to the music might say later on, "Hey, what was that song about?" They might see the irony in it or whatever. Or they might not, which is all right, too.

### 11.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the history of *Psycho Killer*?

**BYRNE:** It was the first song I ever wrote. I had been listening to some Alice Cooper songs at the time — years ago — and I liked some of them. I wondered if you took those overly dramatic subjects and, in a sensitive way, wrote from inside the person's mind, would it work? It became a rock song, though it was intended as a ballad. It's fascinating to explore society's aberrations. Those things are in everybody; they just have gotten out of proportion for some people. I read a series of interviews with hijackers. That helped a lot, because some of them seemed to be doing it on a whim and others seemed to have a mission.

### 12.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of things are in your library?

**BYRNE:** Gosh. It changes a lot. Right now, it's all kinds of research. There's a book on film making. There's *The Sanctified Church*, by Zora Neale Hurston, a black writer. Part of it is about black spiritualists in the early part of the century — healers and witch doctors. Also photo books. Books about architecture. A couple of books by Gertrude Stein.

### 13.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you watch on TV? Would you describe yourself as a consumer of pop culture? And what do you do for fun?

**BYRNE:** I hardly watch TV at all. I've been watching some documentaries on China. I listen to music, though I have to turn it off before I can start working, because it's distracting. The other day, I bought a couple of records: some African pop records, a George Jones record and one tango record. It's a real mishmash of stuff. I got a Gospel record — the Golden Gate Quartet, one of the original Gospel vocal groups from the late '30s. Great stuff. As far as going out to relax, I went to a museum in Pasadena the other day and went to a Mexican restaurant for lunch and had some beer and then went to see *Prizzi's Honor*, which I liked a lot.

### 14.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you turn the muse on or does it come on its own?

**BYRNE:** It can definitely be turned off, but I don't know if it can be turned on. I try to turn it on by reading a page or two of Gertrude Stein, for instance, which puts me in a trancelike state. I get to the typewriter and start writing. Sometimes that opens up my subconscious. That's a nice feeling when it happens.

### 15.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were to plan an ideal dinner party, whom would you invite?

**BYRNE:** That's a great question. Hmmm. I'd want to invite people who might disagree; people who might never come in contact with one another, but once they meet, might really like one another.

> *I'm afraid if I were ever really successful in getting across exactly what was intended, my songs would be really boring.*

### 16.

**PLAYBOY:** Your songs are different in how unlike each other they are — *Creatures Of Love* is a slightly twisted country/western song; *And She Was* is a tuneful little number about levitation; *Girlfriend Is Better* has the line in it, "I got a girlfriend with bows in her hair; and nothing is better than that." Care to defend your sarcasm?

**BYRNE:** Oh, there might have been a little bit of sarcasm in the verses of that last song you mentioned, but not in the choruses. I meant it to be genuinely enthusiastic. With *Little Creatures*, I wanted to write stuff that gave you the feeling that you had heard the song before. Also, I've seen a lot of kids lately. They're everywhere. I played with [Talking Heads] Tina [Weymouth] and Chris [Frantz]'s kid, Robin, when we were on tour. I'm proud of that song, because it is goofy and creepy but sentimental at the same time. *And She Was* is just about a girl who discovered she could float and have a really good time doing it. I've heard people can do it. But I'm afraid if I were ever really successful in getting across exactly what was intended, my songs would be really boring and nobody would be interested anymore. Maybe the fact that I fail in my intentions keeps things moving on.

### 17.

**PLAYBOY:** Some rock musicians — John Lennon and David Bowie, to name two — attended art school. So did you. Why?

**BYRNE:** It's different in England, because their schools are free, so you could go to art school and loaf. I just knew that I was interested in doing something creative. In art school, you don't have to go through four years of training before you get to the good stuff. I was wrong a bit, but to some extent it was cool.

### 18.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your parents nervous about your going to art school — did they try to steer you into accounting or law? Are they proud of you now?

**BYRNE:** They were very tolerant. More than anything else, they weren't *discouraging*. Once, they told me that the competition might be stiff, but that's all. It never came up again. Are they proud of me? We haven't talked about it, but I think so.

### 19.

**PLAYBOY:** Describe your early artwork.

**BYRNE:** Oh, there were all kinds of things: questionnaires, lists, Polaroids of flying saucers. One list was a quiz with multiple-choice questions. I remember one question about television programs: The best television programs are: (A) 30 seconds long, (B) five hours long. Those were the only choices. But that said something about the meaning of television: either short bursts of information or treating television as a surveillance medium — like the moon shots, where it's on constantly.

### 20.

**PLAYBOY:** Which contemporary artists interest you? What's on your walls at home?

**BYRNE:** I have things, but I don't put them on the walls. I sometimes lean them *against* the wall, and then I stack them away and pull a few out every once in a while. If you stick them on the walls, you wear them out; you suck the inspiration out of them. The artists I have are mostly unknown. They're considered "outsider artists", people who are schizophrenics, some of them are hospitalised, some are people who produce work on their own with total disregard for the art market. The guy who did our record cover, the Reverend Howard Finster, is one. I have a couple of small paintings by him. I'm not saying he's crazy. These are honest visions that people have, and that's what attracted me to them — their honesty. My tastes have changed, because when I thought that my ambitions were to be an artist, then I became real vicious about what I liked and what I didn't. I was in competition with all these people. I still produce visual art on my own, but I'm not in competition, so I can enjoy much more than I used to.

# RARE SHERRY

***Vivacious Sherry Arnett walked straight out of school into a hectic modelling career.***

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

YAMAHA

*As soon as she left school, Sherry Arnett burst right into the high-powered world of modelling. She first tried out as a model at the age of 13 and she knew then that she was destined to be involved in fashion and photographic work. "It's not that I love modelling so much," she says, "but it opens up possibilities for a future I can really enjoy. It's a shame to work at a job you don't enjoy if you have a choice — but if you have a choice, you should make the most of it."*

*Sherry's a serious woman. A hard-working woman. She's also very determined. "My personal motto," says Sherry, "is that there's nothing a person can't do if she wants to badly enough." Although it's obvious we're dealing here with a very practical woman, Sherry admits she enjoys the fantasy side of modelling as well. "I liked the fantasy shots that PLAYBOY photographer Richard Fegley suggested. The baby grand, for example, and the 1937 Rolls-Royce, which I loved. My father and brother collect old cars; they seem to have more personality than new ones." And men? "My ideal man is one who will accept me for me, push me to do my best, be confident and secure with himself but above all be loving and understanding." A tall order, maybe, but like precious vintage wine, our sweet Sherry is a very rare breed.*

# SWANNING

(continued from page 38)

*Leanne Edelsten was all smiles as one might expect of a 21-year-old with a mink-lined Porsche.*

to notice, so I made no mention of it. But the image lingered, like the inexplicable in a Fellini movie.

It was 10 o'clock. Dr Edelsten examined his wedding cake watch and stood to leave. Mrs Edelsten appeared, as if by magic, and we clambered into the Aston Martin. On closer inspection Mrs Edelsten was very attractive, and her black silky thing was split up the sides and dropped away to a cleavage at the neck. She was all smiles and conversation, as one might expect of a 21-year-old whose mink-lined Porsche has made her a celebrity. But once we hit the road the doctor got on to the car phone and Leanne got to work with her nail file.

We drove out of the mist and the green belt and into the heartland of hypochondria. Dr Edelsten observed that this, the western periphery, was the fastest growing part of Sydney, its demographic centre and a veritable goldmine of sickness and disease. The sleek sedan sped through the empty streets and occasionally Dr Edelsten interrupted his wife's nail-filing by reaching over and squeezing her knee.

"Did you hear Sir MacFarlane Burnet died last night?" he asked adoringly.

"No, I didn't," said Leanne, returning to her nails.

"He was a wonderful man," the doctor observed, dialling another number.

Just before 10.30am we passed the Merrylands Medical Centre, a $1.5 million brick edifice opened just a few weeks before. Although Dr Edelsten had formed a joint venture partnership with a construction company to build some of his 23 Sydney medical centres, most had been established solely by the doc's own company at a cost of somewhere between $500,000 and $2 million each.

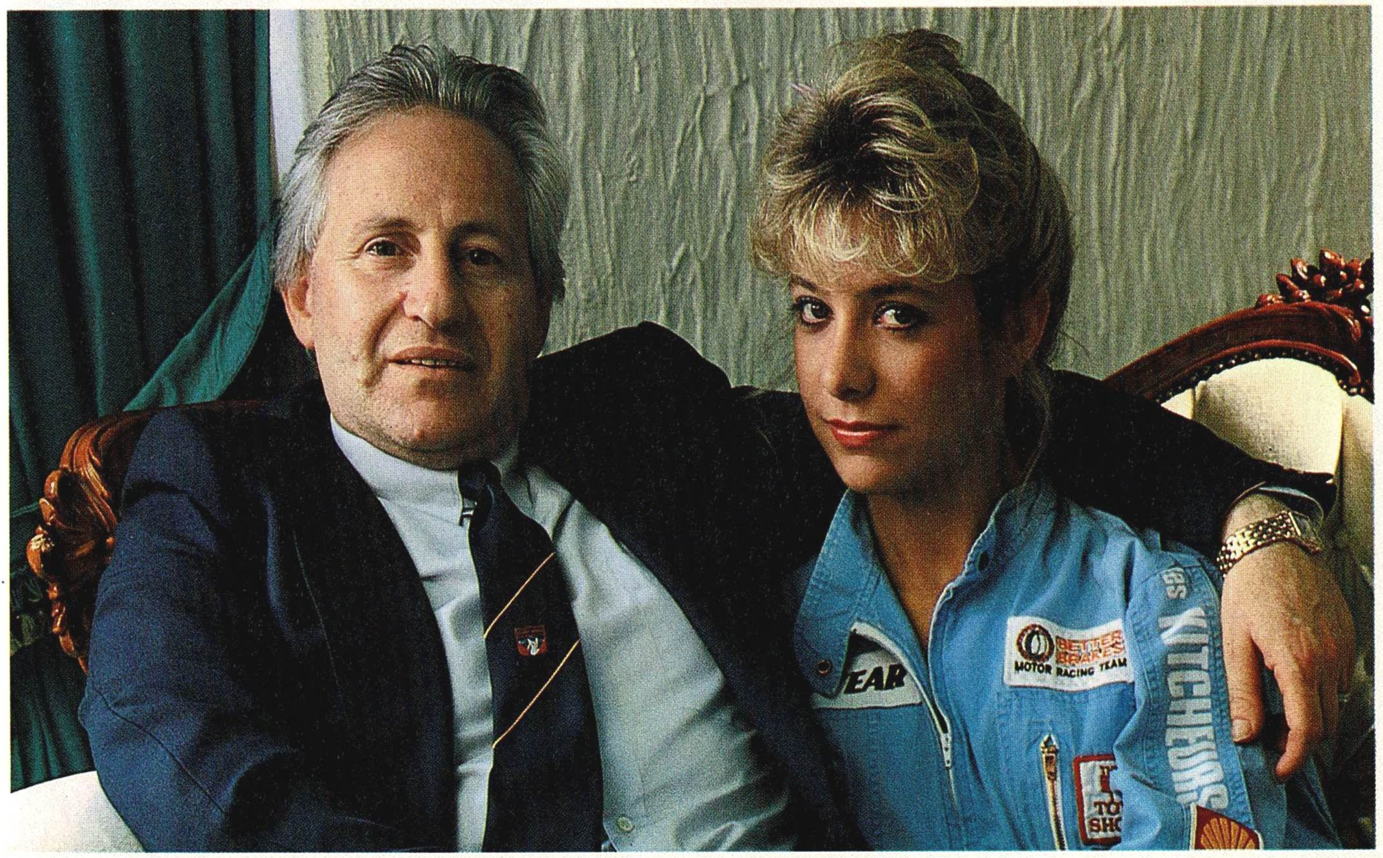
"Must be a shocking drain on your cash flow," I suggested.

"Yes," the doctor said flatly. But now he was geared to receive 750,000 patients a year. He had told me he employed 100 doctors, so I did some quick calculations. By my reckoning each doctor would have to see 30 patients a day to achieve this, not an overly high figure considering that some Sydney GPs see as many as 50. Furthermore, if all his patients required nothing more than a standard consultation, he would still bulk bill almost $10 million a year.

The morning was becoming fine and sultry. Dr Edelsten put his foot down and we roared along the Parramatta freeway toward the Sydney Cricket Ground. The doctor's eyes lit up as we turned the corner into Driver Avenue and saw a crowd already at the turnstiles. An elaborately made-up girl in skimpy Swans regalia waved madly as we drove past. Edelsten waved back, his jewellery flashing in the sun. The owner of the Sydney Swans pulled uncertainly into the Members' Car Park and made an embarrassed attempt at humor with the attendant over the ordinariness of his car. Dr Edelsten seemed ill at ease with his opulence, and his idea of a joke was to draw attention to the unnecessary extravagance of it all.

We marched smartly to the function room at the back of the M.A. Noble Stand, where tables had been set for 430 guests of the Swans at this, their last match before Edelsten became owner. The room was bedecked with red and white bunting and balloons and there was frantic last-minute activity. The celebrity guests would be arriving within the half-hour. Leanne disappeared to rearrange her hair. Dr Edelsten slipped on the beige coat that matched his beige trousers and fussed nervously around the room. I watched him and thought there was a curious mixture of man and boy about him. In purely physical terms he looked every one of his 46 years, and he had the complexion of a workaholic (which he is) rather than that of a sportsman (which he would have loved to be). But here at the ground for the big match he glowed with youthful excitement.

"Big day, Geoff," said a tall, dark-haired and athletic-looking fellow. This was Bob Pritchard, a marketing man who had recently left the employ of Kerry Packer to direct the selling of the Swans and Edelsten's other sporting concerns through a company called Powerplay. Edelsten smiled thinly and took Pritchard off for a private huddle.



***Dr Geoffrey Edelsten and his wife, Leanne, at home in the gold and shag-pile opulence of their Sydney mansion.***

"He gets so nervous before a thing like this," said Leanne, who had emerged from the bathroom with her hair rearranged on her shoulders. She smiled sweetly as the guests arrived, many of them club supporters who had dressed in the spirit of the occasion in red and white.

Although the Swans' number one ticketholder at the time, Bob Hawke, had been unable to attend, his opposite number at Essendon club (and in Parliament at the time), Andrew Peacock, arrived at precisely 12.30, and he and Mrs Peacock posed for historic photographs with Dr and Mrs Edelsten. The two men chatted amiably but there was no sign of the rapport one might have expected from men whose destinies were soon to be irrevocably linked through unfortunate circumstance. Within a fortnight Dr Edelsten would be claiming that Senator George Georges had ruined his life while Mr Peacock would be denying that John Howard had ruined his.

The lunch was noisy and boisterous. Edelsten sipped orange juice at the official table and made occasional comments to Peacock, who was on white wine, and Dunhills between courses. Bob Pritchard delivered a marketing man's address in which he somewhat prematurely conceded defeat against Essendon but said that everything would be bigger and better in 1986. There was a slight ripple as former Swans secretary Ron Olson entered the room, but the real fireworks were left to guest speaker John Singleton, who rose just after 1pm to offer Dr Edelsten the dubious benefit of his own experiences as the owner of a football team.

"Yes, Geoff," he said, "it is possible to make a small fortune out of owning a football team, provided you have a big fortune to start with." Buoyed by the applause he got for this, Singleton continued in fine form, advising the doctor on how to handle a young wife, and saving the best for last, expressing the fond hope that, should *he* ever again decide to purchase a football team, the federal government would help him out with the financial arrangements, perhaps through the establishment of something called "Advertising-care".

There was laughter, but this was a bit too close to home. Andrew Peacock smiled through clenched teeth. Edelsten fidgeted. Dessert was delivered.

Straight after lunch Bob Pritchard marshalled the VIPs, and Dr Edelsten led an uncertain procession around the ground to the private boxes in the Brewongle Stand. The Swans did not have their own box but Pritchard had arranged the use of radio station 2SM's. Some denim-clad disc jockeys were quietly moved along and Edelsten and his guests took their seats for the game. Politics and sport make strange bedfellows and this was a particularly strange blend. The Peacocks sat next to the Edelstens and in front of them sat John and Belinda Singleton and the genial lord mayor, Doug Sutherland. It soon became clear that not one of these people knew Geoffrey Edelsten. To them he was as much an enigma as he was to me. Furthermore, no one knew quite what to say to him and Edelsten made very few leads in this regard. An uneasy silence fell over the box, punctuated by Bob Pritchard's expletives every time Essendon scored, which was often.

At the end of the first quarter Margaret Peacock and the Singletons made a break. Andrew stayed, carefully jotting down on his program the details of each point scored. When Essendon's lead became insurmountable he touched Edelsten on the arm and said, "Don't be disheartened, Geoffrey. We had a 100 point lead over North Melbourne at this stage." Peacock was clearly engrossed in the game. He called out the name of every bomber who touched the ball as if he were counting heads in caucus, although in the week to come he would prove to be less than adept at that.

> *Edelsten was amiable but awkward, and he seemed often to take things the wrong way, missing jokes and laughing when nothing was funny.*

At half-time Edelsten made a lightning dash back to the Noble Stand for tea and scones with some of the supporters and then gave a television interview which mainly centred on his plans for the coming season. When he returned to the box Peacock made another friendly overture. "You handled that very well, Geoffrey," he said. "You should be in politics." Peacock and Doug Sutherland guffawed, but Edelsten simply smiled.

"Do you think so?" he said, having considered the remark.

The Swans lifted their game in the third quarter and the supporters became very vocal. Down below, Col Anderson, a miner from Thirlmere, spotted Peacock and invited him down for a beer. Peacock waved and declined.

"You come up here," yelled Doug Sutherland, getting right into the spirit of things. A few minutes later Mr Anderson was at the door of the box. Edelsten was aghast, Peacock looked confused.

"You invited him up, you handle it, Doug," Peacock said. Then, realising that this was a voter he was referring to, he also got up and went to the door. Mr Anderson seemed delighted with his conversation and he and Peacock appeared briefly at the window arm in arm and waved to Mr Anderson's mates.

"He'll dine out on that for weeks," said Peacock as he sat down again. Edelsten fidgeted and got up to check with the doorman.

Predictably, the Swans were trounced, but they had made a game of it in the latter part and Edelsten was reasonably pleased. As he led his entourage back to the Noble Stand for "meet-the-players drinks" he was assailed by several men who wished to congratulate him on pouring his money into football.

"Oh, we're going to be very successful," he reassured them. For almost two hours Dr Edelsten moved from group to group at the post-match function without ever seeming to become involved in a conversation. He was amiable but awkward, and he seemed often to take things the wrong way, missing jokes and laughing when nothing was funny.

As the crowd thinned out, a big, smiling man with an attractive redhead on his arm strode up to the doctor. This was Kevin Sheedy, the Essendon coach and the man the rumor mill had suggested might accept a megabuck contract to go to the Swans. Edelsten was awestruck. Adulation shone from him and he was suddenly more enthusiastic than he had been all day.

"Well, Blue," said Sheedy, addressing his lady, "we'd better be off." Edelsten followed the big man to the car-park, never taking his eyes off him. (In the off-season Edelsten signed one of the great VFL coaches, former Richmond, Collingwood, and Geelong main man Tom Hafey to take on the ailing Swans for the 1986 and following four seasons.)

Leanne had taken the Aston Martin so we climbed into Bob Pritchard's Mercedes. Edelsten and Pritchard argued about recruiting until we arrived at the Camperdown Travelodge, just west of the city, for another round of drinks and chat. Here Edelsten loosened his tie and one got the feeling he was going to take a serious drink. But now, he ordered juice. ("He only ever has a gin and tonic at home," Leanne had told me.) I watched him for a moment, wondering if he would relax, but he didn't. He started to fidget and then he was talking about player contracts and the salary "cap". It never stopped, and in a few hours' time he would be back in his Hollywood medical centres counting the night's takings.

Out in the foyer Sir Garfield Sobers, the former great West Indian cricketer, was waiting for a cab.

"What's going on in there?" he asked the receptionist.

"It's Dr Edelsten and the Swans," the woman replied. "They're having a party."

"Oh," said Sobers, "the guy with all the cars." And with a grin from ear to ear, he walked out into the night.

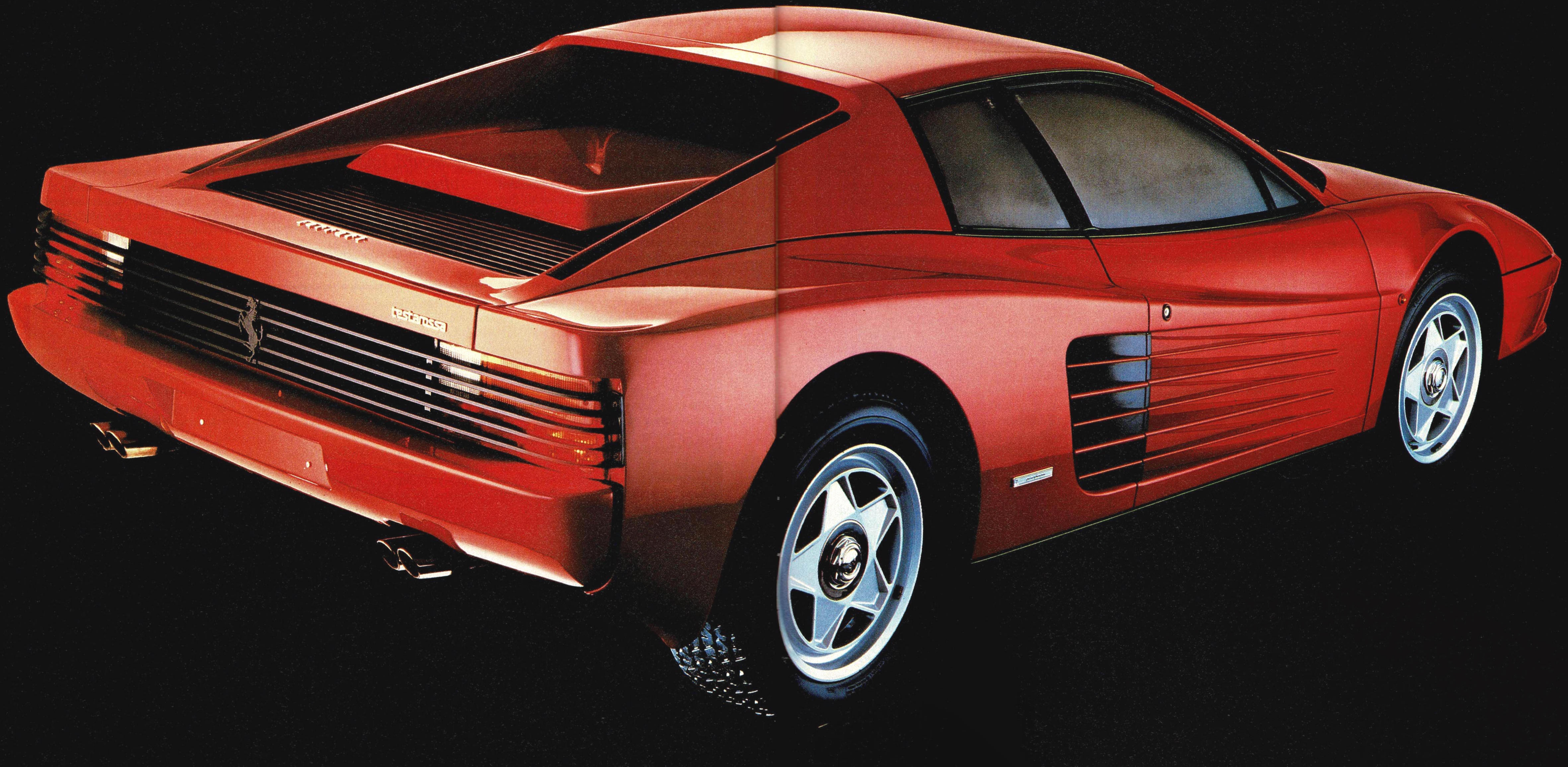
# ROAD WARRIOR

*Ferrari's dreamer of a screamer, the Testarossa, is red-hot to trot. Motoring by* **ROB LUCK**

THERE'S ONLY one Ferrari Testarossa in Australia at the moment and already it is on the wanted list. Another two are on their way here to join their eager owners, but a claimed dozen-plus cash-flushed hotshoes are reputedly prepared to part with at least $250,000 each to get their sweaty palms on one.

At the money, they have no hope. Not this year. Just maybe next. There's one outside chance. And at double the stake. For just $500,000 you might be able to prise the first import away from the fervent grip of its owner.

Discreet enquiries (it is the Ferrari way) reveal the Oz 1 Testarossa is in the hands of one Laurie Sutton. Laurie is Sutton of Suttons Motors, a huge GM-H dealership, and owner of Scuderia Veloce Motors, the NSW distributors. He was standing right up the front of the queue when the first export tickets for



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD IZUI

Testarossas were filed with the Maranello box office in Italy, and he got lucky.

Since his Testarossa arrived Down Under, it has had a dozen glittering "first nights", pranced around the motor shows, and led the field away in the Australian Formula One Grand Prix in Adelaide.

Cynical Ferrari dealers claim it has had more bums in it than a Kings Cross disco. In almost the same breath, they'll offer to get it for you for just the straight half million (no pre-delivery fee, factory warranty etc).

We were offered "deals" to buy the sole example by official and unofficial dealers in all the Eastern seaboard capitals. All the *Ferraristi* have the same line: it's export delivery only (UK), where you have to own and drive for three months before return-shipping it, it's "about $250,000" (Ferrari people talk "abouts" in $50,000 lots), and if you wish you can place the full amount in a bank now as a deposit (you'll get interest), but there's no guarantee of another vehicle delivery for eight years.

To the handful of people who can and want to pay more than a quarter of a million bucks for four fast wheels, there is little agonising to be done over mere price tickets. They either want that car or they don't.

But it's time for people like us to apply the rationale, and ask: Is it worth it? It's been said that you are getting the world's fastest production road car and that is sufficient. But can this statement be justified? The Testarossa is rapid (290km/h) and at the speed it seems as though it may be quicker than the famed Lamborghini Countach, the all-time mega-exotic which a lot of testers claim is pretty dodgy over the 260-270km/h mark.

However, with around 203kg more fat to tote, and less horsepower (the quad-cam Ferrari V12 gets a max 390bhp against the Lambo's four-valve V12 with 435bhp), how can it run quicker?

Around six seconds is the critical point for this class of machinery in getting from a standstill to 100km/h, and while the Lambo generally does it on its ear (100km/h is just out of reach of the Lambo first gear), the Ferrari is struggling to get under the mark.

Across the big pond, in the USA, the makers of the Vector, a US-bred sportexotic with a twin-turbo Chev V8 on board, claim 376km/h and zero to 100km/h in under four seconds. Testers with accurate time-pieces who claim not to be taking mind-expanding chemicals substantiate real double-ton top ends (200mph - 320km/h) and near four seconds 0-100 times. So regardless of a little exaggeration, Ferrari fans have a long way to go to claim it is the world's fastest road warrior.

No, the Testarossa's appeal does not lie in the fact that it moves faster than anything else on the highway. That is a mere empty hope of the fanatical *Ferraristi.* The machine's real claim to motoring fame and fortune is that it wears the Testarossa nameplate and embodies much of the modern aero-think and suspension design of the current Grand Prix cars.

The nameplate is important. Testarossa simply means "redhead" and was the racing title of the famous 2.0 and 2.5 litre four-cylinder racing cars produced by Enzo Ferrari in the late 1950s.

The Testarossa title is meant to tie the machine to motor racing — this machine is charged with a development of the flat-12 (Boxer) engine which gave Ferrari three world Grand Prix championships. In 5 litre form, it employs conventional breathing (ie no turbochargers) through sophisticated engineering, four-camshafts, four valves per cylinder and a special fuel injection.

Compared with other recent Ferraris, it has grown substantially in exterior dimensions, and although narrower than the Countach and riding skinnier wheels, it is still a low, flat device with body panels contoured to cut the slickest hole in the airstream and manage the airflow for downforce — which aids handling.

The Ferrari uses independent suspension of a sophisticated race-bred design, but like the racing Ferraris, there is nothing special about the handling. It took an English designer two seasons of hard work to wrench the cumbersome current model Grand Prix cars up to the 1980s, and the Testarossa, with its high centre of gravity (the engine is placed over the top of the gearbox) and strong roll movement, is a safe, but unspectacular handler at the limit.

There are other flaws, from a vision-blocking mirror to poor instrumentation. But many things on the car work extremely well. The slotted gear-gate enables very precise and fast shifts to be made, the car turns in nicely on the tiller, and the brakes, though squishy at the first part of the pedal travel, stop the car very quickly.

The car is noisy and hot and it seems the air-conditioning is barely able to cope with Australian summers. The stereo is mediocre. The controls are old-fashioned and clumsy.

Value for money? It can't be measured in conventional terms. A Ferrari is an expression of image or status, a source of exceptional motoring experiences, possibly an asset which may increase in value. This Ferrari may break new ground in this country, for it offers something quite new, at an altogether unexpected price.

Don't imagine the retail sticker is the end of the expense. To get the best out of the limited storage space available, it is wise to order the optional Ferrari luggage pack, which, for about $3000, will optimise your luggage into the little cubby holes that Ferrari provides for this purpose.

Insurance these days is measured in terms of percentage of purchase price per annum and $25,000 a year mightn't be an unreasonable premium to expect.

Registration, individual plates and running/tuning costs could add a similar figure to the annual budget.

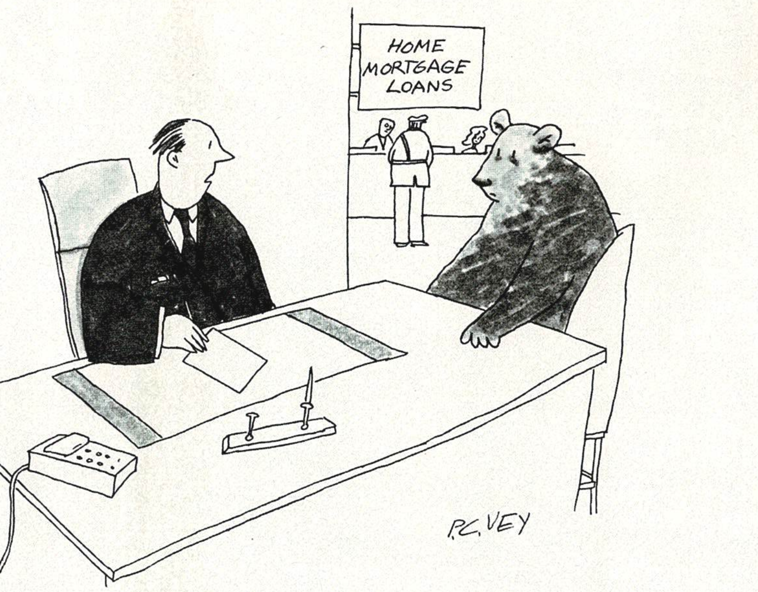
But the Testarossa isn't the ugliest cost story in the Ferrari model line-up. Consider the case of the GTO — the twin-turbo development of the ubiquitous 308GT model (the compact two-seater).

Just 255 were produced to sold-ahead orders. Every one disappeared to owners, apparently without trace. Occasionally they are seen skulking down a European autobahn at excessive speed, but they are rarely sighted in the classifieds.

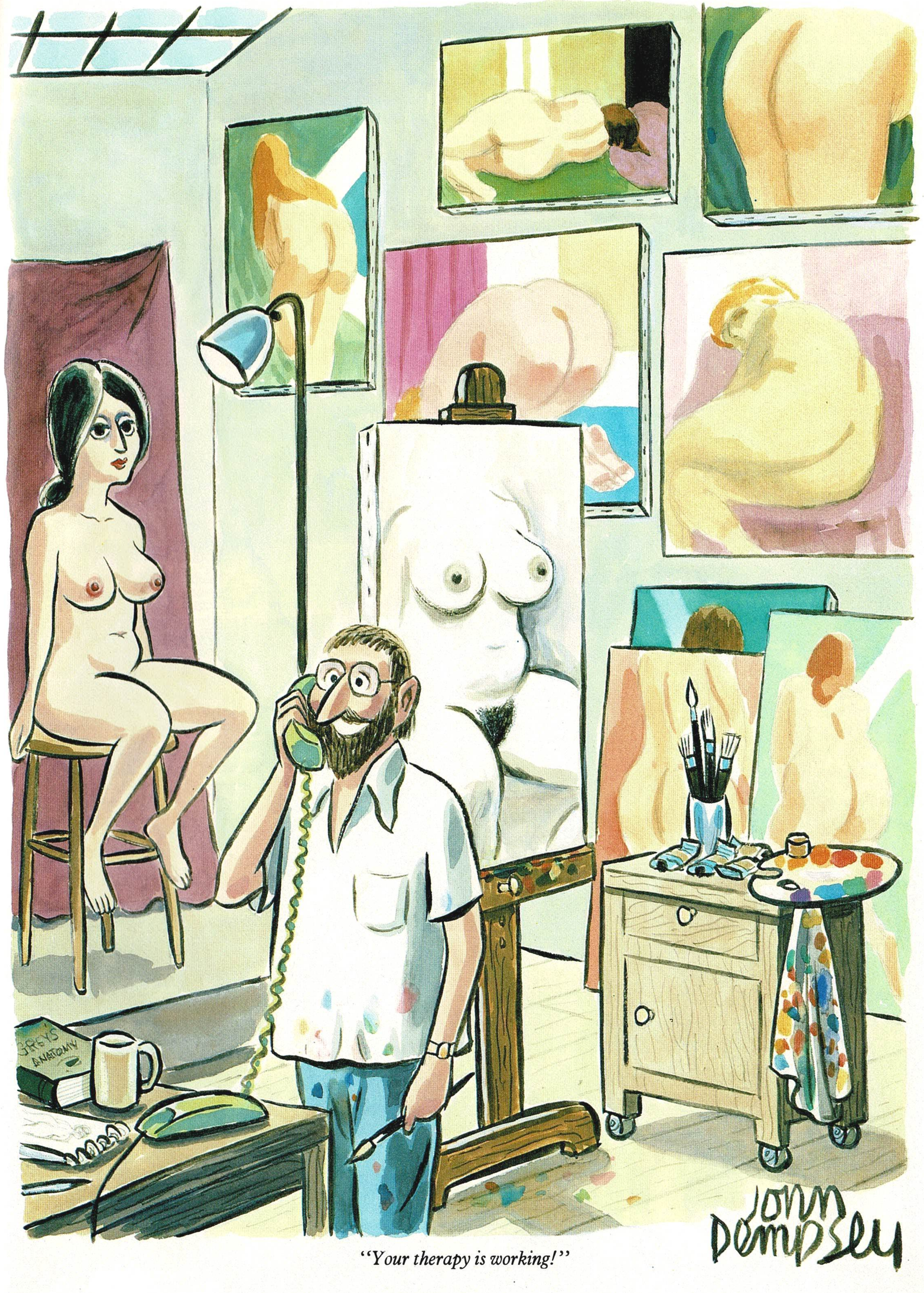
They never really earned a price sticker in Australia, because they were never on the local pricelists. But a good guesstimate would have been around the $250,000 mark. In Europe and America, the *Ferralpers* are apparently seeking as much as $600,000.

And the prices are going up.

Get in quick, while the Testarossa is only $500,000.



*"Why can't you just shit in the woods like every other bear?"*



*"Your therapy is working!"*

PHOTO: RICHARD FEGLEY

*SUSAN KUROSAWA presents 15 of the world's best places for some very private passion.*

# HOT SPOTS

For quite a while I had a lover whose idea of holiday bliss was pitching a tent in the wilds of a national park for a week or two. No matter if there were flash floods, swarms of blowies, bushfires or invasions of boy scouts. He was convinced that holidays had to slot into the Great Outdoor Adventure category. Passive pursuits such as languishing on a beach, having breakfast in bed, or gliding in a gondola were sissy and saccharine. Because I rather liked him and was eager to please, I would trudge along on bushwalks, swim in reed-infested rivers, battle with finicky fires, boil up the billy and eat more canned corned beef than I care to recall.

I left him, of course. Those camping trips should have been shared with his mates. I should have been saved for weekends in cosy mountaintop cabins or on tropical hideaway islands. Any nights under the stars spent with me should have been on cruise ships slicing through the Caribbean, yachts roaming the Aegean or, dammit, even a houseboat on the Murray River.

Women, you see, equate holidays with passion. Getting away from our daily surroundings means an escape from reality. It's all very well for you to go rafting, abseiling, trekking, diving, gliding, whatever, with your mates. Just make sure that once in a while you treat the female in your life to a bit of private passion in an elegant environment. It's an investment that can't fail to pay off.

And here's a selection of dreamy holiday destinations that practically throb with raw sensuality:

PHOTO: RICHARD FEGLEY

### VIVA VENICE!

**Of all the great cities in the world, Venice is invariably dubbed the sexiest and the most romantic. It's even been called the Courtesan Of Europe, which seems an apt enough tag when you consider its legions of callers are always seduced by the unique Venetian blend of fashion and passion. Don't just believe us. Hundreds of writers have been swayed by the city's charm. In *Parachutes And Kisses*, Erica Jong wrote: "A sexual odor (rises) from the canals and rotting places in this city where revelry and vice were once *de rigueur*, where a woman married at 16 and by 17 took a lover; in this city where gondolas plied the dark canals and love was made under the gondola's black hood on the water, or in little hideaways on the canals not even other Venetians knew about; in this city where the lovely lapping of the brackish waters suggests sex even to the celibate." It's a city made for couples. Grand hotels such as the Cipriani have huge guestrooms, marble by the mile, baths big enough to share, plenty of romantic nooks and candle-lit dining rooms. Turn any corner and you're likely to find yourselves in an empty courtyard, silent save for the heel and toe clicks of occasional passersby; these are the perfect places for a bout of passion. In the late afternoon spend an hour gliding on a gondola over the silvery waters until you cap your journey with an embrace at dusk under the Bridge Of Sighs. Don't be surprised if observers suddenly applaud as you drift off into the Grand Canal. Every evening in Venice should be crowned by a cognac or two in your hotel's piano bar, a request for *I Only Have Eyes For You* and a spot of dancing cheek-to-cheek. You shouldn't need us to tell you what comes next.**

### FEED HER OYSTERS

You've heard of the land of the lotus-eaters, a place of indolent folk who laze around drugged by the fruit of the legendary lotus. Well, we've discovered the land of the oyster-eaters, a place of idle people who cruise around drugged by invigorating air, peaceful scenery and plump, juicy oysters. The oyster-eaters have chosen the best finger-bowl they could find. It's the Myall Lakes National Park, located about half-a-day's easy drive from Sydney. The best way to explore the winding waterways is aboard a hired cabin cruiser. Only a modicum of nautical know-how is required to handle a small clipper; plenty of common sense and a sharp eye for sandbars, oyster beds and beacons are more vital requisites. There are lots of sheltered coves in which to anchor, and a supply of snug beaches on which to play out any unfulfilled desert island fantasies, to fire up a beach barbecue, sunbake, skinnydip, whatever. Pick up a big supply of oysters from the little stalls along the road to Lemon Tree Passage (departure point for hired cruisers), and take along the makings of some memorable meals, plenty of good wine, and someone you lust after. Oh, pack some fishing gear, too, as the Myall system is the largest series of freshwater lakes on the east coast of Australia and abounds with flathead, bream and whiting. For information on hiring a Clipper Sundecker or Clipper 34, contact Skipper A Clipper on (049) 82 4027.

### MOUNTAIN MAGIC

**When the Ash Wednesday fires swept through the Victorian hilltop retreat of Mount Macedon a few years back, Gowings Licensed Hotel somehow escaped their fury. And for that we must give thanks, as Gowings is the sort of cosy country haven that all true romantics should have pencilled on their hitlists. The long, low hotel used to be a rowdy pub; owners Tony and Wendy Gowing have transformed the place into a quiet retreat-cum-restaurant-cum-bistro-cum-bar. The guestrooms are penny-plain but comfortable, with bathrooms down the hall (one ensuite room is available, with more on the way). The Green Room restaurant dishes up good country-style fare in a rather crisp and elegant setting; there's a big log fire up one end and a small glassed-in verandah overlooking the garden at the other. The wine list is excellent, with Victorian binnings given a high priority. Big homely breakfasts are served until late, picnic hampers can be rustled up on request and, in summer, luncheons are presented in the back garden under a spreading oak. Mount Macedon itself is almost like a colonial hill station studded with gracious mansions surrounded by landscaped gardens, hedges and tall trees. Gowings is within easy reach of Hanging Rock, Sanatorium Lake and various public gardens. A weekend package for two including accommodation on Friday and Saturday nights, meals from Friday dinner to Sunday lunch, and morning and afternoon teas is $245. Don't opt for the cheaper "twin" rate as you may score a room with bunks and your sex life won't improve if you have to fight over who gets to sleep on top. Bookings and further information on (054) 26 1755.**

PHOTO: WENDELY HARVEY

### WHAT A BLAST

Hop on board an Air Melanesiae flight from Vila, capital of Vanuatu, to the volcanic island of Tanna. This is the desultory, let's-have-another-cup-of-kava South Pacific at its very best. Far away from the tyranny of clocks and timetables, you can go totally troppo in 10 minutes flat. Mount Yasur presides over the island and you can climb up to the summit of this thundering volcano to view a scene that's pure Jules Verne (or, to update the reference, sheer Steven Spielberg). There are no Tinsel Town tricks, however. Just rugged, primeval landscape; mushroom clouds of smoke; volcanic ash and jagged rocks being catapulted from the bowels of this ancient volcano. Okay, volcanoes possibly aren't the greatest settings for seduction, but that's where the rest of the island comes in. It's a delightfully disorganised place just made for dropping out. An Australian couple run Tanna Beach Resort, a collection of self-contained bungalows virtually cascading into tranquil Ebul Bay. There's nothing slick or sophisticated about the operation. You just swim, laze about, gossip with the natives, buy swags of tropical fruit from the makeshift stalls perched under big banyan trees, do night tours to the fiery volcano, and lose all track of time. We suggest you go there quick before the word gets around. More details from Air Vanuatu or Ansett.

PHOTO COURTESY AIR VANUATU

### BEST IN THE WEST

Settlers House is a realm unto itself. It's a 19th-century time-lock set back off the main drag of York, a historic township 97 kays from Perth. Owner Phil Mulcahy took over the property about five years ago, turning it from a run-down relic into a calm, confident and well-cared-for retreat. There are no telephones, televisions or radios to interfere with escape-from-reality attempts. Don't be put off by the sign which reads "decorous accommodation befitting respectable couples". Inside the central courtyard, the 20 spacious bedchambers are all named for early York settlers and the Gentle Suite, for example, is filled with a majestic four-poster bed, velvet sofa, frosted wall lamps, pot-pourris and fruit baskets. Fabulous views of the nearby downs can be had from most suites. The Ensign Dale restaurant, wine-colored and illuminated by candlelight and a log fire, gives off a subtle burnished lustre matched by the rest of the house. Chef Peter Reidy has an authoritative hand with the menu; appetites are big out west, there's a hearty selection of entrees and main courses and, for the grand finale, the ever-changing dessert trolley is an object lesson in sweet seduction. The tearooms serve breakfasts (sorry, no room service), country lunches and Devonshire teas of powder-puff scones, homemade jam and whipped clouds of cream. The bar — a white-washed, pine and brass room with the requisite wooden floor, open fire and farm artefacts turned decorative items — serves a mean line in cocktails. If you've worn yourself out, try a Corpse Reviver (a blend of brandy, milk, soda and bitters). Treat her to a liquid version of yourself, the Maiden's Prayer (a spunky combo of gin, orange juice and Cointreau). York is a proverbial goldmine of activities. Take your pick from walking, cycling, horse-riding, and canoeing along the picture postcard Avon River. The York Motor Museum features one of the largest and most select vintage car collections in the world. A few of the exhibits are for hire and you can order a rustic picnic lunch. If you can think of a better way to spend a soft, golden afternoon, please let us know. For bookings and further information call (09) 41 1096.

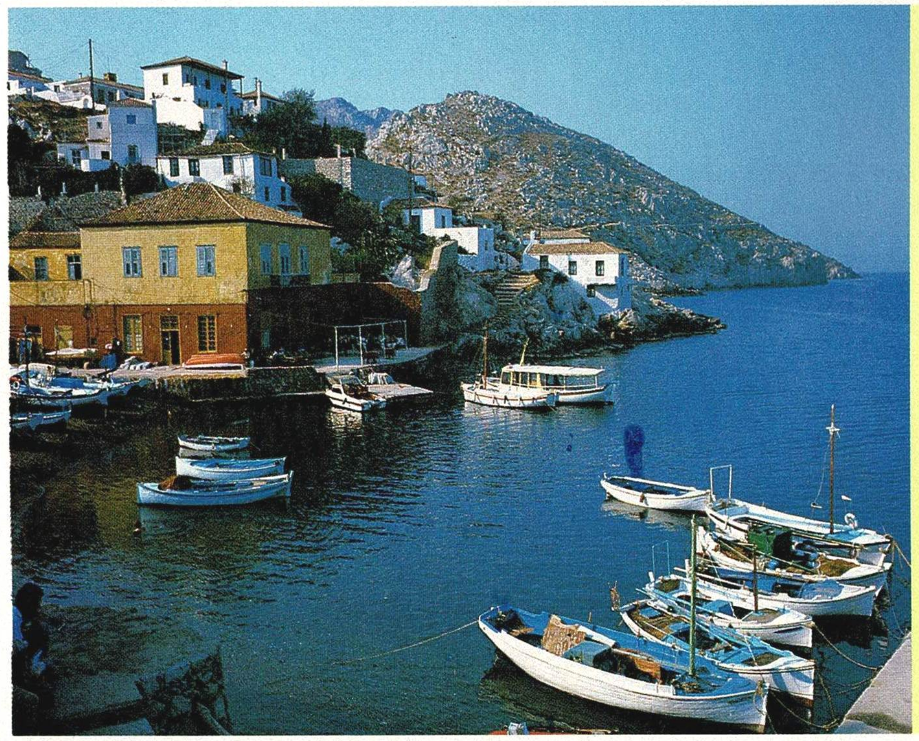


PHOTO COURTESY SEAFARER SAILING

### GREEK ODYSSEY

The scenario unfolds something like this. You set sail from Athens aboard a trim 40-foot blue-water yacht for a leisurely 14-day cruise around the idyllic Greek isles. There's a maximum of 18 people on board, all of whom, like you, have shied away from the rigorous, tally-ho organisation of some cruise ship companies. You slice through the radiant lapis-lazuli waters, soaking up the buttery Aegean sun and calling in at rugged little islands for some impromptu sightseeing and alfresco feasts at chatty harborfront tavernas. Or, if you prefer a stay-put holiday, then rent a whitewashed villa on a secluded, pine-shaded isle such as Skiathos or Spetses, bum around a deserted beach, do a spot of fishing, and hang out with the locals in the cobbled town squares and cheap cafes. These holiday options combine an element of adventure with one of the world's most romantic regions. Seafarer Sailing has 12 scheduled departures for 1986. For details contact (02) 387 4649.

### CARIBBEAN DREAM

There's a different beach for every day of the year on the Caribbean island of Antigua. And any one of those 365 scoops of sand and sea would qualify for a perfect picture-postcard. Calypso music, creole food and cricket are the elements that make Antigua a star in a region of stand-out attractions. The place is now independent but the vestiges of pukka British rule linger on. In St John's, the capital, there are foppish colonial buildings with wide verandahs just made for snoozing and sipping leathery West Indian rum. The cheap little restaurants specialise in delicious seafood and fresh island gossip. Spanish Main Inn, for example, deals in clam chowder and stuffed crab, and the tables overlook St John's Square where cricket is played by tall, handsome men in pristine whites. Supernova batsman Viv Richards is Antigua's favorite son; any cricket-crazy taxi driver will take you on a Viv Richards testimonial tour of Antigua, including a short stop at his parents' house for some hearty handshakes and good-natured ragging about Aussie cricketers. It's important to check into either a very exclusive, club-style hotel or a traditional boarding-house where you'll be cossetted Caribbean style. If you opt for a standard resort establishment you'll be shoulder-to-shoulder with large, loud Americans. In the big-bucks league, there's Curtain Bluff, Half Moon Bay (haunt of Elton John, Paul McCartney and other showbiz sorts) and Blue Waters. In the guesthouse bracket, there's Admiral Inn at English Harbor, the yachties' mecca; Galley Bay Surf Club, Barrymore's and Spanish Main Inn. Antigua Race Week, one of the most important events on the international sailing calendar, is held in mid-April every year. Boats are available on charter year round; there's superb snorkelling and scuba diving in crystal waters and the Caribbean features more marine life than you could poke a flipper at. Recklessly order rounds of rum punches, sway to the beat of a virile steel band, wear nothing but a smile and a sarong, make unabandoned love, the whole lot. Antigua is included on the itineraries of cruise companies such as P&O, Sitmar, Paquet and Cunard, or contact your travel agent for further suggestions.

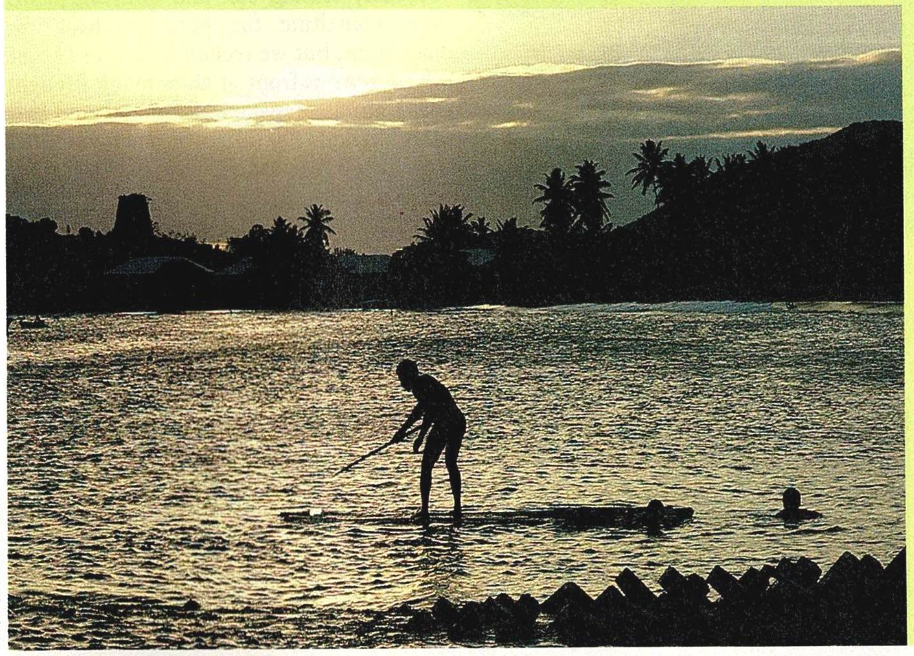


PHOTO: LISA LE GUAY

### TO THE MANOR DRAWN

Burnham Beeches is a grand Art Deco mansion nestled in the Dandenongs just outside Melbourne, and the first Australian hotel to gain accreditation to the prestigious Relais Et Chateaux organisation. This Paris-based operation fiercely vets all members to make sure they come up to scratch with the five Cs (character, courtesy, calm, comfort and cuisine), and actually receiving the Relais Et Chateaux's *fleurs-de-lys* mark of approval is a bit like being bestowed with a knighthood. Burnham Beeches may have a nose-in-the-air ambience on first encounter, but the friendly staff and relaxing atmosphere soon make you feel you're putting up at the country home of close friends. The hotel is set in some 20 hectares of beautiful bushland; bikes are available for rambling down country lanes, and there's a pool, spa and tennis court. The main building features curious ship-style architecture (there's an observation tower posing as a "bridge", balconies styled as ship's decks and a purser's desk at reception) and flamboyant Art Deco touches. Burnham Beeches was once the estate of Alfred Nicholas (of Aspro fame) who aspired to a Great Gatsby level of existence. Guests today can still imagine themselves firmly transplanted to the 1930s, especially when ensconced at the chrome bar, sipping racy cocktails and listening to a spot of Fred Astaire in the background. Elegant food prepared by talented chef Richard Lovett is served in high-ceilinged dining rooms overlooking manicured gardens bristling with maples and beeches. The guestrooms (or preferably the suites, if $130 per night is a possibility) are large and lavish and are decorated in a gentle, English manor style. If the object of your desire doesn't totally succumb after a sojourn at Burnham Beeches, then we want to know why. You can also book in just for lunch, a fat afternoon tea or a candle-lit dinner. Contact the people at Burnham Beeches direct on (03) 755 1903 for further details.

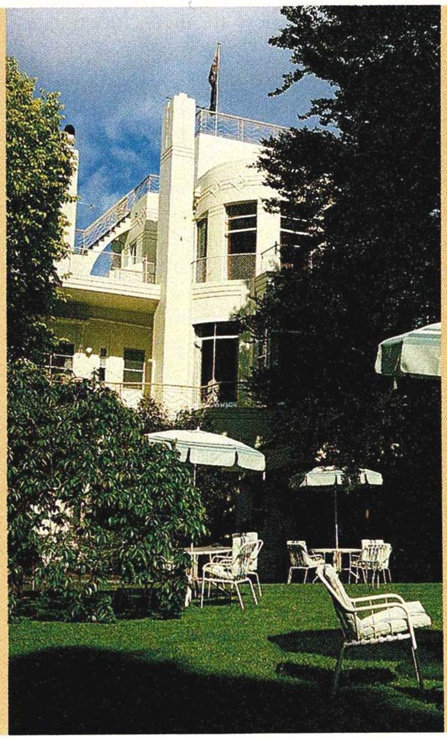


PHOTO: WENDELY HARVEY

PHOTO COURTESY JAPAN AIR LINES

### DOING IT JAPANESE STYLE

Japan's not the first place that bounds to mind when skiing is mentioned. But if you want to slice through the snow during the northern winter months, then give some thought to a skiing holiday on the Japanese island of Hokkaido. It's closer than the skifields of Europe and North America and packages start from $1600. Bonus attractions are natural hot springs baths, cheap ski lifts, night illumination and cosy lodges. Tawny beaches, blazing sun and swaying palms may constitute the perfect setting for seduction, but we reckon a glass or two of warm *sake* in front of shimmying firelight on a remote Japanese alp may come in a close second. The offices of Japan Air Lines in capital cities can fill you in with further details.

### COUNTRY CLUBBIN'

**The full title is Ferndale Recreational Centre which is a bit of a shame as it tends to conjure up Butlin's Holiday Camp associations. Ferndale is, in fact, a very casual place set on a hill beside the Hawkesbury River just outside Sydney. The actual address is Lower Portland and Ferndale occupies some eight hectares of prime riverside property. The main sandstone house dates back to the 1880s; guest accommodation is available in wooden cabin-style bungalows. The recreational side of things extends to horse-riding, tennis, swimming, canoeing and water-skiing, but there's no pressure to participate in any activity. No coaxing needed, however, to join fellow guests in the central dining room for homely meals based on local produce (BYO wines); Sunday lunch is usually a barbecue, and meals are often served outside on sunny days. The atmosphere is homespun and the mood is laid-back. The only decision of any importance you're likely to make during a stay at Ferndale is whether to open the chablis or the chardonnay with dinner. Ring Jim or Jean Lorraine on (045) 75 5223 for details.**

PHOTO: KENT MEARS

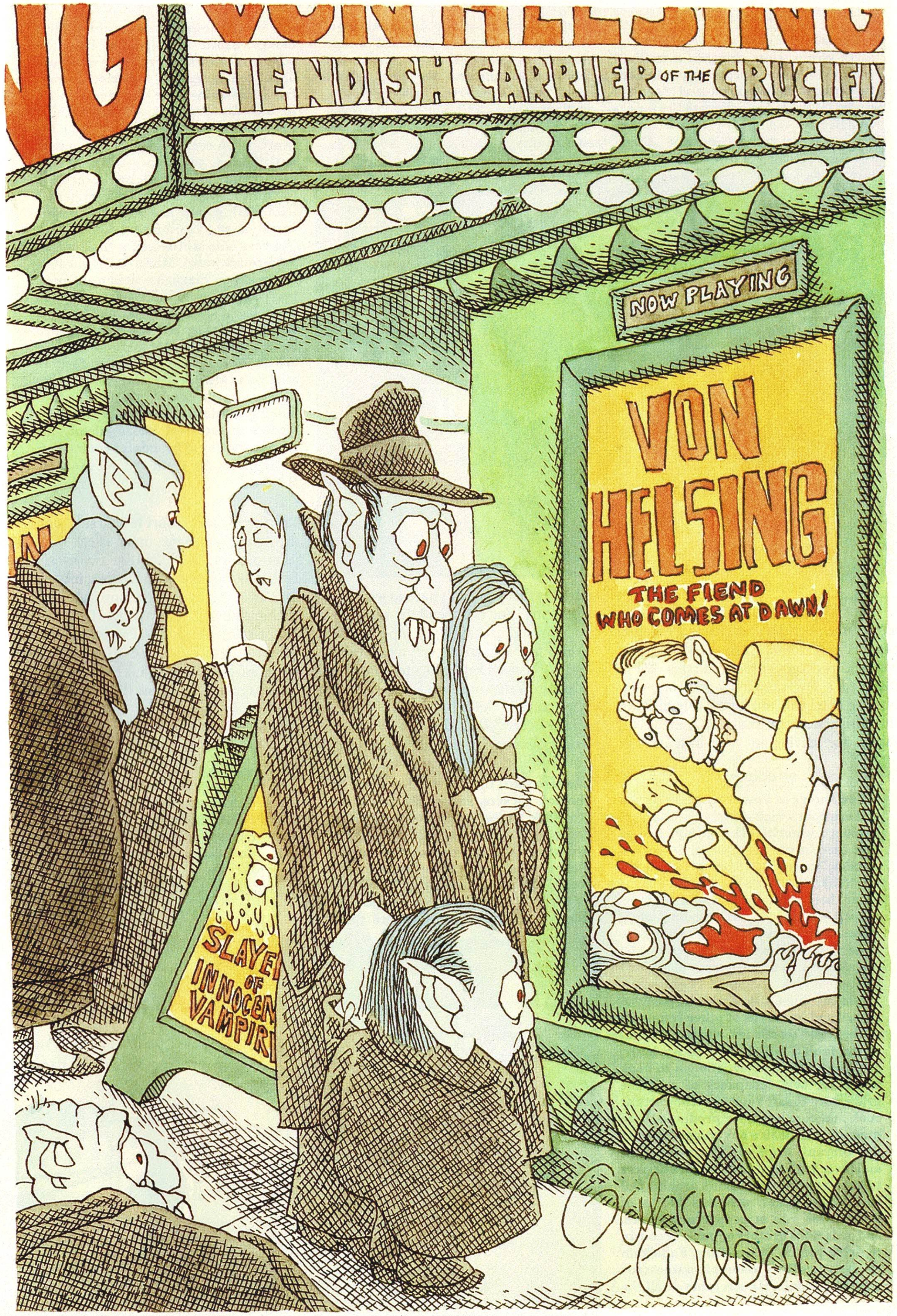
### SOME ENCHANTED ISLANDS

The Great Barrier Reef islands have all the prerequisites for a really hot holiday. The lady of your choice can orchestrate all her Mills And Boon imaginings on a platinum blond beach lapped by aquamarine waters. The trouble is, however, that just about everyone and his budgie has the same idea at peak holiday time. Better to head for one of the smaller, more secluded isles. Sure, they're more expensive but numbers are limited, privacy is assured and there's none of the enforced camaraderie of the big resort complexes. Our recommendations are Orpheus Island off Townsville (Ansett has full details), and Lizard and Bedarra Islands (both packaged by TAA). The palm trees are all a perfect hammock's hoist apart, the atmosphere is totally seductive and the food slots into the better-than-average department. And don't overlook Keith Williams's Hamilton Island, now reopened after fire damage in mid-1985. Although this is a large, well-developed holiday island, there are plenty of getaway pockets, including the multi-million-dollar *Coral Cat*, a resort-style cruiser which floats between Hamilton Island and the reef. If you can cope with $650 a day to woo a female, make sure you book the *Coral Cat*'s Admiralty Suite which comes with four-poster bed, private deck, and a spa-equipped bathroom that any of those *Dynasty* dames would scratch each other's eyes out for. Other diversions on *Coral Cat* include snorkelling, scuba diving and sipping big cocktails under a Fanta-orange tropical sunset. Contact your nearest Ansett Airlines office for further information.

PHOTO: PETER FISHER

### WINE AND ROSES

**Padthaway Estate is a rare and rambling Victorian haven in one of South Australia's choicest wine-producing areas, some 300 kays south-east of Adelaide. Set in 50 hectares of sprawling great red gum country, the surrounding vineyards give an immediate and heady impression of a French chateau. The welcoming drink of "homemade" *methode champenoise* sparkling wine shores up the spiffy image. Impeccably decorated in well-bred but warm English country house style, the six bedrooms abound with rich chintz, organic prints and period furniture. For those who don't want to shatter the magic, breakfast can be served in your room on request. Or better still, out on the balcony in the reviving morning air. The sensible things to do after a memorable dinner in Padthaway's burgundy-tinged dining room are to retire at once, or sink back on one of the over-stuffed sofas in the sitting room with a port or brandy. As well as serving up a revivified version of long-ago life, Padthaway also offers plenty of other activities that promote the feeling of togetherness. You can visit the wineries of Coonawarra, Keppoch and Padthaway. Play tennis and croquet, or meander through the bower-like garden and adjoining museum-cum-wine cellar. The truly starry-eyed can order a picnic basket and go in search of the central casting babbling brook and overhanging trees. Call Padthaway direct on (087) 65 5039.**



### KIWI COMFORT

**The look of Muriaroha is New Zealand idyll: virgin white shingles, a trellised courtyard, clipped hedges and rampant flower beds. Barely downwind of central Rotorua, the lodge is impossibly peaceful. Behind the small-paned windows, the conservatory, parlor and dining room are a luxurious blend of *Wuthering Heights* and an upscale Aspen ski lodge. Blazing log fires are standard winter backdrops guaranteed to fan amorous embers. In summer, the outdoor spa pool, dominated by lush greenery, statuary and rambling vines, is even more mercilessly inspiring. In the bedrooms, richly carved bedheads, picturesque quilts, lace-fringed pillows and heated towels produce the perfect lounge lizard atmosphere. Those in search of absolute privacy should ask about the bungalow, a spacious, away-from-the-main-house suite, replete with its own mineral pool to soothe aching limbs. In affairs of the body and the heart, when reality equals or surpasses anticipation, you know you're on to a good thing. The rationale applies equally to Muriaroha's food. The day begins with fresh papaw and rockmelon, eggs any style and venison sausages. Dinner is a very substantial and well-executed four-course meal. Muriaroha's gardens are a glossy magazine delight; copper beeches and several hundred varieties of camellia and rhododendrons cluster around clearings centred on miniature lakes, Italianate sculptures and volcanic cairns. If you want to venture further afield, the Muriaroha staff can arrange helicopters to nearby ski fields, deer hunting and deep sea fishing expeditions, picnics to secluded Mokia island and trips to the Bay of Islands for catamaran sailing. Details from the NZ Tourist Office.**

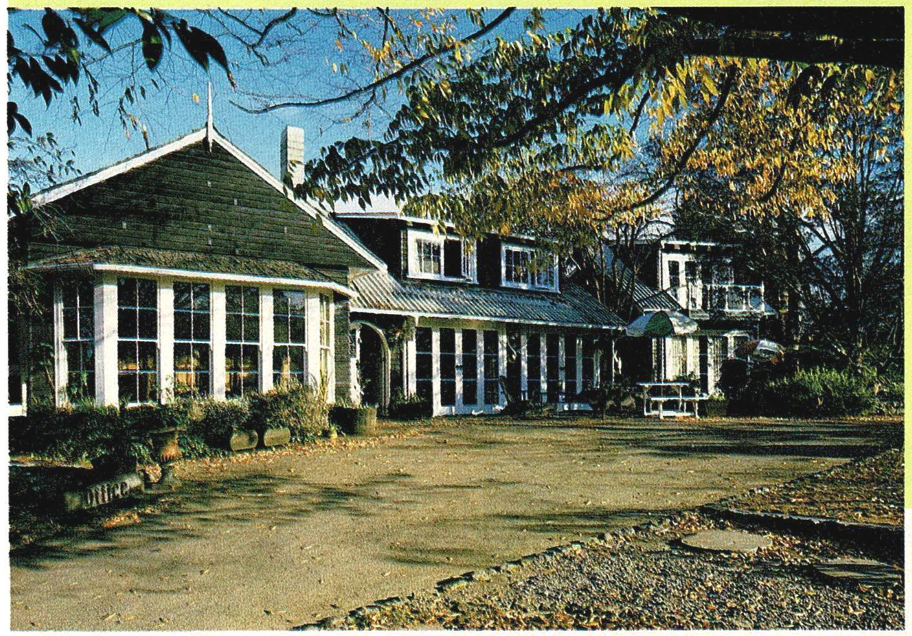


PHOTO: CHRIS SCULLIN

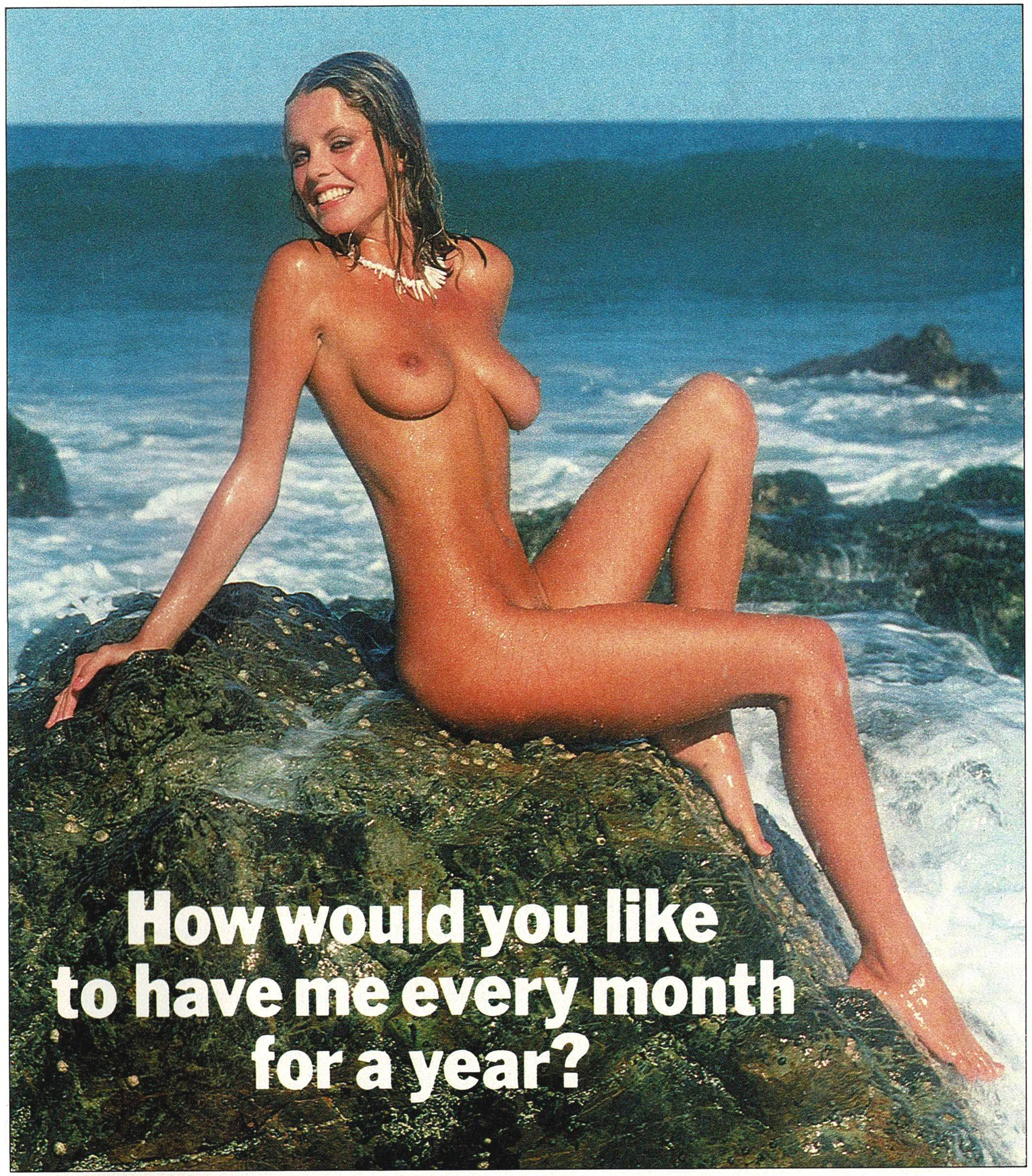
### LOST WEEKENDS

If it's a good ol' dirty weekend you're after, remember that most leading hotels in capital cities around Australia offer special weekend packages at reduced rates. We've included a few samples; check out your favorite hotel and you'll probably discover that similar deals are available. And the best reason for staying in your own city, of course, is that you don't have to waste time sightseeing. You can spend the weekend in bed knowing that caviar, champagne, fresh towels, the lot, are never more than a finger's snap away. So, to start, the Sheraton/Wentworth in Sydney has an aptly named Self Indulgent Weekend package for $230 for two including accommodation for two nights, dinner in the ritzy Garden Court restaurant, complimentary champagne upon check-in, and valet parking. For $260 for two, you can bask in the luxury of The Regent in Sydney for two nights, including breakfasts, champagne and car parking. The Sydney Hilton offers a Posh And Pampered package which is good for one night's accommodation for two, welcome bottle of French champagne, dinner in the smooth San Francisco Grill, entry to the newly upgraded Juliana's supper club, full breakfast and car parking, all for $250 for two.

### ON GOLDEN LAKE

**You lounge in a narrow, needle-nosed shikara boat which silently skims across a smooth, waterlily-dappled lake. To one side there are rows of ornately carved wooden houseboats looking for all the world like Hollywood stage sets. On the other there looms a range of mountains topped with scoops of dazzling white snow. Your oarsman ushers you ashore to be welcomed by your houseboy who installs you in an elaborate houseboat full of brass, Kashmir rugs, heavy Victorian furniture, framed pastoral scenes and hundreds of other remnants of the Raj. You are in Srinagar, capital of the fabled Indian state of Kashmir, and you've been smart enough to book ahead for sole occupancy of a deluxe grade houseboat. Your houseboy acts as cook and concierge. He produces three magnificent meals a day (rugged curries and biryanis or, if you like, roast meat and three veg), summons shikara drivers to take you for excursions around Dal and Nagin Lakes, procures blocks of hashish for you at peppercorn prices, and orders his brother or uncle or cousin to drive you up to Gulmarg, Pahalgam or any other little mountain outpost for a private picnic. He screeches at all the hawkers until their prices for suede or chamois jackets, garnet necklaces, fur coats and leather pants come tumbling down to at least one-third. He serves breakfast in bed, lights candles at the dinner table and croons Indian love songs in the kitchen. You pay around $50 a day for all of this, and your friends and family back home are going to think you're lying your rotten heads off. And if you're spending more time in India, you take this fabulously lucky female to stay at a converted maharajah's palace (Lake Palace in Udaipur or Rambagh Palace in Jaipur are the frontrunners) for around the same price.**

PHOTO: KATE WIMBLE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SP/L/SEPT

# SPACESHIP

(continued from page 49)

*Pam suffered from the loss of clothes. She was beautiful, but she didn't want to be beautiful.*

but firmly. "You see, there's an armed guard at your ship right now, and there will be for the rest of your lives."

•

"No!" said the captain. "I won't!"

"That's the point," Ensign Benson said.

Hester said, "There's no way you're going to get *me* to do a thing like that."

Pam said, "Kybee, this is just a scheme of yours; I can tell."

"Gosh, Kybee," said Billy.

"My dignity," said the councilman.

"Precisely!" Ensign Benson said. "Your dignity is what keeps the probabilities all lined up in a neat and civilised and *predictable* row. It's the only way we're ever going to get back on to the Hopeful. Think about it."

They thought about it. They hated it. But that, of course, was the whole point.

•

"G'day, Kybee. How're you feeling?"

"Oh, we all adapt, Hank."

"What's that you're watching?"

"Just a little video I made of the captain shooting birds. Never saw one of these machines?"

"No, sir, can't say I have."

"They're easy to operate. Come here, I'll show you."

•

One nice thing about knowing the future, you never have to worry about a rain date for your big parade. The sun shone bright, the bands and the marchers were resplendent, and *this* year, thanks to the Earthpeople, there would be a permanent record of the whole affair! Hank Carpenter, armed with the video camera, stood atop a wagon right down by the peace memorial, ready to tape the whole show.

And a real nice show it was. The South Side High School band led off, in uniforms of scarlet and white, and the North Side High School band, in blue and gold, brought up the rear. In between were, oh, all sorts of interesting things. Including the crew of the Hopeful. Naked.

•

"Keep taping!" Ensign Benson yelled at Hank Carpenter. "Tape! Tape!" And he did, and they all looked at the tape later, and it was still impossible to believe.

What an array of uncomfortable-looking people. What a variety of flesh was here on display. What an embarrassment all the way around.

Captain Standforth and Hester appeared first, side by side but determinedly separate. The captain sort of vaguely squinted and blinked, pretending to do difficult maths problems in his head, while Hester marched along like an angry rhinoceros, *daring* anyone to tell her she was naked. The captain in the buff looked more mineral than animal: an angular, gawky armature, a scarecrow that wouldn't scare a wren, lattice framework for no known tree. Hester, on the other hand, merely became more Hester: chunky, blocky, squared-off.

A rosy astrogator came next: Pam Stokes blushing from nipple to eyebrow, accompanied by an ashen legislator. Councilman Luthguster, shaped very much like the balloons being carried by some of the younger spectators, appeared to have been drained by a vampire before leaving the house that morning. He suffered from the loss of his pomposity much more severely than from the simple loss of his clothes.

Pam suffered from the loss of clothes. She was beautiful, but she didn't want to be beautiful; she was graceful, but she didn't want to be graceful; she was a treat, but the last thing on Earth — or Figulus — that Pam Stokes wanted to be was a treat. Her expression was like that sometimes seen in dentists' offices.

Finally there came Billy and the ensign, and here the mark of the ensign's determination *really* showed itself. Although it would certainly be embarrassing for him or for Billy to appear naked in public, it wouldn't, in truth, be quite the horror it clearly was for the others, so for himself and Billy the ensign had escalated the attack.

They were dancing. Arm in arm, the ensign leading, Billy following pretty well, they turned and turned in great loops.

Nobody stopped them; nobody knew what to do but stand and gape. For two blocks past the astounded populace the captain paced, the chief engineer plodded, the councilman trudged, the astrogator inadvertently and unwillingly promenaded and the lieutenant and the ensign waltzed. At Main, surrounded by the populace still immobilised by disbelief, they broke and ran for it, around behind the crowd, through back yards and alleys and away. With many a hoarse cry and broken gasp, this unlikely herd thundered all the way home, up the stoop, across the porch, into the house and *slammed* the door.

•

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?"

"Hank Carpenter, Miss Hanshaw. You all right in there?"

"Go away."

"It's been five days; you can't just —"

"Then wait a minute."

Hank waited. He went over and sat on the porch railing and looked out at the sunny day. The rubbernecks who had filled this street at first had given up by now, and everything was back to normal. But what had it all been about, anyway?

The front door opened and Ensign Benson came out, carrying a thin folder. He shut the door behind himself, gave Hank a quick, nervous smile, then frowned out at the street.

"They're all gone," Hank assured him.

"I didn't know it would be quite *that* bad," the ensign said. "It does something to your nervous system to be naked in front of that many people."

"What we can't figure out is why you did it."

"So you could let us go, of course."

Hank smiled in confusion. "You mean, we'd take pity on you because you lost your minds?"

"We didn't lose our minds, just our clothes. You've got it all on tape, right?"

"I don't know why you'd want such a thing," Hank said, "but yes, we do."

"Look at this," Ensign Benson said, extending the folder.

Hank took it, opened it, found himself reading a report to the Galactic Council about the lost colony known as Figulus. "Says here, the settlement was abandoned. Colonists long dead. Some unanticipated poison in the atmosphere."

"Not suited for human life," the ensign said. "As soon as we're aboard ship, that's the report we'll send."

"Why?"

"You're keeping us here because you're afraid we'll spread the news about you and a lot of people will show up to learn all about the future."

Hank nodded. "Destroying *our* future in the process."

"If anybody did arrive," the ensign said, "you'd blame us. You'd probably be mad enough to show that tape."

"I'm beginning to see the light," Hank said. "You were looking for a way to bust loose from the probabilities."

"That's right. What *could* we do that we *wouldn't* do?"

"Walk down Broadway at high noon, naked, with a brass band."

"As long as you have that tape," Ensign Benson said, "we'll do anything — *anything* — to keep the rest of the human race away from here. And if this doesn't work, we'll just have to get *more* improbable."

"How?" Hank asked, a bit wide-eyed.

"I don't know yet," the ensign told him. "I hope I never know. How about you?"

•

Out, out, out across the illimitable void soared the Hopeful. Its crew, garbed in every piece of clothing they owned and not looking one another in the eye, had left Figulus without even having their charts done. They knew nothing of the future.

Just as well.

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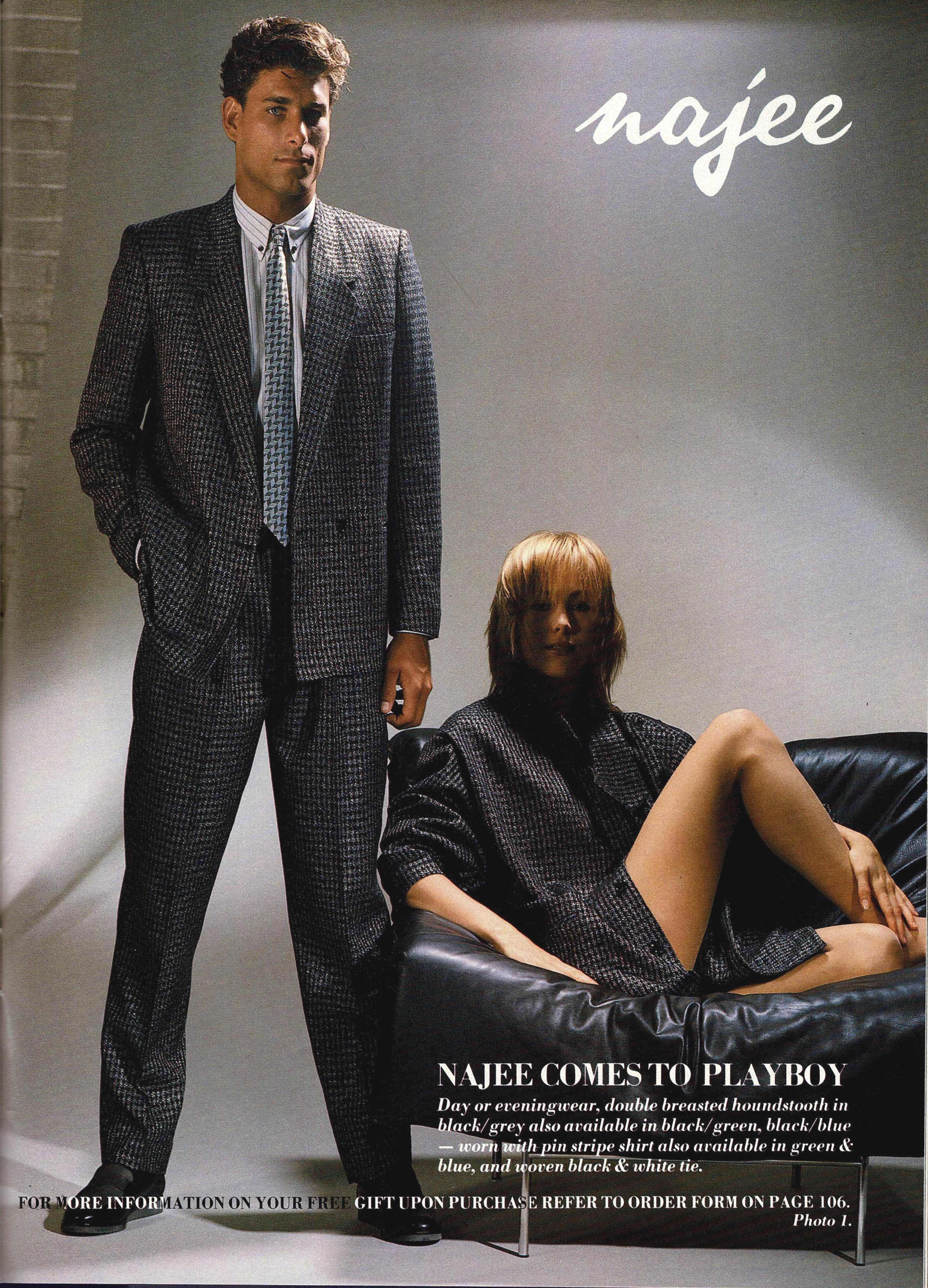

NAJEE COMES TO PLAYBOY

*Day or eveningwear, double breasted houndstooth in black/grey also available in black/green, black/blue — worn with pin stripe shirt also available in green & blue, and woven black & white tie.*

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*Photo 1.*

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*Photo 2.*
*Bold black leather jacket made from supple hide. Features shoulder panels, all twin needle stitching, with elastic waist band & pockets in seam.*
*Leather trousers have triple stitching on outside seams pleated front & side pockets.*
*Pure wool knitwear, crew neck in black & white also available in black & blue.*

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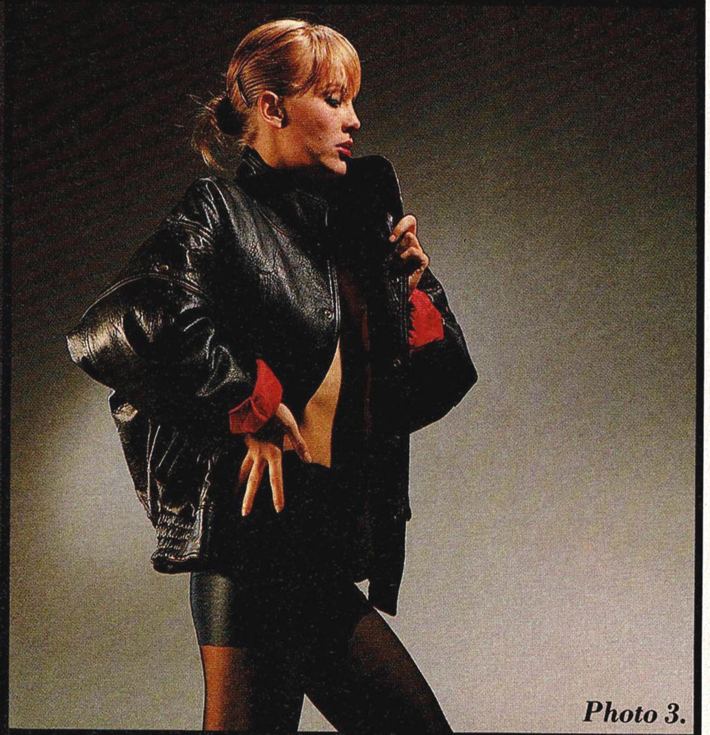

*Photo 3.*

***Leather jacket with stand up collar & stud front — and leather jackets feature quilted lining.***

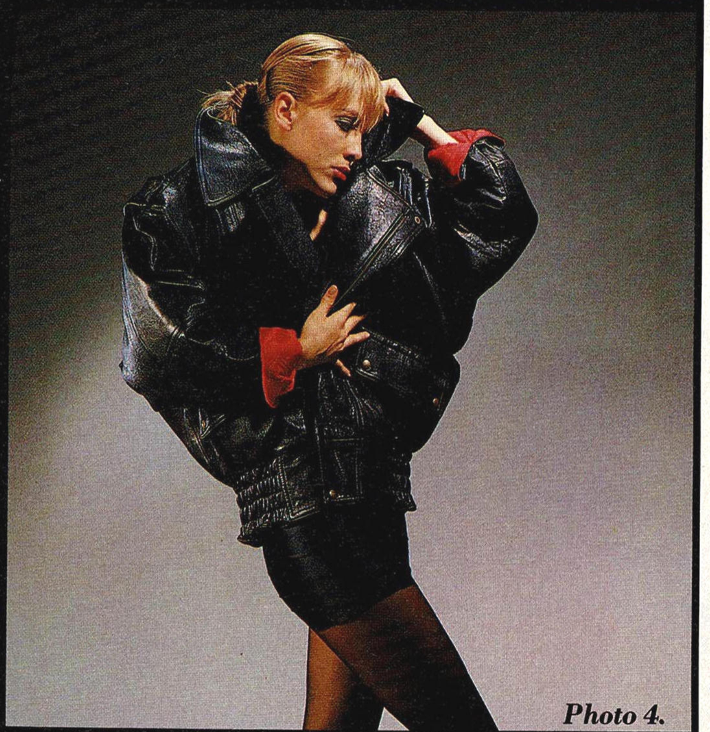

*Photo 4.*

***Leather jacket with zip & stud front. Loose & boxy this jacket features large notch lapels and lots of interesting twin needle stitching. Elastic waist & large front pockets with quilt lining.***

*Photo 5.*

***This leather jacket features a studded cowl neck which may be worn down to suit. The twin needle panels across the front emphasise its "V" shape. Elastic waist band & quilted lining are also featured.***

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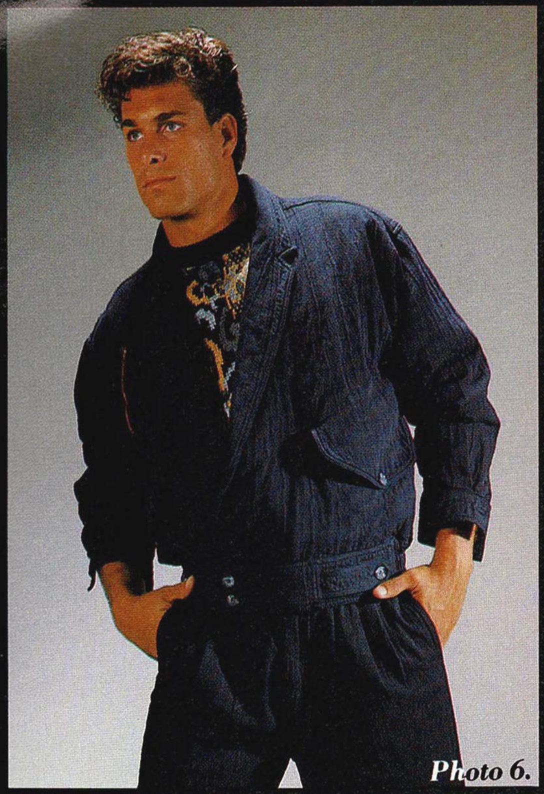
Photo 6.

*Black trousers with side pockets & six pleats in 100% cotton double cloth, also available in silver & royal blue. Black cotton double cloth casual jacket features notch lapels & envelope pockets, also available in royal blue. Knitwear see photo 8.*

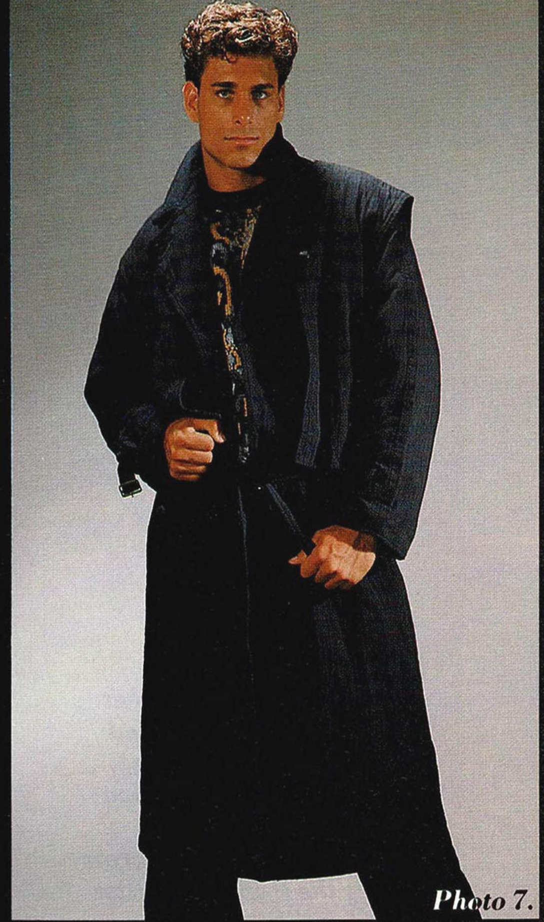
Photo 7.

*Double cloth cotton overcoat — featuring detachable vest/cape. Belt tie around waist & cuffs.*
*Paisley knit see photo 8.*

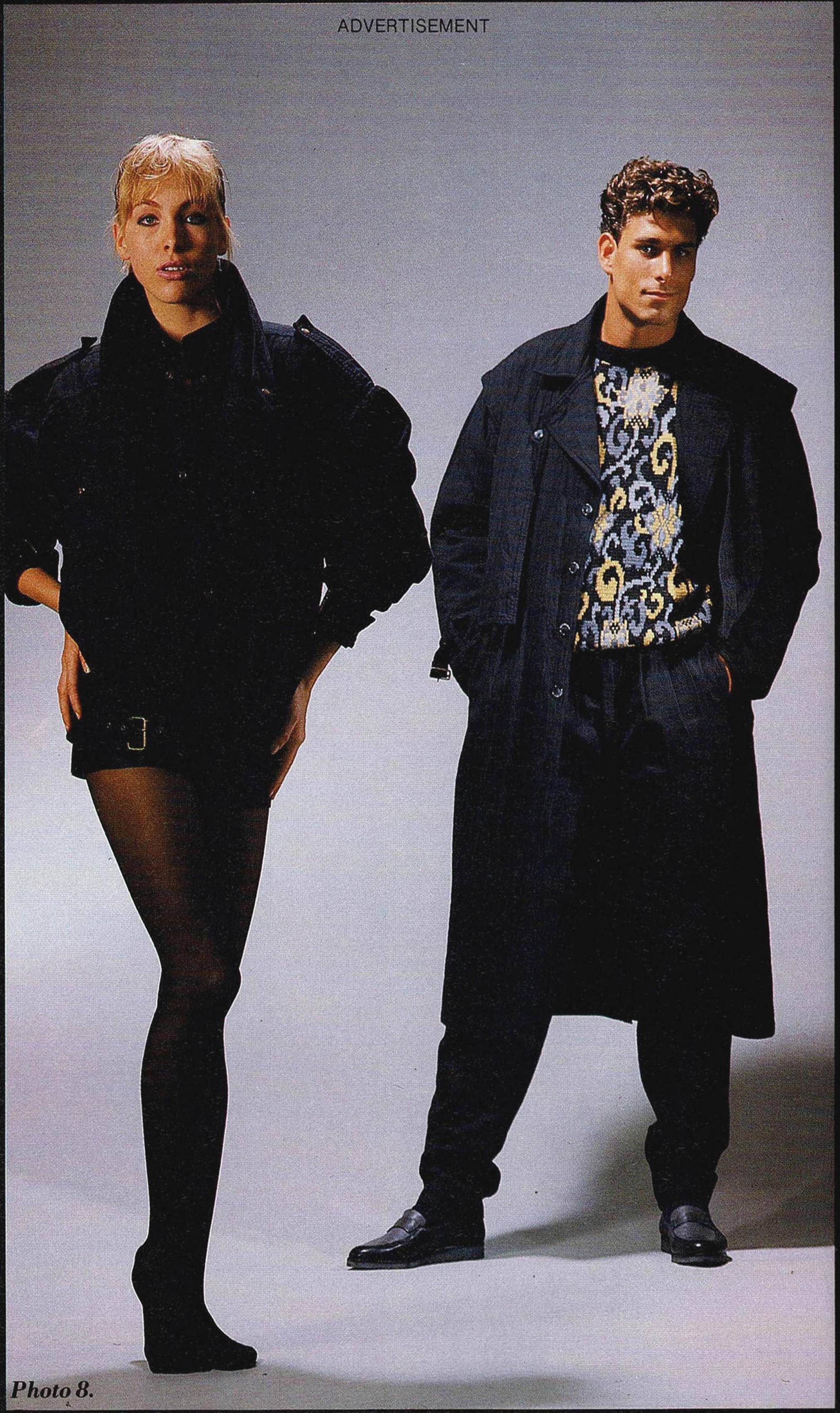
Photo 8.

*Beautiful pure wool knitwear in paisley design available in black, green, gold, silver and black, green purple, silver. Cotton overcoat see photo 7. Cotton trousers in 6 pleats available in black, silver, royal blue, grey, jade green.*
*She is wearing 100% cotton. Cotton casual jacket which features double opening front available in black and jade green.*

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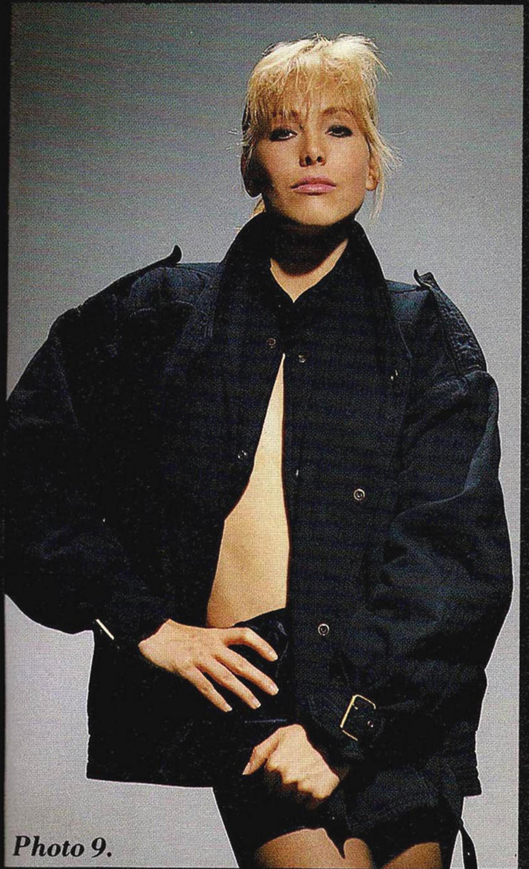
Photo 9.

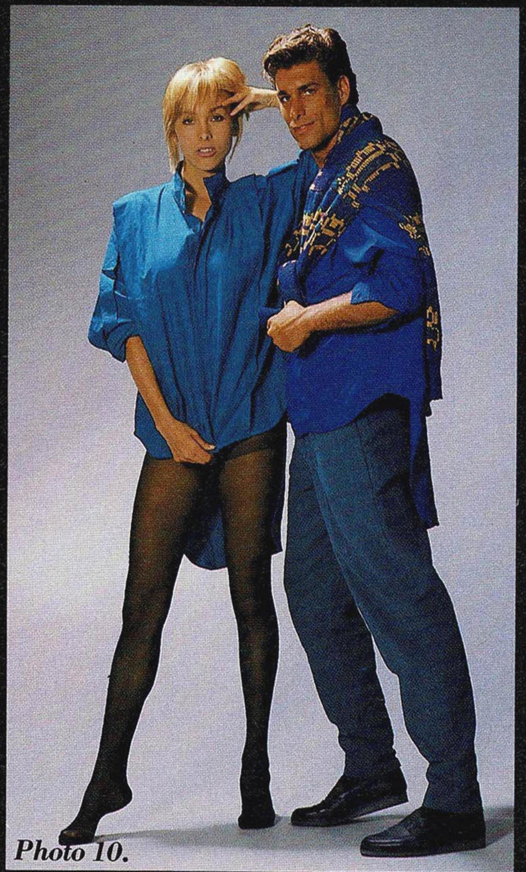
Photo 10.

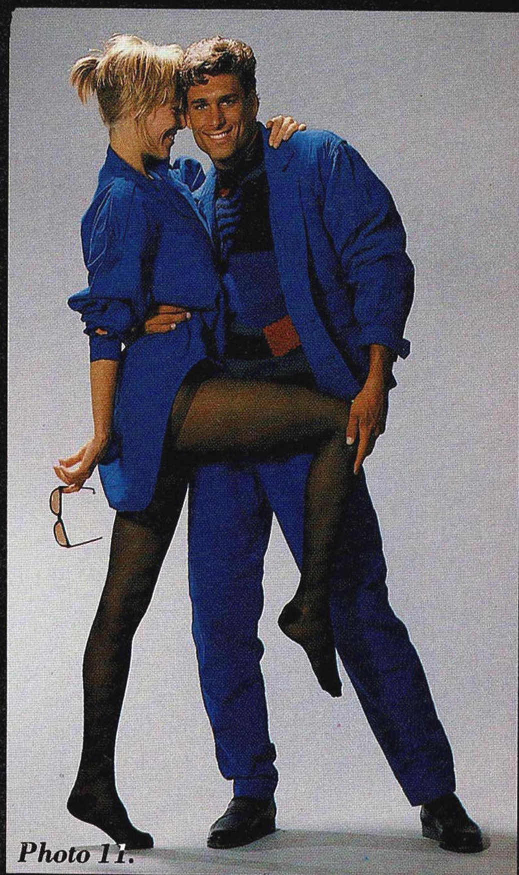
Photo 11.

*NO. 9. See photo 8.*

*NO. 10.*
*Right: Pure wool knit available in black, gold purple, green/blue, gold purple green. Royal blue shirt features tail bottom and triangle pocket.*
*Left: Jade green tail bottom shirt with stand up collar & action front available also in black, white, & grey.*

*NO. 11.*
*Left: Tail bottom shirt see photo 10. Sunglasses free with every outfit over $300.00 see last page.*

*Right: Royal blue casual jacket in 100% cotton, single breasted with notch lapels also available in black, jade green. Pure wool knit available in black/gold, purple/green, & black/blue, green/red.*
*Cotton Trousers see photo 8.*

*NO. 12.*
*Casual over lengthy loose cut single breasted jacket, with notch lapels & patch pockets. Paisley knit and cotton trousers see photo 8.*
*Her knit see photo 14.*

*NO. 13.*
*Single breasted jacket see photo 12, cotton trousers see photo 8. Pure wool knit see photo 14. She is wearing 100% cotton cowl neck shirt with one pocket available in black, white, silver.*

*NO. 14.*
*Pure wool pullover also available in matching cardigan. Colours are black/purple, green/silver, and black, red, blue, white.*
*Single breasted jacket see photo 12.*
*Cotton trousers see photo 8.*

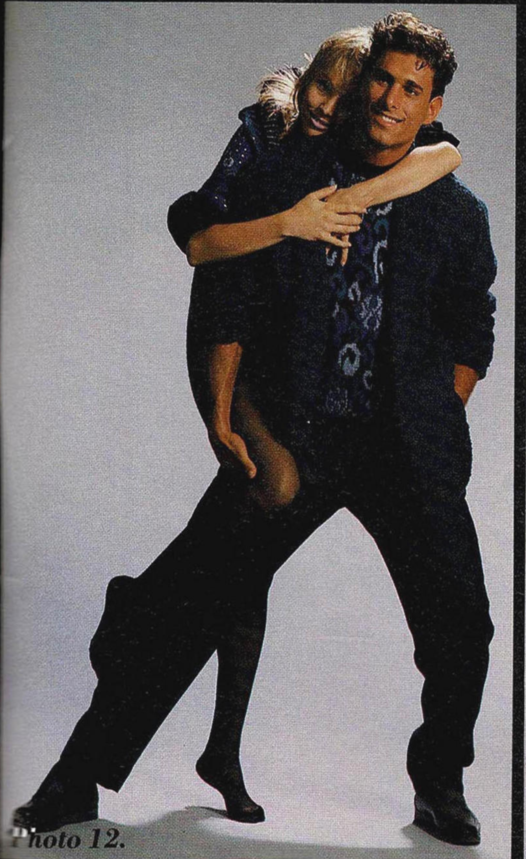
Photo 12.

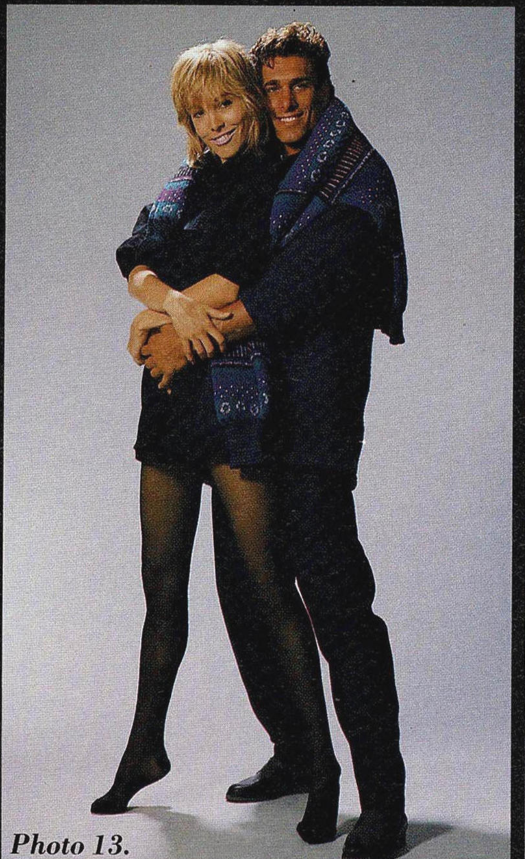
Photo 13.

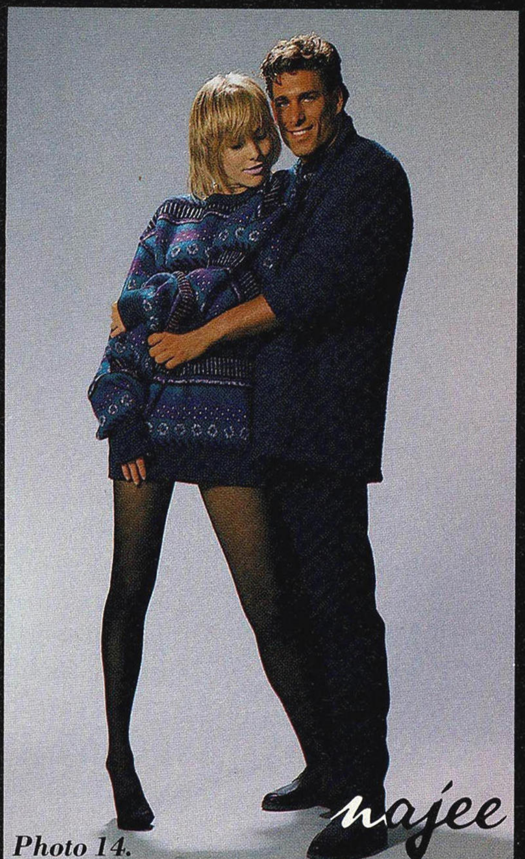
Photo 14.

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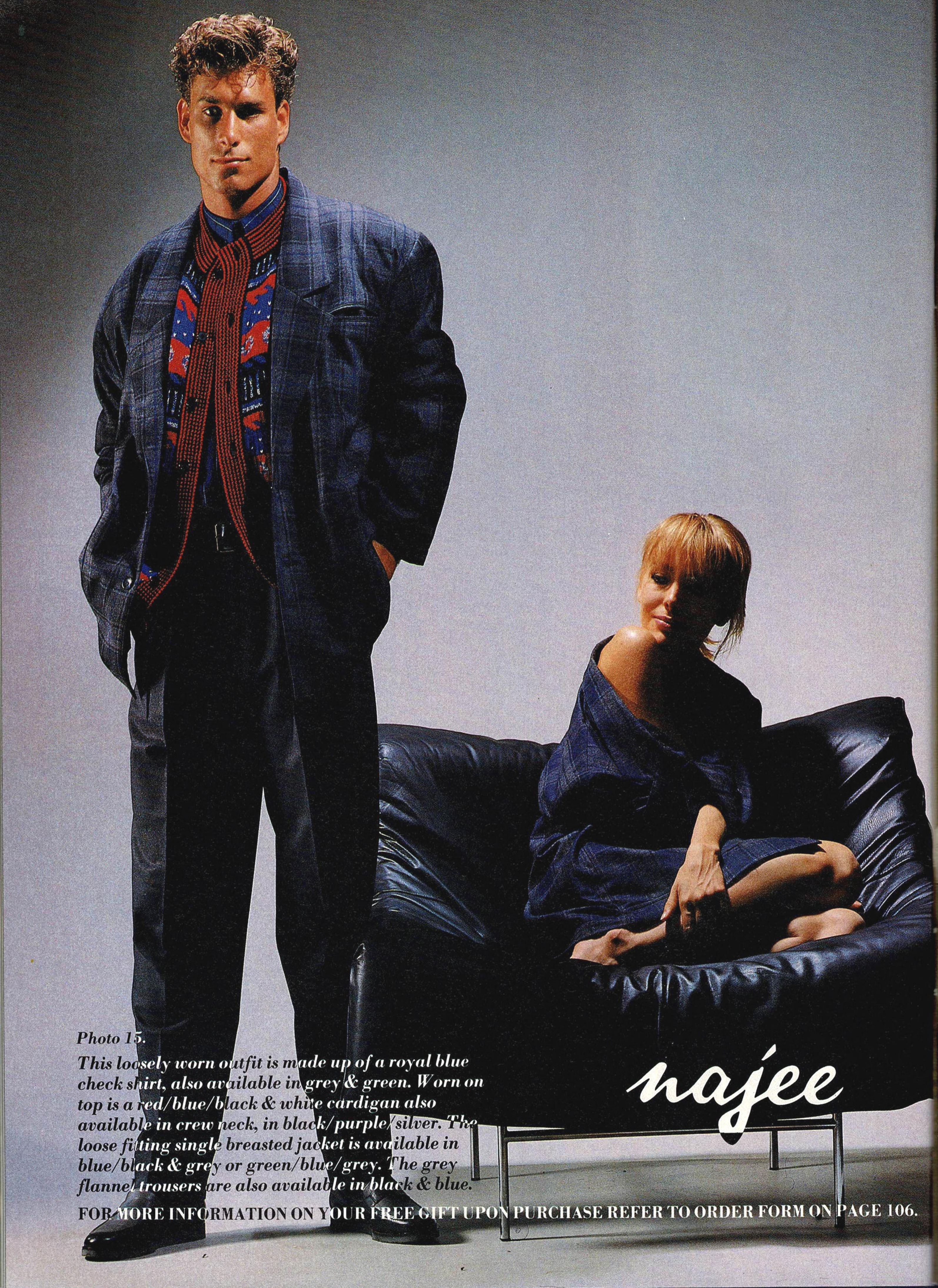

*Photo 15.*

***This loosely worn outfit is made up of a royal blue check shirt, also available in grey & green. Worn on top is a red/blue/black & white cardigan also available in crew neck, in black/purple/silver. The loose fitting single breasted jacket is available in blue/black & grey or green/blue/grey. The grey flannel trousers are also available in black & blue.***

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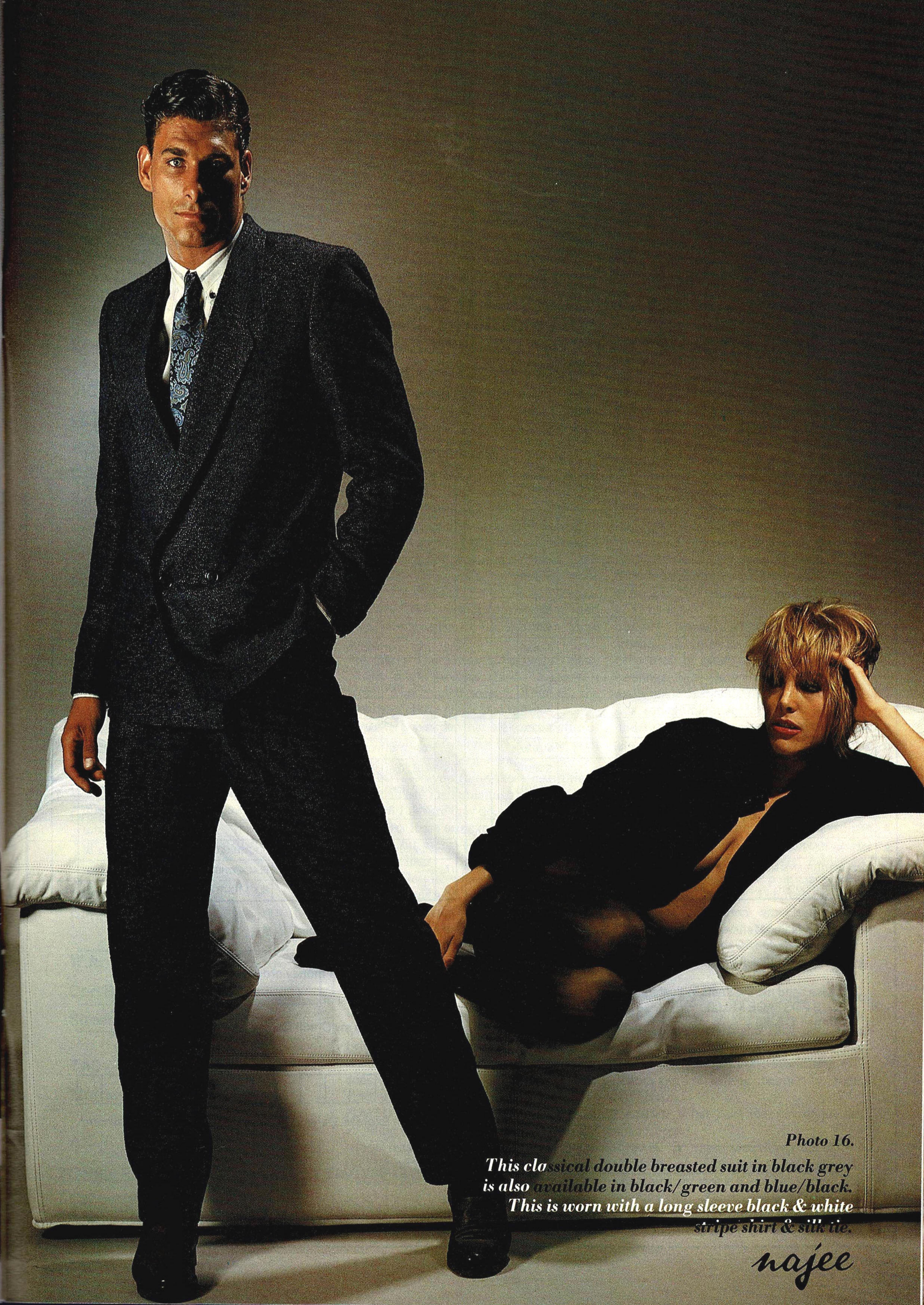

*Photo 16.*

***This classical double breasted suit in black grey is also available in black/green and blue/black. This is worn with a long sleeve black & white stripe shirt & silk tie.***

Photo 17.

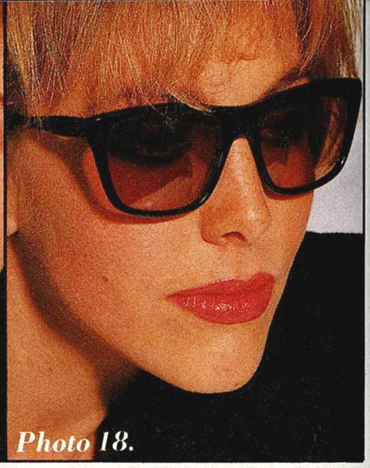

Photo 18.

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NAJEE IS OFFERING AN EXCLUSIVE OPPORTUNITY TO PLAYBOY READERS.
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OVER $500.00 (see photo 17)
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# DARCY DUGAN

(continued from page 34)

*I consider I'm a victim of the on-going conspiracy in NSW between the police, pollies and judges.*

**DUGAN:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** The paper says you were prepared to kill.

**DUGAN:** I have never shot anybody in my life.

**PLAYBOY:** They go on to say that while you were speaking freely about jail reform and rehabilitating prisoners, you were secretly waging your war against society and the police.

**DUGAN:** Look, I did my time in jail and when I came out I said things that the police didn't like. It's as simple as that. So, they had me portrayed as somebody who would never reform, framed me with the service station job and had me put back inside.

**PLAYBOY:** The story goes: "He listed for death a judge, four CIB detectives and another criminal. . ."

**DUGAN:** Oh, no. That information was all supposed to be written down in some book I kept. They never produced the book.

**PLAYBOY:** "He had a list of victims he planned to kidnap. . ."

**DUGAN:** I've never kidnapped anybody and I've never planned a kidnap. More romance.

**PLAYBOY:** The lasting impression many people might have of Darcy Dugan is a fellow who conned society. After all, the newspapers and police said so.

**DUGAN:** I consider that bloke is a victim of the on-going conspiracy in NSW between the police, the pollies and judges.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think those institutions are capable of manipulating the media?

**DUGAN:** I'm sure they do.

**PLAYBOY:** If we can explore the politics of prison a bit more — what is the inmates' hierarchy like?

**DUGAN:** Despite what some people might think, the jails aren't run by committees of prisoners. I guess there is a pecking order of sorts, however. As far as I was concerned, I didn't get involved in the politics. Other prisoners knew who I was and left me alone.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the problem of drugs in jails?

**DUGAN:** Drugs are smuggled into jails but not in enormous amounts. Visitors usually bring them in and sometimes there are warders involved. As far as the inmates are concerned, it pays to know who to steer clear of.

**PLAYBOY:** Many journalists believe in avoiding stories on convicted felons for the simple reason that while 90 percent of what they say might be true, the rest could be lies.

**DUGAN:** The problem often is that there are loved ones or friends the fella is anxious to protect. Rather than say anything that might cause them harm, he will tell a lie or leave something out of the story. Unfortunately, there are people who for various reasons want to bring him undone and they will pick up on those items and use them to destroy everything else he said.

**PLAYBOY:** If they announced another royal commission into prisons and you were invited to appear, what would you say?

**DUGAN:** I'd like to say something that I thought would be constructive but you are dealing with a system that is based upon falsehood. It has been going on for so long and is so entrenched that I doubt if any single person could do anything that would make them stop and think about effecting real change to the prison system. Look at the Bathurst jail riots and what the prisoners said about the floggings in that jail! When it came down to investigating those allegations it was simply the word of the prisoners accusing their jailers.

**PLAYBOY:** You weren't in Bathurst at the time of the riot and the subsequent burning of the jail. Did you think good would come of it?

**DUGAN:** That was a topic of great discussion among all inmates. So many other ways had been tried in order to put an end to the bashings. But when Bathurst blew up it really made the politicians take notice. Here was something that could not be swept under the rug. The prisoners' grievances about overcrowding and the floggings were heard and I think that many people were genuinely shocked to learn of the pattern of violence in NSW jails. The politicians normally couldn't have cared less about warders bashing prisoners but this time they had to. A jail had been destroyed and it would cost a lot of taxpayers' money to replace it. So, for once, the politicians had to do something about it. The message from the prison population was clear: "We'll keep burning jails unless the politicians clean up the stinking system."

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any coppers you've liked?

**DUGAN:** Yes, I can think of a couple who are intelligent, worthy of respect. They took pride in their work and they used their brains. They didn't have to behave like those other dumb idiots, fabricating evidence and verballing people to score convictions.

**PLAYBOY:** What does that say about our police forces?

**DUGAN:** It says something about the standard of recruitment and it says something far worse about the society that tolerates it. They say you get the government you deserve. You also get the police force you deserve. For instance, if a young copper wants to get on and become a detective, he is not going to succeed unless he meets with the approval of his seniors. Once upon a time such a bloke might have come under the influence of (the then) Detective Sergeant Ray Kelly. His nickname was "Verbal" Kelly. He would grab a suspect and he'd say, "Look, we know this bloke's guilty. We want to put him away but we need a confession." Then he'd turn to the young copper and say: "You heard that, he just said he did it," and if the young copper disagreed with the senior man, well, he could forget about getting on in the force. He'd be on his way to the backblocks so fast it wouldn't be funny. And that's how they perpetuate the system and keep the honest cops on the outer. For instance, it is very hard to get bail unless you are prepared to pay the police. They'll arrange a rendezvous and you'll bring the money. Usually, you're met by another cop, not the fellas who arrested you.

**PLAYBOY:** The average Sydneysider accepts that corruption goes all the way to the top, that senior police and very senior politicians are involved, yet it doesn't seem to worry him. Isn't that a healthy attitude?

**DUGAN:** No, *everybody* should be concerned and prepared to do something about it, if not for their own sake, then for their children's.

**PLAYBOY:** We have to wait until men like Robin Askin are dead before the public learns what they were getting up to in office.

**DUGAN:** Don't be under any misconceptions about Askin. Sure he was corrupt during his time as NSW premier, but everybody must have known he was going to be that way. He was an SP bookie before he got into politics so it wasn't likely that he wouldn't look after his own. He used to take money from the gambling but not from anything else. He was clean as far as drugs and other lines of corruption were concerned. Kelly was Askin's bagman. Kelly was a bad copper as was Fred Krahe.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about Krahe.

**DUGAN:** The Guildford armored van robbery was one of the greatest crimes ever pulled in NSW. They got away with $600,000.

**PLAYBOY:** That was when the so-called Melbourne Toe-cutter gang got hold of the robbers and relieved them of the money. . .

**DUGAN:** Melbourne gang? Bullshit! It was the NSW police. Fred Krahe first approached me to do the job but I managed to put him off. Baldy Blair, a fella called Jones, the Chinaman and another bloke were finally recruited. Krahe had all the information down pat and when he spoke to me he proposed a 50-50 split. I didn't trust Krahe, but I was too wary to say no straight out. By the time the robbery was performed I was in Maitland jail, anyway. When it came to splitting the dough with Krahe, he demanded $25,000 extra from each of them "for the boys downtown". Blair said no. Jones said no. The other bloke paid and the Chinaman said, "I'll let you know in the morning," and went straight to Mascot and jumped on an overseas flight, got clean away with his dough. Krahe got two fellas to kidnap Blair. He had about $93,000 left and they demanded all of it. They tortured him by cutting off his toes one by one with boltcutters. He must have known they were going to kill him anyway, so he didn't tell them. They cut off all his toes from both feet. He still didn't tell. Then they got to work on him with a plumber's blowtorch and they burnt it out of him. I believe they then killed him with a bullet in the head and dumped his body in the Hawkesbury area somewhere.

Jones was next but first they had to kidnap him. No doubt he was aware they'd got Baldy so he was ready. They walked into the Coogee Bay Hotel where Jones was sitting. They had guns but Jones pulled out a .45 and said, "If you want me to come with you, we'll go together." They backed down. Eventually, those two blokes were executed. You see, Krahe couldn't leave any evidence of his involvement. That's when I started shitting because I thought he would remember that I knew he planned the robbery. They never found Baldy Blair but the message was clear: if you fuck about with the cops, they'll kill you. Yet even this business was too hot for someone as dangerous as Krahe. Senior police found out about it and he was told to retire.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe the Krahe tradition survives today?

**DUGAN:** They've followed in his footsteps.

**PLAYBOY:** From the situation you describe, it seems that if you pull a small thread in the corruption web, you snag too many big ones.

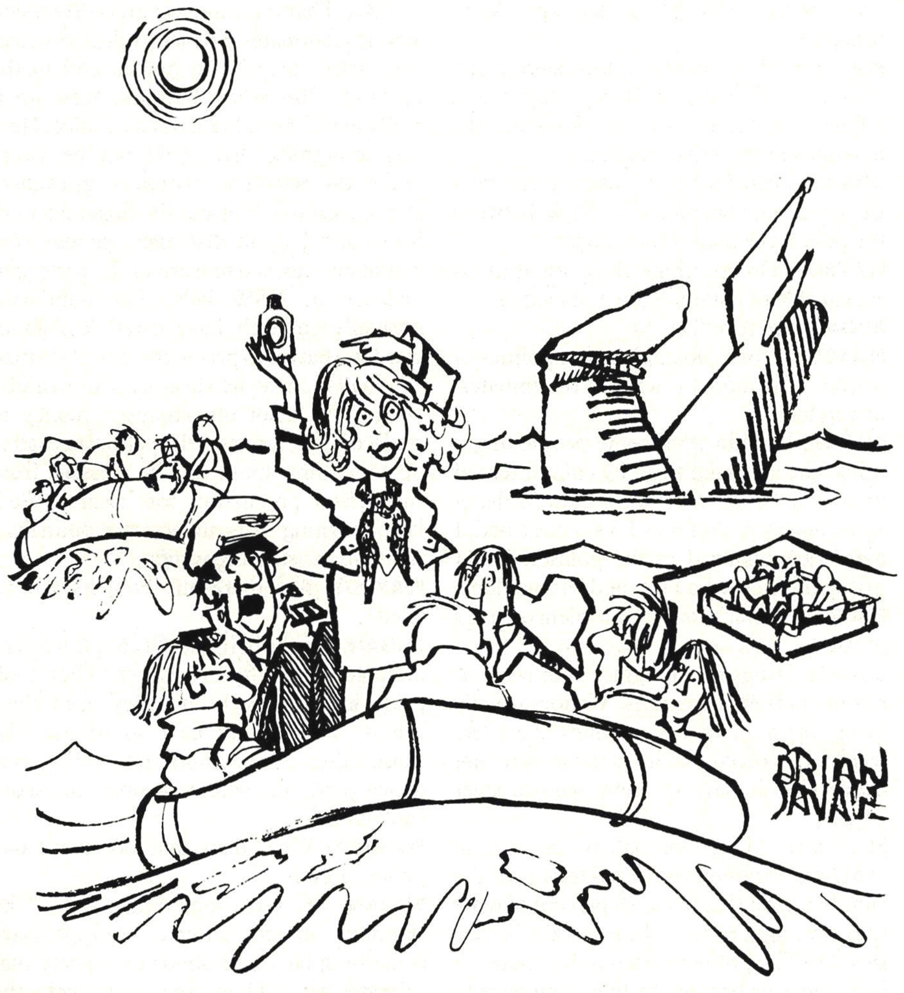
**DUGAN:** It's a joke. They find one bad copper and throw him out of the force. Does anybody really believe that this man was operating alone, that he could have been involved in crime and corruption for years without the blessing of his seniors?

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you've despaired about the possibility of cleaning it up.

**DUGAN:** I don't care. It's society's fault. If people are prepared to turn a blind eye, they deserve what they get. Society has become decadent and I think that's the real tragedy.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do with your time now?

**DUGAN:** I paint and I'm writing a book of my experiences. I don't know how the book will be received. Perhaps nobody will care but maybe a few people will take notice and learn something from it. It won't worry the cops. I don't think they see me as a threat anymore. It's gone past that now.



*"Air Hostess Wendy will demonstrate how to apply your complimentary sun screen lotion."*

# LATE BLOOMER

**Beautiful Kim Morris says she flowered very late. Boy, was it worth the wait!**

Kim Morris claims she used to be an ugly duckling. "I was a late bloomer, putting it bluntly," she says. "I wore a boyish haircut and I was always very short. I thought I was never going to grow up." Now, at 27, Kim is confident and comfortable.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS/STEVE WAYDA.

"During my last two years of high school I started filling out. I thought, this is wonderful. I hope I didn't get too cocky," says Kim. Not a chance. Cockiness isn't a part of Kim's make-up. She's quiet, she observes, then she moves. "I'm a listener," she explains. "I can observe and listen and pretty much figure out where people are coming from. Usually from the first couple of things they say or how they move, their body language. I'm not dull, that's for sure," she says. "There's always going to be that spontaneous spark in me. I'm always going to be thinking of new ways to tease and please. I think I'm a lot of things rolled into one. I'm home-loving, I'm down to earth, I'm flighty, I'm interesting, I think. I can be quiet or I can be full of questions and not afraid of anything. And I can sit back and just look."

# BRONCBUSTERS

(continued from page 52)

*Hilton: "You've got to have a lot of 'try' in you to be a rodeo rider. You've got to ache to be the best."*

causes friction on the animal's sexual organs, making the bronc buck through pain and discomfort. "They [*the bucking horses*] have been ridden so many times, they would have been broken a thousand times over," Gibbs says.

In response, Peter Gill claims the fleecy-lined strap is used to balance the horse's bucking pattern, and in no way causes pain, nor comes in contact with the genitals. After the politician's remarks, Gill issued a challenge to Gibbs to try his luck on the 25-year-old veteran bucking horse Troubles, who, by Gibbs's own logic, should be broken in and docile enough to ride without a flank strap. The challenge has not been taken up.

In the stock pens, the animals look sleek and contented. "These animals are our bread and butter," says Peter Gill. "Why would we mistreat them? Anybody can come in here and inspect our stock, but the Animal Liberation people won't do that. They're completely ignorant about bucking stock. The plain fact is that bucking horses love to buck, just as racehorses love to race. It's in their blood. These animals have been rejected as work horses on stations and other properties because of that very trait — they won't let anybody ride them. We give them a life as performing horses, doing what they like to do. Some of them are still bucking at 30 years of age. If you could ask them, I reckon they'd say it's a better deal than ending up in the slaughteryards."

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Bernie "Red" Smythe has been calf-roping and steer wrestling for most of his life, but reckons it's just a job. If anybody should be termed Mr Cowboy, it's Bernie. As well as being a consistent winner in time events, Bernie is a top saddle bronc rider — an unusual combination in rodeo. Smythe is an easy-going, good-natured professional. At 27 he's an old hand, and knows the business inside out, but he's cynical about his chances of financial survival. He's one of the pros who can earn the big money, but reckons it costs 25 grand to make 30. He rides in 60 rodeos a year, and averages a payout of $150 per rodeo in entry fees alone. Add to that the escalating costs of diesel fuel, horse feed, and living expenses, and he reckons the profit margin's as low as a politician's sincerity. Unlike rough stock cowboys, who only need to carry riding gear, team-event riders have the added expense of hauling and maintaining their horses. Smythe competed in the US in 1984, and plans to go back. "In the States if you're a winner you can make a good living," he says. "You can't do that here."

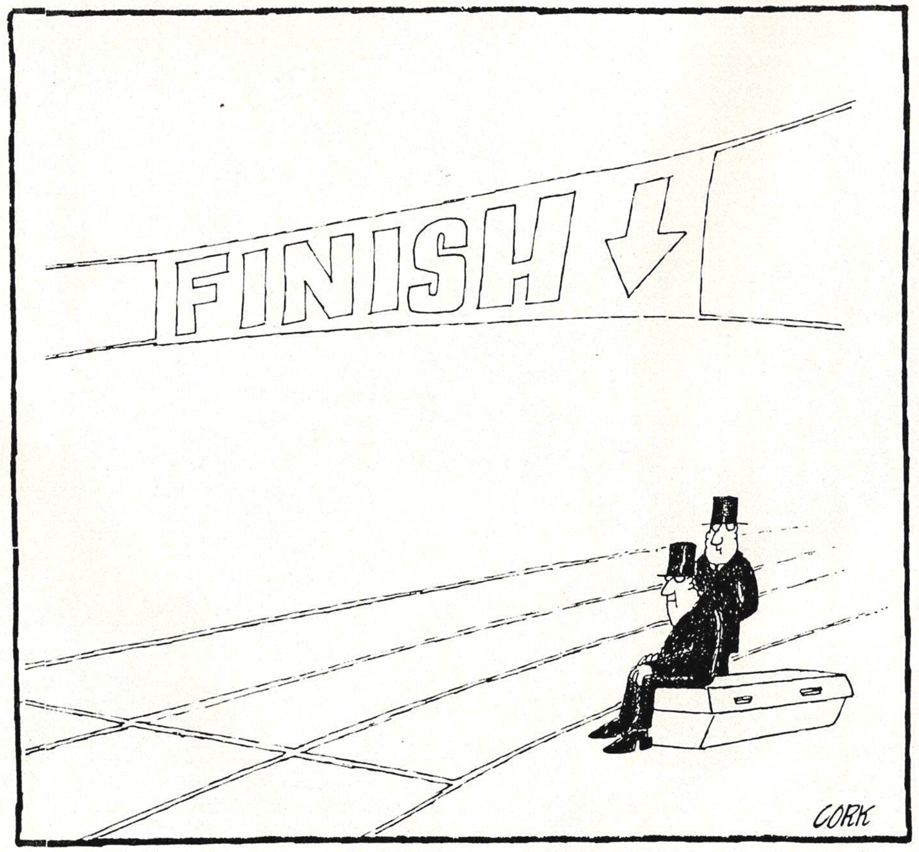
It's a tough way to make a buck, no matter where you do it. Calf roping and steer wrestling (bulldogging) are part of the time events, where riding skills and all-round horsemanship are essential. Unlike bull and bronc riding, where a gutsy dude with enough cash to sign up for a basic riding course can make it to the top, in time-event rodeo you've got to be a horseman from the toenails up.

In steer wrestling, a mounted cowboy chases the animal, leaps from his horse and wrestles the steer to the ground by the horns. In calf roping, a lariat is used to lasso the fleeing calf and jerk it to a halt in mid-flight. The rider's well-trained horse skids to a halt, backs up, and the rider dismounts, runs down the rope and throws the calf. He then quickly ropes a foreleg and both hind legs together. In team roping, two horsemen attempt to rope a steer front and back by both the horns and the hind legs. All three events depend upon speed and practice timing; fractions of a second can determine winners from losers. And in this business you can forget about losing.

Rodeo in the '80s has spawned a new breed of cowboy. He's young, athletic, and his background may be unrelated to livestock experience or riding skills. He's usually a non-smoker, drinks little or not at all, and treats rodeo as a serious profession. Unlike the bigger, burlier, time-event riders, the new-breed cowboy is smaller, and unfailingly opts for rough-stock events. On bulls and broncs, he has the advantage of a light weight, and the added ability to shift around, directing his ride in accordance with a particular bucking pattern. He's got guts, charisma and a tenacious will to win. The new-breed cowboy is the hero of the bucking arena, and he's the key to rodeo's future.

Have a look at Davey Johnston, ex Sydney surfer, now bull and bareback bronc rider. Johnston is good looking, tough and out for the big money. In 1981 he won the National Bull Riding title, and followed it up with a successful tour of the North American rodeos. In 1984 a bull crushed his leg in the chute, putting him out of the action and the prize money for most of the year. "It's an occupational hazard," he says. "You can't do anything about it once it happens, so I just treat it as a holiday and enjoy the time off."

Norm Hilton is another new-breed cowboy. He won the 1984 Bull Riding Championship but most of the '85 season was bad for Norm. He treated it as a temporary flat spot which would soon iron itself out. "You get a few bad draws in the rough stock, and it affects your riding," he says. "If they don't buck good, it's like a poor hand in cards. You give it a go, but you can only do so much." Norm travels with his wife, Helen, in a 4-tonne truck with a hand-made canopy on the back. According to Helen, it's not always easy living with a professional cowboy. "A girl should never try to change him, because it's his total existence," she says. Hilton has been riding pro for 13 years, and his philosophy is simple: "You've got to have a lot of 'try' in you to be a rodeo rider. You've got to ache to be the best."



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The real stuff of rodeo starts behind the chutes. This is Edge City, a dusty backyard-sized area hemmed in by stock herding fences, running lanes and, at the front, the line of six chutes. This is where the rough-stock cowboys psych up for the moment of truth, and the big money. There's a thousand bucks for the winners of each event, and there isn't a cowboy for a thousand miles who couldn't use that kind of bread.

These are the nitty-gritty cowboys, the elite band of rodeo heroes. They know their draw — which animal they'll ride — and they're checking their head files on him right now. If they haven't "rode" him before, they've already talked to somebody who has. How will he jump out of the chute? Which way will he turn? Will he buck straight or spin? Psyching up means a ritual of stretching exercises, inspecting and adjusting saddles and riding ropes, pacing, and emptying the mind, finally, of everything except that eight-second period of eternity from the chute to the time bell.

The saddle bronc ride, formerly known as buckjumping, is rodeo's classic event, and evolved directly from the "breaking" of wild brumbies. The rules are simple. The rider must stay on the horse for eight seconds flat, he must "mark out" on the first jump from the chute — that is, his dull-spurred heels have to make definite contact with the area forward of the horse's shoulders and his free hand must not "touch down" on the horse or his own body. As in all rough-stock events, two judges score from the arena, one on each side of the horse and rider. Each judge rates both horse and rider from one to 25, giving a maximum score of 100. Each judge will score differently, because a rider moves differently on each side. One leg will score well, the other not so well. It isn't enough just to stay on the animal, the 'boy has to spur on and move around correctly, and ride with style.

With both saddle bronc and bareback events, two mounted pick-up men are on hand to catch the bucking horse at the end of each ride, and lead the animal from the arena.

Six horses are in the chutes, riders fitting saddles and head-reins. The horses shift nervously, wide-eyed. One goes down on his knees, and is hauled back up with ropes. The chute boss calls the rider's name. Cowboys quietly crowd the rails behind the chutes, as the first rider mounts, squirms for the right position. With a quick nod, he signals he's ready. The gate clangs open. The cowboys yell, cheer with the crowd. Hey 'boy! Ride that bronc!

Bernie Smythe has drawn Bed Of Roses, a big black mare of 16 hands. She jumps well and bucks high. Bernie marks out nicely, and times his movements to fit the horse's style. She's a good scoring horse, and Bernie is still riding aggressively when the bell sounds. Seventy-five points.

Norm Hilton will ride the fiery Brock, a handsome brown gelding from the Gill Bros stable. Every rider hopes for a "rank" animal — the most challenging, a top points scorer — and Brock always fits the bill: a bronc rider's bronc. Brock loves to buck, the cowboys say, but if you don't ride him right, you ain't going to ride him at all. Hilton knows this horse, and he's primed for a top ride. Brock is what they call a money horse, and Norm Hilton reckons it's time his bad run was broken.

But Brock hasn't read the script. He struggles and thumps in the chute. Peter Gill rubs his neck, trying to calm him down. Hilton dismounts, straddles the chute rails, mounts again. Minutes pass, and Brock shows his teeth. Suddenly Hilton nods, the gate swings open, and Brock is in the air, fighting. Hilton starts badly, loses rhythm, and can't find his balance. It's a quick buck-off. Hilton lands hard. No points.

They roll through the chutes, the country's best riders and horses. Brendan Clarke on Charlie's Pride; Brad Southon on Rawbell; Steve Gibson, conqueror of the "unrode" champion mare Blondie at Mt Isa Rodeo and a winner at the 1979 Calgary Stampede in Canada, rides Spring Creek in a well-controlled performance. But nobody is surprised when Bernie Smythe's ride takes out the money. Cool, and always the professional, Bernie sees no reason to get excited. It's just another payday in the life of a hard-working cowboy.

In the bareback bronc event, the rider must still mark out, without the benefits of saddle, stirrups or rein. He hangs on to a suitcase-like handle on a special rigging, his only aid a carefully-resined glove. It's a bone-jarring contest, and imposes such a strain on the riding arm that the bareback rider sometimes suffers from a condition known as hypertrophy, a stretching, or enlargement, of a bone in the forearm.

You can tell the bareback riders are a different breed to the saddle bouncers. As their ride draws near, they wander about behind the chutes, practising their planned moves. They jerk, convulse and punch the air in a weird St Vitus dance performed to a background of shuffles and nervous snorts as the broncs are shunted through the lanes. They move their lips, and flex their single-gloved hands, looking carefully, as if a finger might be missing. They puff up, white-faced.

Adrian Lynch goes out on number 44, a local bronc named No Boots. Lynch, in his first year as a pro rider, is leading the Rookie Of The Year contest. No Boots leaves the chute in a back-shattering rage, scattering judges and officials from his path. Lynch is bounced away from his centre of gravity over the rigging, and swung across his hand, locking his fingers against the riding handle.

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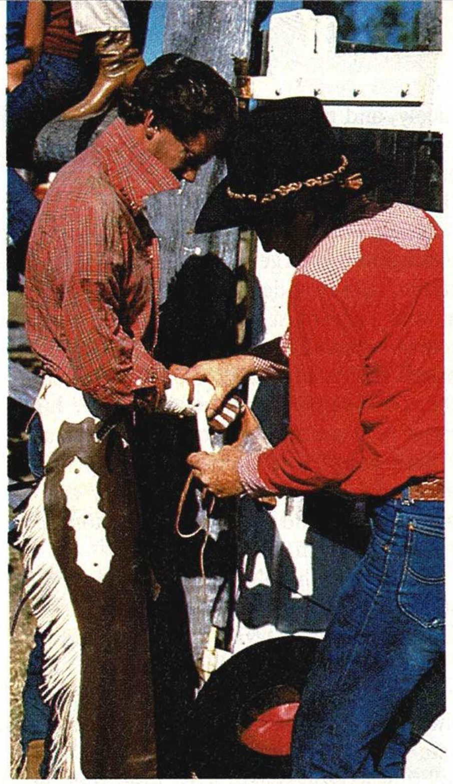
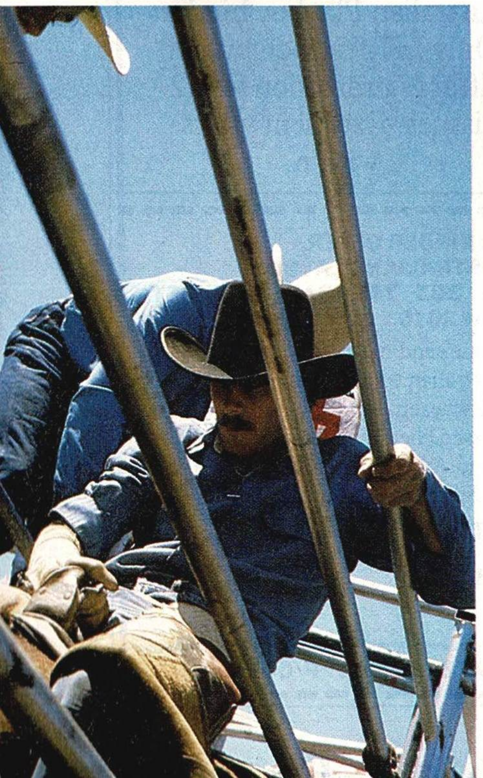
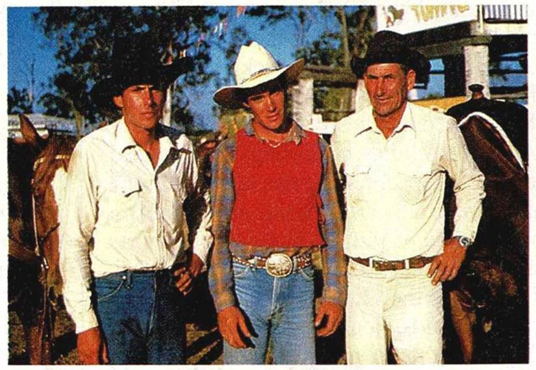
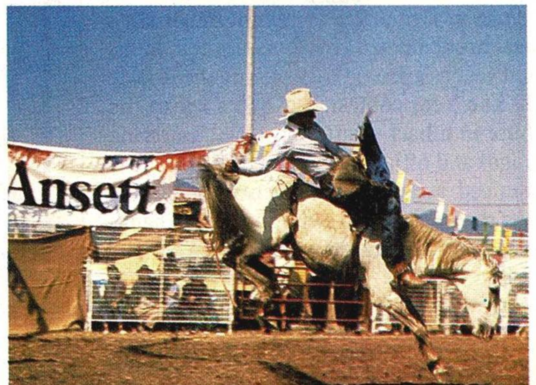








It's a "hang up", the rough-stock rider's nightmare! With his hand caught, Lynch struggles with his body weight, trying to avoid the chopping hooves. No Boots has the upper hand and he knows it. He spins in a vicious circle, dragging Lynch helplessly, until the pick-up team moves in, knocking him free. Lynch staggers from the arena, holding an arm which is already puffed around the wrist.

•

But no matter how tough they are, bucking horses take second place to the bulls. The bulls are the big-balled kings of the arena, the fair dinkum rough stock. Bull riding is the glamor event, the man against beast blood-and-guts event of rodeo. Bull riding is dangerous, and every crowd likes an edge of danger, a promise of blood.

Bull riders are the superstars, the elitist cowboys who pit their courage against a tonne of bucking muscle and bone. This is the event which keeps rodeo alive; without the bulls and the new-breed cowboys, the crowds would fade.

Bull riders use a single plaited rope with a built-in hand-hold to stay on the bull. The tail-end of the rope is looped in such a way that the rope should slacken and fall free if the rider is thrown. But it doesn't always happen that way. Depending upon the way he is thrown, the cowboy's hand can be trapped in the rope, resulting in a hang-up.

Because bulls will charge anything that moves, no pick-up riders are used, and the bull rider depends solely upon the rodeo clowns to distract the animal while he dismounts — or picks himself up, if he's been thrown.

"You could say it's a stuntman's job," says rodeo clown Ken Smith, "except for the fact you can't work out your moves beforehand. You've got a split second to decide what to do, and you better make sure it's the right one. A bull is like a big cat, and he's got heaps of brains between them horns. He can think, and he'll sort you out real quick."

There are two basic types of bucking bull. There's the straight-away bucker, a bull which usually follows a straight-up, straight-down pattern, and the spinning bull, one which will buck in a fast spinning motion, causing either a centrifugal spin-off to the outside, or a sucking down-draught to the inside, known among cowboys as "going down the well". The "weller" is the bane of all bull riders — a different, unpredictable beast who has a tendency to hook at the hapless rider with his horns during the spin.

The animals, of course, do not always conform to pattern, and a weller can become a straight-away, and vice versa, or a combination of both. The eternal dilemma of the bull rider is: What's the bastard going to do this time?

•

The bulls get prodded into the chutes. When they feel stubborn, they nudge the rails and the world shakes. The chute boss hopes he won't get a chute fighter — a mean, cantankerous beast who will never co-operate. The tension is thick enough to lean on. Now there's a feeling of menace. A bull rams his massive head up against the rails, hump quivering, as if looking for a particular rider.

The drama begins. Norm Hilton has drawn Ivory Lightning, a magnificent Brahman cross, rated as one of the finest bucking bulls in the world. He's the star bull of the rodeo circuit, and all Hilton has to do is ride him, and walk away with the purse. But Ivory won't be easy. He's a powerhouse performer who's had the best on the ground. Ivory is touchy in the chute, and rams his side into the rails, so Hilton can't put his legs down. The crowd is buzzing. Norm Hilton is a favorite, and they're right behind him. But Hilton empties his mind. The ride, the ride. Ivory snorts, spraying snot over the chute crew, bellows, and quietens enough for Hilton to get his legs into position. Without a pause, he nods, his face taut.

Bursting free of the chute, farting, bell clanging, Ivory Lightning goes for the sky — two, three, four seconds, and Hilton is flopping sideways like a rag doll. He's hung up, desperately trying to untangle his hand. Ivory whirls in a spin, flapping Hilton against his flank. Around and around, hooking at the rider, the big bull has kill in his brain. The crowd is roaring. The rodeo clowns rush in close; one of them leaps a foot in front of Ivory's head while the other darts in and tugs at the jammed riding rope. He's hooked hard in the ribs and knocked away, but he takes the rope with him, and Hilton staggers clear of the maddened bull. Ivory switches his tail and turns on the clowns who tumble and cavort for the crowd.

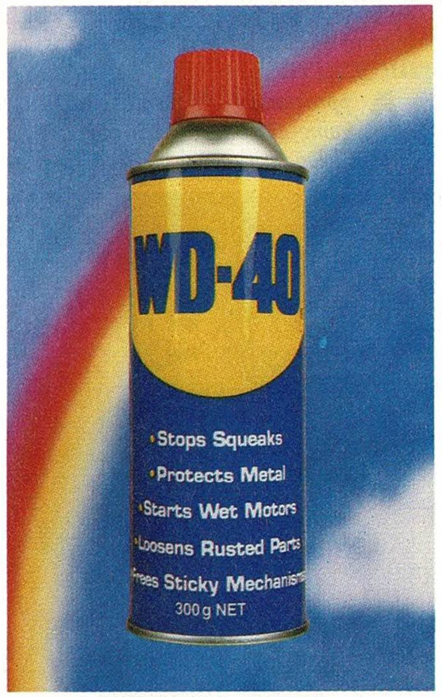
"I'm all right," Hilton says, his face white from shock and streaked with cuts and abrasions. "Ivory's a good bull," he mumbles from a swollen jaw, "but I'll get him next time."

Davey Johnston wraps up the money on Fireball, scoring a high 81 points for a copybook ride. But after the bell, Fireball has the last say, and "backdoors" Davey as he attempts a fancy dismount. Johnston lands heavily on his head. The crowd cheers as Johnston gets to his feet and walks groggily from the arena, a big surfer grin splitting his face. "All in a day's work," he says, rubbing his head. "You've gotta make a living somehow."

•

After the last ride, the cowboys pack up and move out. The next rodeo is down the road, and the prize money is waiting. The rough stock animals are in their pens, munching lucerne, and swishing their tails. They'll meet again soon, the cowboys, the bulls, and the broncs, and when they do there'll be some old scores to settle.

What a difference a spray makes



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# SEX NEWS

**_Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views._**

*My wife has recently had our first child and I ask her if her vagina will stay bigger than before and she says she doesn't know. Does a child make any sort of difference to people's sex lives?*

*— C.L., SA.*

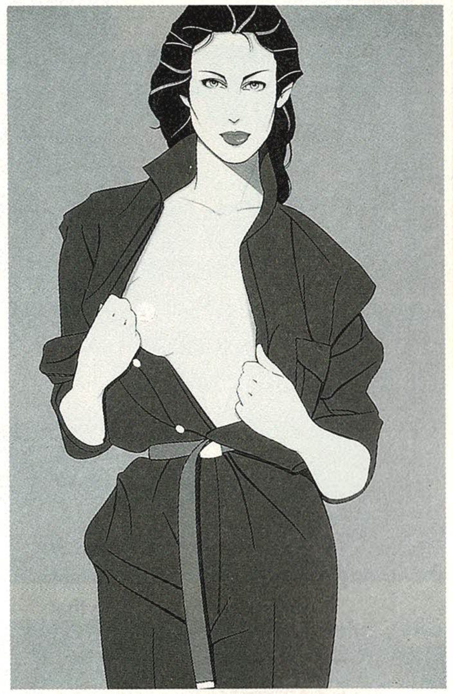
Your wife's vagina has undergone enormous changes during the birth of her child and it will take a while before the tissues and muscles involved recover from the extreme stretching involved. It will help if your wife learns to exercise the muscles surrounding the vagina. She can do this by inserting two fingers into the vagina, then spreading them out like a pair of scissors. She can then see if she can push those fingers together using the muscles surrounding the vagina. (If she doesn't know how to contract the muscles, the next time she goes to the toilet she should try stopping and starting the flow of urine. When she does this she will feel her vaginal muscles moving in and out. Once she has identified the sensations involved with moving the muscles, she can go back and practise with her scissors movement.) Regular practice (contracting and relaxing the muscles up to 100 times a day) will strengthen the muscles and make the vagina more snug.

When the vaginal muscles are extremely overstretched it is sometimes necessary to have a surgical vaginal repair operation to tighten the muscles. However, it is far better to first explore these simple exercises to see if they help.

A new baby certainly can make a difference to the sex life of its parents and many couples do find parenthood plays havoc with even the most enthusiastic sexual relationship.

Most mothers find it difficult to maintain a normal sexual drive while coping with the demands of a new baby — the interrupted sleep, stress and sheer hard work involved with caring for a new baby makes sex a very low priority.

Breast feeding, which for some women is a very sensual experience, can also dampen a woman's libido, diverting her sensual needs away from her sexual relationship with her husband. There are also hormonal effects which can take their toll, changes in body image, fear of pain or discomfort after giving birth, lack of privacy, lack of uninterrupted time for lovemaking. . . there are many factors which can affect sexuality at this time and they will have different effects on different women. There *are* women who sail through this period with a nice healthy libido — they are the lucky ones — but for the rest who are struggling to maintain a sexual relationship with their partners, it is crucial that the male is sympathetic and understanding. A new baby is often a real test of your total relationship, but provided you are able to communicate and maintain some degree of intimacy, your sexual relationship will usually recover. (The women who have trouble regaining sexual interest once their children are older are often women who have gone through long periods having sex simply to please their partners. If you do it often enough without enjoying it, eventually obligatory sex becomes a pattern which is hard to break.)



*Approximately 16 months ago I started going out with my current boyfriend (whom I love very much). About six months after the relationship began, I felt myself losing interest in sex. I found I couldn't be bothered, was bored or too tired. In no way has my interest waned in my boyfriend; if anything, the way I feel about him has grown stronger.*

*We now live together but the situation hasn't got any better. We'd average having sex once a week (I'm always tight and dry), and for a 20 and 21-year-old couple this is not natural. He is so understanding, but I know it upsets him very much.*

*At his age he should be having sex twice a day. The thing that's so strange is that I used to adore having sex. I've gone from one extreme to another.*

*I think I've orgasmed once but then again I'm not sure. How is it supposed to feel? I don't even know.*

*— T.D., WA.*

Who says you *should* be having sex twice a day? There are no "shoulds" about sex. It is quite reasonable to be concerned about your lack of interest in sex because this upsets your boyfriend, but your fear that it's not normal to only want sex occasionally is a problem.

In fact there are many 20-year-old women who have a low libido — it is probably statistically quite normal. Often it simply means you have yet to mature sexually and really learn to enjoy sex more fully but it is certainly not unusual.

In these circumstances it is perfectly natural you have a relatively low drive. After all, you don't really know what you are looking for until you are used to the experience of orgasm.

Most women who start off like you do learn to relax and enjoy lovemaking more — but that takes time, *plus* the right attitude and right relationship. If you are in a situation where you feel comfortable to simply enjoy what you are experiencing, to try out new things, to learn to communicate what feels nice and what doesn't, then you will find that sensations build up and the whole experience becomes more pleasurable.

But you won't grow and develop sexually if you feel under pressure to respond, if you are punishing yourself for not reaching orgasm, and if you are constantly afraid of letting your boyfriend down by not enjoying sex more.

In the beginning it's easy to adore sex without much arousal — it's all so new and exciting. But it becomes a question of substituting skill in giving and receiving pleasure for the initial excitement, and that's what the two of you have to build up together. It shouldn't be a trial — learning to make love well should be fun. But it will take time.

Talk to your boyfriend about all of this and when you do make love, let yourself enjoy it instead of punishing yourself for what you are *not* feeling. You may find that reading some good books on sexual technique will help you, such as *The Complete Book Of Sexual Positions* by Jessica Stewart plus you may like to read *Becoming Orgasmic* by Julia Heiman, Leslie and Joseph Lo Piccolo to help you learn more about your own arousal.

It is quite possible that even when you are responding more easily, you won't find you want sex each and every day. We all have different sexual drives and some of us simply desire sex more frequently than others — that applies to 20-year-olds as well as men and women in their fifties, sixties and seventies.

*I am a 17-year-old male but I have no pubic hair whatsoever and my right testicle hangs lower than my left.*

*As a result of this I am very self-conscious and every time I use a public toilet I am very nervous as I am afraid someone might be watching me.*

*— B.P., NSW.*

You have noted that your testicles hang at different levels; that is how it should be. In most men, the left is lower than the right but the reverse also occurs and it is quite easy to see why this should be so. How could you ever close your legs if your testicles hung at the same level?

Think how terrible you would feel if you got a knee-in at football or if one of your testicles was squeezed.

If testicles were at the same level, imagine the howls of anguish which would spread over the parade ground when the sergeant ordered "Attention!".

At 17 most males do show some pubic hair. Probably if you feel you don't show other normal signs of puberty, such as a lowered voice, it would be worth seeking medical attention to ascertain whether there could be some medical condition causing delay in puberty, such as diabetes, thyroid disease, adrenal or pituitary diseases. If necessary, supplementary hormones can be given to produce secondary sexual characteristics, but the hormones won't be given if everything else shows you are developing. In this case you will simply have to be satisfied with being a smooth-skinned man, and rest assured there are plenty of women who enjoy less hairy men.

We have it on good authority they don't all crave the cavemen type!

### SEX ADDICTION BOOM

Sexaholics Anonymous, the American self-help organisation for uncontrollable sex addicts, has grown from a little known organisation, careful to avoid publicity. Sex addiction has now hit the big time with workshops, even hospitals, being established to cope with the increasing needs of those suffering sexual excess. Psychologists and psychiatrists are climbing on to the bandwagon, writing books on sex addiction, and professionals are involved in public slanging matches at sex therapy conferences, arguing over the intricacies of this new disease.

Dr Patrick Carnes, a psychologist and author of a new book, *The Sexual Addiction*, is the Billy Graham of the field. He regularly tours the country conducting workshops on counselling sexaholics, helping addicts establish self-help groups, offering advice to the sex-crazed. When he is not proselytising on the road, Carnes directs the Family Renewal Centre at Fairview Southdale Hospital in Minneapolis. He boasts his hometown has at least 40 self-help groups for sex addicts. Carnes has developed a Sexual Addiction Screening Test which includes such questions as:

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# NEXT MONTH

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THE GREAT CONTENDER: BOXER **JOE BUGNER** TURNS SOCIETY HEAVYWEIGHT

HEAT AND BULLDUST: DIRT BIKE MADNESS ON THE **FINKE DESERT RALLY**

"Have you subscribed to or regularly purchased sexually explicit magazines?" and "Do you often find yourself preoccupied with sexual thoughts?"

On the basis of research using his test, Carnes estimates one in 12 Americans is a sex addict. Most exhibit what Carnes calls level one addiction: they are overly involved in masturbation, pornography, prostitution, and habitual heterosexual or homosexual promiscuity. Although those activities are common and highly tolerated, Carnes says they become addictions when they begin to interfere with daily living. He seems to define addiction by its negative consequences — financial burdens, lost work time, disrupted family lives. Thus an addict is someone who is harmed by his sexual behavior, either physically or psychologically.

For example, masturbation is a normal part of sexual development. But, according to Carnes, masturbation becomes addictive when a person does it to the point of injury. For some addicts, "masturbation is a daily trial that is like a shadow over their lives". Carnes promotes "appropriate" behavior, especially its staple — monogamy. Even visits to prostitutes are evidence of addiction.

Carnes's work is now receiving critical attention from other US sex experts. At a recent annual meeting of the American Association Of Sex Educators, Counsellors And Therapists (AASECT) Dr Eli Coleman, a psychologist at the University of Minnesota's Human Sexuality Program, criticised Carnes for seeing all sexual behavior as either healthy or addictive. Dr Coleman, who has studied sex addicts for more than four years, says that sexual behavior is like drinking — there are teetotallers, alcoholics and everything in between.

"All of us have trouble controlling our behavior at times. . . but I don't know if we can describe this as an addiction," Coleman observes. He says that true addicts "can't maintain any boundaries and cannot get any control". Their behavior exceeds the non-addict's by "quantum leaps".

Apart from Coleman's research, Mic Hunter, who works with addicts at Health Activation Services in Minneapolis, has conducted some research on members of Sex Addicts Anonymous. The results were also presented at the AASECT convention.

Hunter found that 98 percent of the members were white, 85 percent were male, 73 percent had at least four years of college, and 32 percent had graduate degrees. Half were professional. The most prevalent occupations were clergy, counsellors and psychologists.

Clergy form the largest subset of addicts, largely because they tote more guilt than the average person. Carnes revealed that his treatment centre had so many clergy referrals they thought of establishing a separate program exclusively for them.

More than half had parents who were alcoholics or drug addicts. Two-thirds of the women and 37 percent of the men had been sexually victimised as children or adolescents.

Hunter said half of the group masturbated and used porn compulsively. About a third each had tried voyeurism, exhibitionism, prostitution (as a client or a hooker), and sex with a minor. Ten percent of the SAA members, including five women, claimed to have raped someone.

Carnes, Coleman and others who treat sex addicts are very enthusiastic about self-help groups such as the Minneapolis-based Sex Addicts Anonymous. The guidelines for the groups are identical to the ones used by Alcoholics Anonymous, except that "sex" is substituted wherever "alcohol" appears. The groups started about five years ago. Between 500 and 1000 people belong to SAA in the Minneapolis area, Coleman reports. Minneapolis also has Co-SA, which imitates Alanon and Alateen, the groups for spouses and children of alcoholics.

Further groups have sprung up in other parts of America. Sexaholics Anonymous is based in California and is more fundamentalist than some of the other self-help organisations. Many of its members believe they cannot be "sober" until they give up all sexual behaviors except those which are part of a monogamous heterosexual relationship. While Carnes will allow "healthy masturbation", Sexaholics Anonymous believes there is no such thing.

Thus prudery may be one reason why sexologists have not embraced the concept of sex addiction. "The most vicious reactions I've received have been from the sexologists," Carnes complains. He claims that sexologists don't understand the level of addictive patterns and processes.

The controversy continues with most sex therapists and counsellors dismissing the claims of these new experts. "No one can really define sexual excess," said Dr William Masters, director of the Masters And Johnson Institute. As Dr Paul Gebhard, former director of the Kinsey Institute, points out, "It is almost impossible for males to overdo sex. Erectile capacity has a built-in safety catch."

In the meantime, sex addiction is filling the coffers of the therapists who claim to know how to treat it and more and more experts are ready to jump on to the bandwagon. It won't be long before this latest therapy fad hits Australia and plenty of our countrymen are no doubt guilty and confused enough about sex to line up eagerly for treatment.

**Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.**

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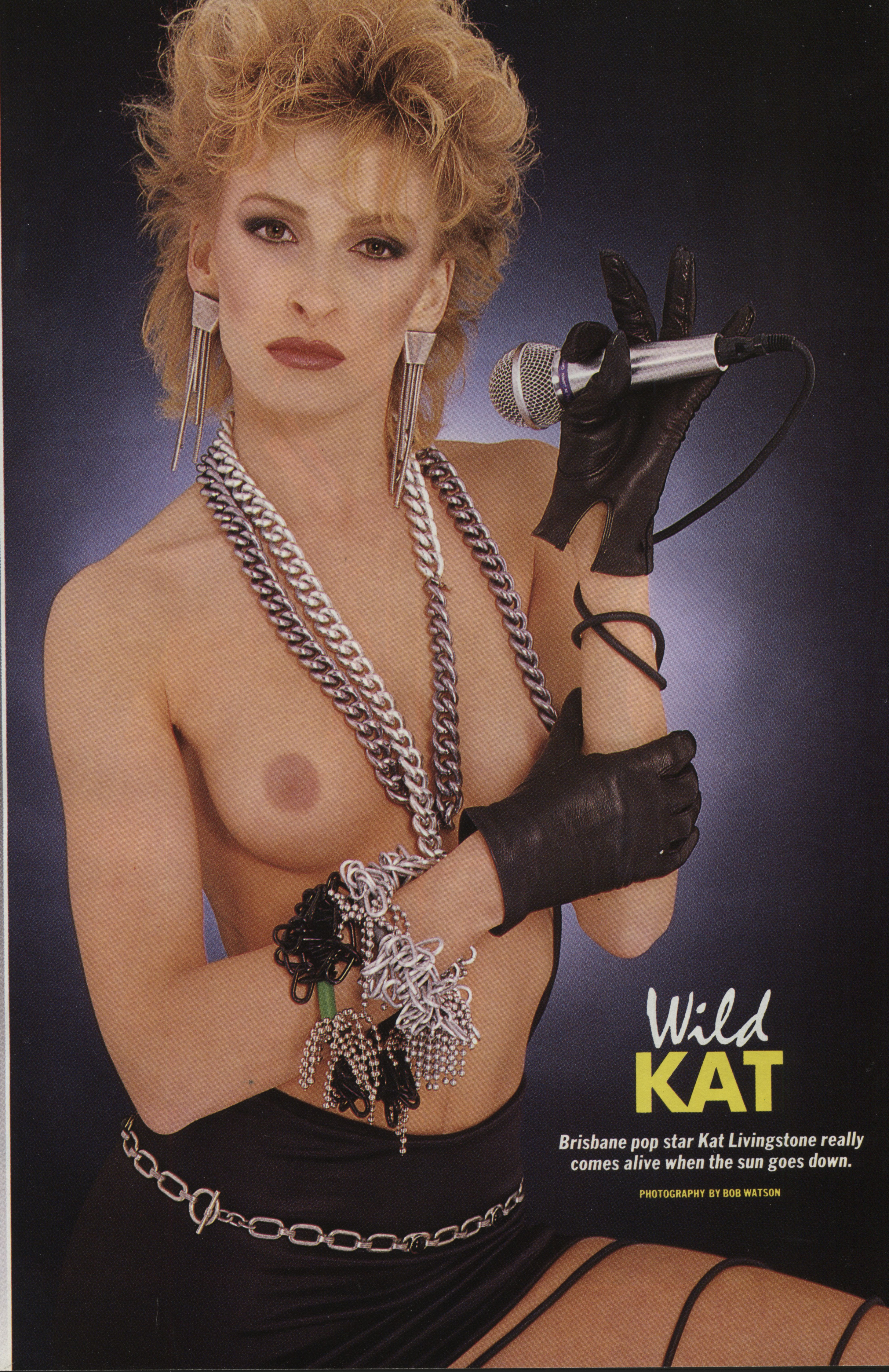
Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

The Rare Sherry layout (pages 75-83) replaced by Like Mother Like Daughter pictorial layout.



# Wild KAT

**Brisbane pop star Kat Livingstone really comes alive when the sun goes down.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

*Putting on a show is what rock'n'roll is all about, and Kat Livingstone does just that every time she gets up on stage with Brisbane electronic-synth band The Technicians. Leather-clad, and a wild mover, she's one hell of a reason to get down and see this outfit strut their high-tech stuff.*

*"I like getting dressed up a bit, getting on my make-up, and carrying on when I'm playing. The band has a good time, and the people watching have a good time too," she says.*

*But Kat isn't the only surprising thing about The Technicians. The other is that they've persisted with their original brand of electro-pop in Brisbane, and not headed south for the more lucrative audiences of Sydney and Melbourne. Part of the reason is that they've been able to spend the past year almost in isolation, writing and arranging their own songs. As well, they've sunk all their resources into a mountain of equipment that looks more like the control centre at NASA than a rock'n'roll stage, with two live*

synthesiser players, one live drummer, and a sequencer that plays pre-programmed rhythms and melodies.

"We take a lot of time to set up all the equipment, and programming the instruments to the point where 'It', my sequencer, is just another member of the band," Kat says.

The isolation is soon about to end, with the band planning a national tour and the recording of the best of their songs. But even hitting the road won't change the strange back-to-front life most rock'n'roll musicians lead.

"When you're not playing, you're practising, and when you're not doing either of those, you're sleeping," says Kat. "Then you get up the next day and start practising and playing all over again."

Sounds like there's not much time for anything else except music, but Kat still finds a chance to explore her fantasies with a bit of ink and pencil sketching.

PEARL

ROCK

*"For the moment they are really private," Kat smiles coyly. "It's a personal thing for my enjoyment. The only people who ever get to see them are friends into art and drawing."*

**And keeping fit? Well, all that raging on stage isn't enough, and Kat lifts weights at home every day, as well as going to the solarium to add a bit of color to her fair, Scottish skin.**

**Born and bred in Glasgow, but with an Aussie mum, Kat had played in a band there with The Technicians' songwriter and singer, Andy Richmond. One cold December day, after a bout of lousy weather, they packed up their synthesisers and headed for the sun.**

*"My first reaction on landing in Brisbane was to take off my jumper as fast as I could," Kat laughs.*

**One of the best things for Aussie rock'n'roll is that she didn't stop there!**

AXIS
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

# OH, SUSANNA!

***Our stunning Miss April, Susanna Montag, is nobody's fool.***

Beautiful Susanna Montag claims she lives a double life. "I work as a computer operator for a very high-powered company," she explains. "In the office I wear glasses and very sensible clothes. I guess I look like everyone's vision of the prim and proper librarian." Well, Susanna, any visions we have of you don't have much to do with books!

"But on weekends," she continues, "I really like to let my hair down. I do a lot of nude sunbathing and when I go to parties I like to wear really sexy, skimpy clothes. I guess I'm rebelling against the discipline and demands of my job. I think my boss would be a bit surprised if he knew that there's a flipside to my personality. He'll probably faint when he sees me in Australian PLAYBOY!"

As for men, Susanna says she's on the lookout for an intelligent, successful partner. "Looks don't interest me all that much and I certainly don't like those muscle-building types who preen themselves all the time!" she laughs. "I have a fairly high IQ and I like men who can match me. A sense of humor is pretty important, too. Some guys just take life far too seriously."

"I'm a bit of a flirt," she admits. "Sex is a game to me. I enjoy the chase and I guess that's why I wear really seductive clothes outside the office. I get a kick out of men looking at me. And I enjoy making love, especially on a balmy summer's afternoon when I'm feeling languid. Sex should be an unhurried thing. Four or five hours is ideal. . ."

# LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

*Yvonne Jaeger, our blonde and beautiful Miss October '85, is back. And this time she's brought her raven-haired mum.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

*When Yvonne Jaeger appeared as our October Playmate Of The Month last year we were astounded by the avalanche of reader mail. Many of you begged us for a further look at this stunning blonde beauty. Well, Yvonne informed us she had so much fun posing for her PLAYBOY photographs that she'd like to appear in the magazine again. We were astonished when she added that she'd like to pose with her mother, Noucha. Mother? This gorgeous creature is 22-year-old Yvonne's mother? Yvonne and Noucha were totally cool. They've been mistaken for sisters ever since Yvonne's been old enough to slip into Mum's clothes.*

*Noucha is a very poised and elegant 40-year-old brunette. She has done a lot of modelling and she often appears in front of the camera on modelling assignments with daughter Yvonne. "We both love posing," says Noucha, "and we've been able to help each other with our modelling careers. There's no professional jealousy between us. I am always very excited for Yvonne when she scores a big modelling job and she is equally as happy for me. Sometimes I step in for Yvonne if she's unable to make an assignment and I always tell the photographers that I'm her sister. No one has questioned it!"*

*The relationship between these two beautiful women is one of good friends rather than mother and daughter. "I've always been incredibly close to Noucha," explains Yvonne. "We have a lot in common. We love the outdoors and we enjoy collecting antiques and old bits and pieces. We give each other advice and, even though we do squabble occasionally, there's no rivalry between us. Luckily we don't have the same taste in men, otherwise we might just have some problems."*

# LATE BLOOMER

## Beautiful Kim Morris says she flowered very late. Boy, was it worth the wait!

Kim Morris claims she used to be an ugly duckling. "I was a late bloomer, putting it bluntly," she says. "I wore a boyish haircut and I was always very short. I thought I was never going to grow up." Now, at 27, Kim is confident and comfortable.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS/STEVE WAYDA.

"During my last two years of high school I started filling out. I thought, this is wonderful. I hope I didn't get too cocky," says Kim. Not a chance. Cockiness isn't a part of Kim's make-up. She's quiet, she observes, then she moves. "I'm a listener," she explains. "I can observe and listen and pretty much figure out where people are coming from. Usually from the first couple of things they say or how they move, their body language. I'm not dull, that's for sure," she says. "There's always going to be that spontaneous spark in me. I'm always going to be thinking of new ways to tease and please. I think I'm a lot of things rolled into one. I'm home-loving, I'm down to earth, I'm flighty, I'm interesting, I think. I can be quiet or I can be full of questions and not afraid of anything. And I can sit back and just look."